



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

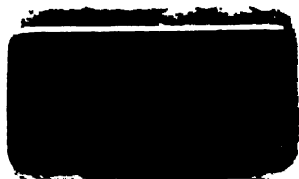
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 2106 01942 6011





THE DRAMA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW



A Letter Concerning Augier

By Eugene Brioux

THE MARRIAGE OF OLYMPE

Emile Augier

By Emile Augier

Parsee Drama

By Barrett Clark

The Evolution of the Actor.

By George Cecil

Frank Wedekind

By Arthur Pollock

Depersonalizing the Instruments of the
Drama

By Frances Fay

By Huntly Carter

The Shakespeare Tercentenary

By Percival Chubb

James Shirley, Dramatist

A Review by Charlton Andrews

Playing Hamlet as Shakespeare Staged It
in 1601

By Charlotte Porter

Chief Contemporary Dramatists

A Review by Alfred K. Eddy

AUGUST

No. 19

1915

THE EGOIST

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW

Subscribe to THE EGOIST and hear what you will get:

Editorials containing the most notable creative and critical philosophic matter appearing in England today.

Some of the newest and best experimental English and American poetry.

A page of current French poetry.

Reviews of only those books which are worth praise.

News of modern music, of new painting, of French literary and artistic life.

A series of impartial studies in modern German poetry (began June 1st, 1915).

Translations and parodies.

A serial novel by James Joyce, a young Irishman of great talent—a novel no one else would print—it was too good.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price fifteen cents a number; yearly subscription one dollar sixty cents.

Buy some of the back numbers still unsold.
They are literature, not journalism.

OAKLEY HOUSE, Bloomsbury St., London, W. C.

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

August, 1915

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

Editor, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

Advisory and Contributing Editors

BRANDER MATTHEWS, Columbia University.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON, University of Wisconsin.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON, College of Charleston.

GEORGE P. BAKER, Harvard University.

RICHARD BURTON, University of Minnesota.

STARK YOUNG, University of Texas.

S. H. CLARK, University of Chicago.

BENEDICT PAPOT, Chautauqua Institution.

Published by

The Drama League of America

736 Marquette Building

Chicago

75c A Number

\$3.00 A Year

Copyright, 1914, by Drama League of America

Entered as second-class matter February 25, 1911, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE DRAMA

Number 19

AUGUST

1915

CONTENTS

A LETTER CONCERNING AUGIER , by <i>Eugene Brieux</i>	353
THE MARRIAGE OF OLYMPE , by <i>Emile Augier</i>	358
EMILE AUGIER , by <i>Barrett Clark</i>	440
PARSEE DRAMA , by <i>George Cecil</i>	459
THE EVOLUTION OF THE ACTOR , by <i>Arthur Pollock</i>	468
FRANK WEDEKIND , by <i>Frances Fay</i>	479
DEPERSONALIZING THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE DRAMA , by <i>Huntley Carter</i>	495
JAMES SHIRLEY, DRAMATIST , a review by <i>Charlton Andrews</i>	506
PLAYING HAMLET AS SHAKESPEARE STAGED IT IN 1601 , by <i>Charlotte Porter</i> ..	511
CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS , a review by <i>Alfred K. Eddy</i>	527
THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY , <i>Percival Chubb</i>	531
RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA	537
A SELECTIVE LIST OF ESSAYS AND BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE AND OF PLAYS published during the second quarter of 1915, compiled by <i>Frank Chouteau Brown</i>	538

The Drama for November will be a notable number. Rabindranath Tagore will contribute an article on the stage that crystallizes much of the present diverse generalization, especially in discussions of stagecraft. Julius Brouta, perhaps the most celebrated drama critic of Spain, will write of the work of Benavente, a brilliant Spanish playwright of today. A puppet play of Benavente, the popular *Los Interessos Creados*, will be printed in its entirety. *The New Stage Art in its Relation to Drama* will be considered from a new point of view by Alice Corbin Henderson. The articles begun in the present number, *Playing Hamlet as Shakespeare Staged It in 1601*, by Charlotte Porter, and *The Evolution of the Actor*, by Arthur Pollock, will be concluded.

In November also will appear what promises to be one of the most important pieces of dramatic poetry ever written in America, Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford*. In beauty of verse, in poetic vision, and in its appreciation of the fine human quality of Shakespeare the poem is a leading feature of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration.

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

No. 19

August

1915

*A Letter from Eugène Brieux to Barrett H. Clark to
be used in The Drama and as a preface
to a volume of four plays by*

EMILE AUGIER

Monsieur et cher Confrère:

As I had occasion to explain to you when you were planning the present volume, I can see among the various reasons for the success which it will achieve, that it is above all a timely book, introducing as it does the work of Emile Augier to the American public at the moment when the evolution of the taste of that public is directed precisely toward that form of dramatic art which is exemplified by the author of *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*. No longer content merely with dramas of adventure and plays in which sensational incidents and arbitrary development render them close akin to the newspaper serial or the fairy-tale, this public has ceased looking to the theater *solely* as an amusement, a pleasant recreation and distraction from its daily occupations; it is now interested in more complex problems; it is willing to listen to arguments—a process more taxing possibly than the other, but conse-

quently only the more fascinating. Avid of progress and bent on the quest of the most recent and most profound manifestations of thought, it cannot fail at this time to be interested in the theater of ideas. Indeed, as the drama of Ibsen has already attracted the attention of this public, it is certain that there existed some other transitional form of dramatic art between that drama and the drama which was first presented in America.

Each epoch has its particular way of thinking and its particular plays. Our epoch is that of the social play.

The material progress of civilization, reducing the distance and obstacles which hitherto separated nations, has resulted in bringing us closer to each other, arousing our common interests, stimulating those mental and spiritual qualities which unite the Old World with the New. Art is in my opinion only that sympathetic note which we seek in those who not many years ago were total strangers to us.

You have made a most wise and careful choice among the works of Emile Augier.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier, his most celebrated comedy, together with *Le Mariage d'Olympe* and *Les Fourchambault*, set forth and defend principles which cannot but find favor in the United States.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier may be compared with an exciting knightly tournament, in which the contestants represent the two forms of nobility: that of the heart or spirit, nobility pure and simple, and that of caste. The first triumphs over the other, yet without crushing it—as is just and fitting. Antoinette Poirier, having succeeded in arousing the enthusiasm and admiration of her husband, the Marquis de Presles, to the point where he renders her the highest possible homage (he acknowledges that

in her heart he has found that of his mother the Marquise) exclaims, wounded and yet radiantly happy in the full consciousness of her legitimate pride: "I have my own mother's heart!"

This play then sums up in these two speeches—one uttered by the representative of individual pride, the other by the representative of traditional haughtiness (which may occasionally hide but never destroy)—the essential qualities of the aristocracy.

Here is depicted that struggle, intelligent, courteous, tender, too, between Race and Caste, with Honor balancing in the scales. In short, here we are able to observe commonsense, sentiment, and French good-humor finally at swords'-points with traditional pride and all its concomitant sophistry, achieving a triumph; a triumph, however, over what is conventional and superficial in this ancient pride, for it respects and honors the prestige and greatness of the past, and even admits the charm of aristocratic idiosyncrasies.

Finally, as a sort of compensation due us for the exaggerations of the Naturalistic School, there is not a single odious personage in this lively and natural comedy, for Madame de Monjay is only a theatrical utility, which Emile Augier took pleasure in relegating far into the background.

As for the Marquis de Presles, he is exquisitely French, and his purely superficial faults scarcely detract from his charm in the eyes of the Poirier-Verdelet partnership. Nor do the petty meannesses of these old gentlemen greatly lower them in our eyes—what a valid excuse they have!

After this optimistic and charming play it was needful to select one showing Emile Augier under his severest aspect. You have done this in choosing *Le Mariage d'Olympe*.

Emile Augier has always stood for the great middle-class. Its ideals are order and regularity, justice, the hearth and home. He considers from a tragic point of view what Molière laughed at in order not to cry over, and he stands forth as champion against every peril which threatens to destroy conjugal happiness.

His middle-class honesty prevented his sentimentalizing over the lot of the prostitute; in his plays he proves himself her constant enemy. His *Olympe* is the exact counterpart of Marguerite Gautier in *La Dame aux Camélias*: she is a cynical and insidious being, whom unhoped-for good fortune has not succeeded in overthrowing.

Having made her way by subterfuge into society and the intimacy of the family circle, she does not seek redemption. Seized with a homesickness for her vile past, she makes use of her position only to wreck the happiness of those about her, up to the day when the gentleman of the old school, whose nephew she has caught in her wiles and married, puts an end to her in an excess of indignation.

In *Les Fourchambault* we observe the struggle between ambition and material interests on the one hand, and natural impulse and the nobility of the spirit on the other. In every scene Emile Augier maintains his antipathy to fortunes which—when they are not honorably acquired—are merciless weapons directed against weaker human beings, or when they are utilized for ends to which our reason, our commonsense, and our love of justice, are radically opposed.

The sordid, petty, and ambitious Madame Fourchambault, her husband, Bernard and his mother, are synthetic figures, types of humanity in general, thrust into the midst of social drama.

Emile Augier was great as an observer of the society of his day. Weary of the conventional romantic, superannuated drama, of religious and historical themes, he preferred to treat those questions which the life of his time always furnishes to the dramatist.

The powers of good and evil have since Augier's day changed in the matter of terminology together with the methods of treating them as material for drama. He was among the first to realize that an individual, face to face with questions of physiological and social heredity, was quite as poignant a subject for study as the legendary hero pursued by the *Ananké* of antiquity. The plays of the present are consequently more attractive to us than are those of early times, because of the interest aroused by the discussions which they raise, discussions which we can immediately assimilate and allow to react on our consciousness as living beings.

Such then are the questions treated in the plays of Emile Augier which this volume offers to the American public. I am delighted, Monsieur, to join you in rendering homage to the memory of a master whom I hold to be one of the greatest of that line in which I am proud and happy to consider myself as a dramatist and a French writer.

Yours, etc.

BRIEUX.

THE MARRIAGE OF OLYMPE

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By EMILE AUGIER

Translated by Barrett H. Clark.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

MARQUIS DE PUYGIRON.

HENRI DE PUYGIRON.

BARON DE MONTRICHARD.

BAUDEL DE BEAUSÉJOUR.

ADOLPHE.

MARQUISE DE PUYGIRON.

GENEVIÈVE DE WURZEN.

PAULINE.

IRMA.

The scene of the first act is laid at Pilnitz and that of the second and third acts in the home of the Marquis de Puygiron at Vienna.

THE MARRIAGE OF OLYMPE

BY EMILE AUGIER

ACT I

The scene is the conversation-room at Pilnitz, a watering-place. There are three large arched entrances at the back, opening upon a garden; a divan is in the center; to the right stands a table with numerous newspapers on it; to the left is a small tea-table.

As the curtain rises, the Marquis de Puységiron is seated by the table to the left, Montrichard on the divan, facing the audience; Baudel de Beauséjour is likewise on the divan, but only his legs are seen by the audience.

MONTRICHARD. [*Reading his guide-book.*] "Pilnitz, nine kilometers south-east of Dresden, summer residence of the Court. Castle . . . Natural waters . . . Magnificent baths . . . Casino . . ." [*Throwing down the book.*] Palpitating with interest, that little book!

MARQUIS. Tell me, M. de Montrichard—you are a great authority on modern France—who is Mlle. Olympe Taverny? An actress?

MONTRICHARD. No, M. le Marquis, she is one of the most luxuriously and frequently kept women in Paris. How does it happen that her fame has reached Pilnitz?

MARQUIS. The *Constitutionnel* announces her death.

MONTRICHARD. Is that possible? A girl of twenty-five! Poor Olympe!

BAUDEL. [*Rising from behind the divan.*] Is Olympe dead?

MONTRICHARD. [*After looking for the person who is speaking.*] Did Monsieur know her?

BAUDEL. [*Embarrassed.*] Just as—everyone did—hm—yes, very well.

MONTRICHARD. What was the cause of her death?

MARQUIS. Here's the item: [*He reads.*] "Our California correspondent writes, 'Yellow fever has just claimed as its victim one of the most charming of our young compatriots, Mlle. Olympe Taverny. A week after her arrival in San Francisco she met her death.'"

MONTRICHARD. What the devil was she doing in California? She had an income of ten thousand francs!

BAUDEL. Which she must have lost in investments.

MONTRICHARD. [*To the Marquis.*] It has always seemed to me the most cruel injustice that these happy young creatures should be exposed to so serious an accident as death, the same as honest women.

MARQUIS. That is the only possible way for them to make regular their position in society. But what surprises me is that the papers give her long death-notices.

MONTRICHARD. [*At the right of the table.*] You have been absent from France for some time, have you not, M. le Marquis?

MARQUIS. Since the *Vendée*—1832.

MONTRICHARD. There have been great changes in twenty-two years.

MARQUIS. So I imagine: *then* things were going from bad to worse. But—the devil!—then, at least, there was some sentiment of public modesty.

MONTRICHARD. What can public modesty do in the face of facts? The existence of this class of women is one of the facts I refer to. These women have passed out of the lower strata of society and come into the broad daylight. They constitute a little world of their own which makes its orbit in the rest of the universe. They go about, give and attend dances, have families, and gamble on the Bourse. Men don't bow to them as yet when they are with mothers or sisters, but they are taken none the less to the Bois in open carriages; in the theater they occupy prominent boxes—and the men are not considered brazen.

BAUDEL. Exactly.

MARQUIS. That's all very curious. In my day the boldest man would never dream of parading himself in that way!

MONTRICHARD. Well, in your day this new social circle was still in the swamp; now it's dried up, if not thoroughly renovated. You used to hunt in high-top boots, buckled up to the belt; now we walk about in pumps. Streets have been cut through, squares, whole residential sections. Like the city of Paris, society takes in new suburbs every fifty years. This latest is the *Thirteenth Arrondissement*. Do you know, these women have so strong a hold on the public that they have even been made the heroines of plays?

MARQUIS. In the theater? Women who—? And the audience accepts that?

MONTRICHARD. Without a murmur—which proves

that having made their entrée into comedy, they have done likewise into correct society.

MARQUIS. You could knock me down with a feather!

MONTRICHARD. Then what have you to say when I tell you that these ladies manage to get married?

MARQUIS. To captains of industry?

MONTRICHARD. No, indeed—to sons of good families.

MARQUIS. Idiots of good families!

MONTRICHARD. No, no. The bane of our day is the rehabilitation of the lost woman—fallen woman, we say. Our poets, novelists, dramatists, fill the heads of the young generation with romantic ideas of redemption through love, the virginity of the soul, and other paradoxes of transcendental philosophy. These young women must become ladies, grand ladies!

MARQUIS. Grand ladies?

MONTRICHARD. Marriage is their final catch; the fish must be worth the trouble, you see.

MARQUIS. [*Rising.*] Good God! And the father-in-law doesn't strangle a woman in a case of the sort?

MONTRICHARD. [*Also rising.*] What about the law, M. le Marquis?

[BAUDEL *rises and walks slowly forward to the left.*]

MARQUIS. Devil take the law then! If your laws permit such shame to fall upon good families, if a common prostitute can tarnish the honor of a whole family by marrying one of its drunkard sons, it is the father's right to take his name from the thief of his honor, even if it were glued to her skin like Nessus' tunic.

MONTRICHARD. That's rather a brutal form of justice for the present age, is it not, M. le Marquis?

MARQUIS. Possibly, but I am not a man of the present age.

BAUDEL. But, M. le Marquis, suppose the woman in question does not drag her stolen plumage in the gutter?

MARQUIS. I cannot admit the hypothesis, Monsieur.

BAUDEL. Is it not possible that she should like to give up her former life and want to lead a quiet and pure existence——?

MARQUIS. Put a duck on a lake among swans, and you will observe that the duck regrets its mire, and will end by returning there.

MONTRICHARD. Home-sickness for the mud!

BAUDEL. Then you don't believe in repentant Magdalens?

MARQUIS. I do—in the desert.

[*The Marquise and Geneviève come in through the archway.*]

MARQUIS. Shh! Messieurs, beware of chaste ears!

MONTRICHARD. And how are Mme. la Marquise and Mlle. Geneviève?

MARQUISE. Much better, thank you, Monsieur.—Have you seen the papers, dear?

MARQUIS. Yes, dear, and I am now at your disposal.

GENEVIÈVE. No news from Turkey, grandfather?

MARQUIS. No, my child.

MONTRICHARD. Are you interested in the war, Mademoiselle?

GENEVIÈVE. I should so like to be a man and fight!

MARQUISE. Hush, child.

GENEVIÈVE. I'm not so stupid—or if I am, I owe it to you, grandmother.—You shouldn't blame me!

MARQUISE. [*Tapping Geneviève gently on the cheek, then going toward her husband.*] Coming to the spring, Tancrède? It's time.

MARQUIS. Very well. [*To the others.*] We invalids are here to take the waters.—My arm, Marquise. And you lead the way, granddaughter. [*To his wife.*] Sleep better?

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] Almost well; and you?

MARQUIS. So did I. [*They go out. MONTRICHARD escorts them to the door and returns.*]

BAUDEL. [*To Montrichard.*] I am delighted, Monsieur, to have made your acquaintance.

MONTRICHARD. When did I have the honor, Monsieur——?

BAUDEL. Why—here—just now——

MONTRICHARD. The few words we exchanged together? Good Lord, you are a quick acquaintance-maker!

BAUDEL. I have known you a long time, by reputation. I have always wanted to be counted among your friends.

MONTRICHARD. That's too good of you! Though my friendship is not a temple of etiquette, people do not as a rule enter it unannounced. [*To himself.*] Who is the fellow?

BAUDEL. [*Bowing.*] Anatole de Beauséjour——

MONTRICHARD. Knight of Malta?

BAUDEL. I confess it.

MONTRICHARD. Fifteen hundred francs—and what did the title of Beauséjour cost you?

BAUDEL. Two hundred thousand in land.

MONTRICHARD. Dear enough. You deserve another—a little less expensive.

BAUDEL. Ha, ha! Good! Baudel, Monsieur, is my patronymic.

MONTRICHARD. Baudel? Just as the Montmorancy were called Bouchard. I seem to have heard your name somewhere before, Monsieur. Didn't you apply for membership in the Jockey Club last year?

BAUDEL. I did.

MONTRICHARD. And you were refused because you were—one moment!—because your father was a milliner?

BAUDEL. He financed the concern: partner of Mlle. Aglaë.

MONTRICHARD. Partner, yes. Well, Monsieur, if I were your father's son I should call myself merely Baudel. It's no disgrace to be bald; only when one wears a wig does one run the risk of appearing ridiculous, M. de Beauséjour. And so—your very humble—

[*He is about to leave.*]

BAUDEL. [*Intercepting him.*] Monsieur, the estate of Beauséjour is situated on the road to Orléans, thirty-three kilometers from Paris. Could you tell me where Montrichard lies?

MONTRICHARD. [*Returning to Baudel.*] Three impertinent fellows have asked me the same question. To the first I replied that it was situated in the Bois de Boulogne;* to the second, in the Bois de Vincennes;* to the third, in the Forest of St. Germain.* I accompanied each of these three sceptics to the duelling grounds; they returned convinced—grievously convinced—so convinced that no one has since dared repeat the question. I trust, Monsieur, that you no longer desire the information?

* Famous places for duelling.

BAUDEL. You refer to pleasure parties on your estates, I take it? You forget, perhaps, that there are other places for such? Spa, Homburg, Baden, and—Pilnitz!

MONTRICHARD. Monsieur then insists on a wound?

BAUDEL. Yes, Monsieur, I need one. I have arranged this little conversation with that end in view.

[They sit down at the table.]

MONTRICHARD. Very well, M. Baudel. But I warn you that you have already an inch of steel in your arm. Take good care that the weapon goes no deeper!

BAUDEL. I am fully aware that Monsieur is the best swordsman in Paris. Your blade stands you in good stead of everything, including a genealogy.

MONTRICHARD. Two inches.

BAUDEL. Of an ambiguous title, relying entirely upon chance. You have by your bravado and your cleverness made an entrée into the world of fashion and high life; you are even one of the leaders in that world, where you always behave like a perfect gentleman: spending generously, never borrowing—a good gambler, a good comrade, a dead shot, and a gallant knight.

MONTRICHARD. Three inches.

BAUDEL. Unfortunately, however, you have recently lost your luck. You are now without a sou, and are looking for fifty thousand francs with which to tempt fortune once again. You cannot find the money.

MONTRICHARD. Five inches!

BAUDEL. I shall loan you that amount.

MONTRICHARD. Ha!

BAUDEL. Now how many inches?

MONTRICHARD. That depends on the conditions you make. You have conditions?

BAUDEL. Yes.

MONTRICHARD. Speak, M. de Beauséjour.

BAUDEL. It's quite simple: I should like——

MONTRICHARD. What?

BAUDEL. The devil! It's not so simple as it seemed.

MONTRICHARD. I am very intelligent!

BAUDEL. Monsieur, I have an income of a hundred and twenty-three thousand francs.

MONTRICHARD. You are fortunate.

BAUDEL. No, I am not. I have received a gentleman's education and I have aristocratic instincts. My fortune and my breeding call me to the more brilliant realms of society——

MONTRICHARD. And your birth stands in your way.

BAUDEL. Precisely. Every time I knock at the door it is closed in my face. In order to enter and to remain, I must fight a dozen duels. Now I am no more of a coward than the average man, but I have a hundred and twenty-three thousand reasons for wanting to live, while my adversary as a rule would have only thirty or forty thousand. It's not too unevenly matched.

MONTRICHARD. I understand: you want to earn your spurs once for all, and you turn to me?

BAUDEL. That's it.

MONTRICHARD. But, my dear Monsieur, my inserting an inch of steel into your arm will not prove that you're a good swordsman.

BAUDEL. That is not exactly——

MONTRICHARD. Then what——?

BAUDEL. It's rather a delicate matter to explain.

MONTRICHARD. Say it out—let us be frank.

BAUDEL. You are right: I propose a bargain.

MONTRICHARD. For what? You remind me of a bottle of that sort of champagne that takes a quarter of an hour to blow the cork out! Good God, man, ask for a corkscrew!

BAUDEL. Monsieur, your device is *Cruore dives*, isn't it?

MONTRICHARD. Yes, Monsieur, *Cruore dives*; *Enriched by his blood*. This was not my own invention: it was given by Louis XIV to my great-grandfather four generations ago; he received eight wounds at the Battle of Senef.

BAUDEL. What was the estate worth at the time?

MONTRICHARD. One million.

BAUDEL. [*Lowering his eyes.*] Twenty-five thousand francs a wound. I am not so rich as Louis XIV, Monsieur, but there are wounds and wounds. A scratch on the arm, for instance—doesn't that seem worth fifty thousand francs?

MONTRICHARD. [*Severely.*] Do you mean you wish to buy a wound? You're mad!

BAUDEL. Bear in mind that it is more to my interest than yours to keep the matter a secret. There is nothing reprehensible in the arrangement: the price of blood has always been an honorable thing. Your own device proves that.

MONTRICHARD. [*After a moment's hesitation.*] You know, I like you—I couldn't for the life of me say why—but I like you. It will be very amusing to make you a man of the world. I'll take that wound from you, but—gratis, you understand?

BAUDEL. [*To himself.*] That will cost more—but I don't mind!

MONTRICHARD. Send your seconds.

BAUDEL. But the cause of the quarrel?

MONTRICHARD. Your name is Baudel. I am said to have suggested that you cross the L.*

BAUDEL. Good! Montrichard, a duel to the bitter end!

MONTRICHARD. And afterward we shall have a house-warming for our new friendship at the Hotel du Grand Scanderburg. I shall await your seconds here, my dear M. Baudel.

BAUDEL. De Beauséjour.

MONTRICHARD. Yes, yes: de Beauséjour. [*Baudel goes out.*] There's a queer type! I'll make something of him: first a friend—very attached—with a string to his paw——! This duel is exactly what I needed to set me going once again. Montrichard, the hour of fate has sounded: the hour of marriage! [*He goes to the door, meets Pauline, and bows to her.*]

MONTRICHARD. You? You're not dead then? Why, the papers are full of it!

PAULINE. Doubtless a mistake!

MONTRICHARD. Aren't you Olympe Taverny?

PAULINE. Ah, I thought so! This is not the first time I have had the honor to be mistaken for that lady. I am the Countess de Puygiron, Monsieur.

MONTRICHARD. A thousand pardons, Madame! The resemblance is so striking! Even your voice——! You will excuse me for making so natural a mistake? Especially as this is as likely a place to meet Olympe Taverny as the Countess de Puygiron. I beg your pardon once more, Madame.

PAULINE. Of course, Monsieur. I was looking for my uncle and aunt here.

MONTRICHARD. They are at the spring. M. le Marquis never told me his nephew was married.

* Thereby making the word "Baudet": "Ass."

PAULINE. For an excellent reason: he didn't know it himself.

MONTRICHARD. Ah!

PAULINE. It's a surprise that my husband and I have in store for him. Please be good enough, therefore, not to tell him of our arrival, if you happen to see him before we do. Or—will you please show me the way to the spring?

MONTRICHARD. Do me the honor of taking my arm, Madame. I have the good fortune to be slightly acquainted with your family. [*Bowing.*] Baron de Montrichard—most pleased to—This is nonsense, introducing an old friend!

PAULINE. Monsieur!

MONTRICHARD. Are you afraid I'll tell? You know I'm always on the woman's side. You and I can help each other; in my own interest, if for no other reason, I am bound to be discreet on your score.

PAULINE. In what way, M. de—de—Montrichard can I be fortunate enough to serve you?

MONTRICHARD. Ah, you're defiant? Do you want security? I'm only too pleased. I am thinking of marrying: your great-uncle, the Marquis de Puygiron, has a charming grand-daughter. I have just made her acquaintance, but have not as yet been received into the family circle. If you will arrange that for me and further my suit, I shall see to it that whoever has the impertinence to recognize you will have to deal with me.

[*He holds out his hand to her. Pauline looks quickly about to see whether anyone else is present.*]

PAULINE. [*Taking his hand.*] How did you recognize me?

MONTRICHARD. First, your face, then that little

pink mark on your beloved ivory neck—the mark I used to adore!

PAULINE. Do you still remember it?

MONTRICHARD. You were my only real love.

PAULINE. And you mine, dear Edouard.

MONTRICHARD. No, no—Alfred—you're mixing the names. Your "only real love" has had so many names! What the devil put it into your head to marry? You were very happy before?

PAULINE. Did you ever happen to notice, when you stepped out into the boulevard, that you had left your cane in the restaurant?

MONTRICHARD. Yes.

PAULINE. And you went back for it. There in the private dining-room you saw the wreckage of the orgy: candelabra in which the lights were burned out; tablecloths removed; a candle-end on the table which was all covered with grease and stained with wine. Instead of lights and laughter and heavy perfumes, that made the place gay not long since, were solitude, silence, and a stale odor. The pieces of gilded furniture seemed like strangers to you, to everyone, even to themselves. Not a single article among all this that seemed familiar, not one was reminiscent of the absent master of the house or awaited his return. Complete abandon!

MONTRICHARD. Exactly.

PAULINE. Well, my life is rather like that of the private dining-room. I must be gay or utterly lonely—there is no possible compromise. Are you surprised then that the restaurant aspires to the dignity of the home?

MONTRICHARD. Not to mention a certain taste for virtue that you must have acquired?

PAULINE. You're joking?

MONTRICHARD. No, virtue is for you a new play-

thing, I might almost say, forbidden fruit. Let me warn you that it will set your teeth on edge.

PAULINE. We shall see.

MONTRICHARD. The career of an honest woman is a fearful undertaking!

PAULINE. It can't compare with ours! If you only knew how much energy it required to ruin a man!

MONTRICHARD. No matter, you are now Countess de Puységiron. Now tell me what is the meaning of the news of your death in the *Constitutionnel*?

PAULINE. A note my mother sent to all the papers.

MONTRICHARD. How is good old Irma, by the way?

PAULINE. Very well and happy. When I married, I gave her all I had—furniture, jewels, income.

MONTRICHARD. That was something of a consolation for losing you.

PAULINE. So you see how necessary it was to throw people off the scent? Thanks to this plan, no one will dare recognize Olympe Taverny in the Countess de Puységiron. Now, dear, you know if I had persisted in not being recognized, you would have retired with excuses—that is, if you hadn't given me your security.

MONTRICHARD. Suppose you happen to meet one of your friends who knew of your *liaison* with the Count?

PAULINE. No one knew of it.

MONTRICHARD. Ah!

PAULINE. Henri took me seriously from the very first. He was most discreet: Didier and Marion Delorme, you see! You must know that I've played my cards well. I talked of going into a convent; then he asked me to marry him and I accepted. I pretended I was going to California. Henri met me

in Brittany; I married him there a year ago, under my real name, Pauline Morin.

MONTRICHARD. Is he as big a fool as that?

PAULINE. You insulting creature! He's a very intelligent and charming young man.

MONTRICHARD. Then how does it happen that —?

PAULINE. He never had a mistress—his father was very severe with him. When he became of age, he was as innocent as——

MONTRICHARD. As you—at the age of four! Poor fellow!

PAULINE. He's not to be pitied; he's very happy with me.

MONTRICHARD. Do you love him?

PAULINE. That is not the question. I strew his path with flowers—artificial, perhaps, but they are prettier and more lasting than real ones.

MONTRICHARD. Truly, do you think the game worth the candle?

PAULINE. So far, I don't. We've been spending ten months alone in Brittany—all by ourselves. For the past two months we've been traveling, alone again. I can't say that we've been hilarious. I live the life of a recluse, going from hotel to hotel; with the maids, servants, and postilions, I am "Madame la Comtesse." All that would be dull enough if I hadn't other dreams for the future—but I have. Now that Olympe Taverny (God rest her soul!) has had time to go to California and die and be mourned for in Paris, I can boldly enter society by the front door, which the Marquis de Puygiron is to open for me.

MONTRICHARD. Is your husband going to introduce you to his uncle?

PAULINE. Indeed he is! But he's not expecting the kind of meeting I have planned!

MONTRICHARD. There's a fine fellow caught in a trap!

PAULINE. It's all for his own happiness! If he introduces me as an honest woman, he will not be lying: for a year I have been the personification of virtue. I have a new skin.

MONTRICHARD. You have only to shed it, Countess!

PAULINE. Impertinent!—Here is my husband!

[*Montrichard walks away and bows ceremoniously to Pauline. Henri enters.*]

MONTRICHARD. Will you be good enough, Madame, to present me to M. le Comte?

PAULINE. My friend, M. le Baron de Montrichard.

HENRI. [*Bowing.*] Monsieur.

PAULINE. We owe our acquaintance to a rather strange accident: M. de Montrichard, when he saw me come in, mistook me for—you know whom I am thought to resemble?

MONTRICHARD. The mistake was all the more inexcusable as the person you speak of recently died in California, and I do not believe in ghosts.

PAULINE. Is the poor creature dead? Well, I haven't the courage to mourn her! Let us hope I shan't again be mistaken for her!

HENRI. Take care, Madame, perhaps M. de Montrichard feels the loss more keenly than you?

MONTRICHARD. Right, Monsieur, I thought a great deal of the lady. Her heart was much above her station in life.

HENRI. Ah! Doubtless Monsieur was in a position to appreciate her better than anyone else?

MONTRICHARD. No, Monsieur, no. My relations with her were always of a very brief and friendly nature.

HENRI. [*Shaking hands with him cordially.*] I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Monsieur—we must become friends!

MONTRICHARD. Monsieur! [*To himself.*] I feel sorry for him!

[*A servant enters.*]

SERVANT. Two gentlemen who wish to see M. de Montrichard.

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] Baudel's seconds! [*Aloud.*] Good, I shall be with them in a moment. [*The servant goes out.*] I hope, M. le Comte, that we shall soon find an opportunity of continuing the conversation?—Madame!

HENRI. [*To himself, as he sees his uncle.*] My Uncle!

MONTRICHARD. [*Meeting the Marquis at the door.*] M. le Marquis, you find yourself in the bosom of your family. [*He goes out.*]

[*The Marquis and the Marquise enter.*]

MARQUIS. It's Henri! My dear boy, what a surprise! [*He opens his arms; Henri kisses him, then kisses the Marquise's hand.*] Three years without coming to see us! And not a letter for a whole year! How ungrateful of you!

MARQUISE. What of it? Family affection doesn't die out like other affection, through absence or silence. Two hundred leagues away, when we were both grieving for the same reason, we were together in our sorrow.

MARQUIS. We expected you just before your poor father's death. We thought you would feel the need of being with us.

[*Pauline has meantime gone to the archway, without losing sight of the others. She takes off her hat, lays it on a chair, then comes forward.*]

HENRI. I was very, very lonely and I thought of you, but important business affairs——

MARQUIS. I understand—the will and so forth. The most painful part of human bereavements is that we cannot escape from material worries. Well, here you are at last, and we are very happy to see you.

MARQUISE. How did you know we were here?

HENRI. The fact is, I didn't. I expected to meet you in Vienna, at the end of my German tour.

MARQUIS. Heaven bless the chance that brought you to us, then! We have you and we mean to keep you.

HENRI. I should be only too glad to spend some days with you, only I was just passing through Pilitz! I must leave in an hour——

MARQUIS. Nonsense!

HENRI. It's a matter of great importance——

MARQUIS. What an idea! There can't be anything to prevent——?

HENRI. Excuse me. [*He looks toward Pauline, who stands near the table. The Marquis watches him.*]

MARQUIS. Ah? [*Aside to Henri.*] You're not traveling alone? Well, boys will be boys! [*Aloud.*] If you have only an hour to stay here, let us spend the time together at least! Our hotel is just two steps from here. Give your aunt your arm.

[*The Marquis takes his hat. Henri offers his arm to his aunt; they start for the door.*]

PAULINE. I shall wait for you here, Henri.

MARQUIS. [*Turning round.*] You lack tact, Mademoiselle!

HENRI. [*Going to Pauline and taking her hand.*] Uncle, I have the honor to present you to the Countess de Puygiron.

MARQUIS. The Countess de Puygiron?

MARQUIS. Are you married?

HENRI. Yes, Uncle.

MARQUIS. [*Severely.*] How does it happen, Monsieur, that I, the head of the family, knew nothing of this?

HENRI. Let me postpone an explanation in which my self-respect and my duty toward you could not but suffer. I did not come to Pilnitz to see you, and I have no intention of antagonizing you by my presence here. In leaving you, I believe that I am paying you all the deference at present due you.

MARQUIS. This has nothing to do with deference, Monsieur! In families like ours there exists a solidarity of honor which is not to be trifled with or put aside by a caprice. Ask me what I have done with our family name and I shall answer that I have always borne it with dignity and have never spotted it except with my blood. Now I command you to give me your account!

HENRI. Command? When I married Pauline, I broke with the family. I therefore have the right to be rid of any duty toward it, as I ask none of its privileges.

MARQUIS. Henri, my child, can't you be a little more conciliatory?

MARQUIS. Madame, do not believe for an instant that it is Henri who is speaking! Can't you see that this spirit of revolt has been put into him by someone else?

HENRI. You are mistaken, Monsieur: I respect

what deserves respect. But the prejudices and absurd conventions, the hypocrisy and tyranny of society—nothing could prevent my despising them as they deserve to be despised!

MARQUIS. Whom have you married in order to set society at defiance?

HENRI. I prefer not to say.

PAULINE. Why not, dearest? You must not allow your uncle to believe your marriage worse than a misalliance! That would kill him! Let me reassure him! His sense of honor will surely——? Then we may go.

HENRI. Very well. [*He walks away.*]

PAULINE. My name is Pauline Morin, M. le Marquis; I am the daughter of an honest farmer.

MARQUIS. You a farmer's daughter? But your manners, your language——?

PAULINE. My dear mother gave me an education far beyond my rank.

MARQUIS. Possibly!—Come, Marquise. [*He offers his arm to the Marquise, and they turn to go.*]

PAULINE. Please stay. I should leave if my presence is disagreeable to you!

MARQUIS. You really cannot expect to be publicly received into a family which you entered in secret? [*Henri is about to speak.*]

PAULINE. And why not in secret? Tell me what you suspect, M. le Marquis? My marriage must seem to you a very treacherous and bold stroke.

MARQUIS. That would not be at all necessary with a child like Henri!

HENRI. But she wanted to go into a convent!

PAULINE. It was a comedy, a cruel comedy! Whom could you hope to persuade of my sincerity? Who would admit that a girl of low birth, when she found in you all the intelligence and goodness of

heart she had always dreamed, would give up her secret soul to you? You were very simple to believe it—ask your uncle. If I had really loved you, would I not have refused to become your wife? Would I not, M. le Marquis?

MARQUIS. You would.

HENRI. And do you imagine she didn't refuse? She made every possible objection that you yourself would have made.

PAULINE. I was defending not only your happiness, but my own. [*Henri sits down at the table.*] Do you think I had a beautiful dream, M. le Marquis? If you only knew what I am suffering! But I have no right to complain; I anticipated what is happening. [*To Henri.*] I asked God for one year of your love in exchange for the happiness of a lifetime. He has kept His bargain, and given me even a little extra for full measure: for you still love me.

HENRI. [*His arms extended toward her.*] I do love you! I love you as much as I did the first days of our love.

PAULINE. Poor dear! You don't realize what is going on within you! Perhaps I'm wrong to tell you—but it's only what you will learn soon enough. Your affection is already waning and you are being worn out by the struggle you are making against the conventions of society. Your family traditions, which you have shattered, and which you call prejudices, are now rising up one after the other—

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] That's true enough.

PAULINE. You are resisting, I know, and you are already angry that your happiness is not rewarded enough for the sacrifices you are forced to make, but every day these sacrifices are greater, and the re-

ward less. When you leave here, you will feel the weight of loneliness bearing down on you; you will see with other eyes the woman who ought always to stand you instead of family, friends, society—and before long the regret of what you have given up for me will change to remorse.

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] She doesn't speak like a woman who's trying to deceive us!

PAULINE. But never fear, dearest, the day that happens I shall give you back all you have lost for my sake, and your love for me will be my whole life.

HENRI. Who can listen to you and not adore you?

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] Poor woman!

PAULINE. Goodby, M. le Marquis, and forgive me for having the honor to bear your name—I am paying dear for it!

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] Say something nice to her.

MARQUIS. Only my rigid principles, which I have always adhered to, separate us—to my regret.

PAULINE. Thank you! I go away proud, for I feel that I am at least esteemed by the Great Marquis!

MARQUIS. Do you know my *nom de guerre*?

PAULINE. I am the daughter of a *Vendéen*!

HENRI. [*To himself.*] What's this?

MARQUISE. Daughter of a *Vendéen*?

PAULINE. Who died with honor on the field of battle.

MARQUIS. In what battle?

PAULINE. Chanay.

MARQUIS. I wasn't there, but our men fought valiantly that day! What did you say was your father's name?

PAULINE. Yvon Morin.

MARQUIS. I don't recall——

PAULINE. I scarcely thought you would; he was only a common soldier—of your cause.

MARQUIS. We were all equals, made noble by our faith. If there had been distinctions it was death only that made them! [*To Henri.*] Why didn't you tell me you were marrying the daughter of a *Vendéen*? That's not a misalliance! Your father shed his blood with ours, Countess!

PAULINE. Oh, M. le Marquis!

MARQUIS. Your uncle! [*He stretches out his arms toward Pauline, who falls into them.*]

MARQUISE. [*As Pauline kisses her hand.*] I was sure Henri would not contract a marriage unworthy of him!

MARQUIS. [*To Henri.*] Now you won't leave, will you?

HENRI. Uncle——

MARQUIS. Go if you like, only we shall keep your wife. Come to our hotel, Countess; I should like to introduce you to my grand-daughter. This proud nobleman will certainly follow you!

HENRI. Yes, we shall join you soon, Uncle.

MARQUIS. Don't make us wait too long—we shan't sit down to dinner until you come. [*He shakes hands with Pauline and Henri and goes toward the door.*] It's the *Lion d'or*. [*He goes out with the Marquise.*]

HENRI. Swear to me that you didn't know my Uncle was here! Swear—on your life!

PAULINE. On my life, on my mother! You suspect something too terrible for words, I know!

HENRI. Forgive me! You can see how I suffer. I sometimes even doubt you. This story you seemed to invent on the spur of the moment——

PAULINE. You think it was prepared?

HENRI. I did—and my heart sank.

PAULINE. Poor child! You thought I married in order to get into the family and become a Countess?

HENRI. Yes.

PAULINE. That my sole ambition was to climb? Oh, Henri, how could you have so low an opinion of me?

HENRI. Forgive me—I'm not at all well.

PAULINE. I know, and for that very reason I wanted you to be with your family once more. My love is not enough in itself—but rather than have you suspect me, I should tell the whole truth to your uncle.

HENRI. It would kill him—I know it would kill him! [*He throws himself upon the divan.*]

PAULINE. [*Sitting beside him.*] Then we'll go tomorrow, if this lie is troubling you—

HENRI. It is. Your intention was good—thank you for that! But I have no right to fly in the face of my uncle's prejudices with a lie. Every time he shook hands with me, every time you spoke to any member of my family, would be an abuse of confidence for which I should blush.

PAULINE. [*Embracing him.*] We'll go tonight. Those clouds on your forehead must disappear, you adorable boy! I ask nothing more than to be with you, alone! Come now, let us join those people whose peace of mind gives you so much worry.

HENRI. You angel!

PAULINE. Ah, *you* have given me wings! [*She gives him her arm coquettishly. Henri kisses her forehead. To herself.*] Countess, ah!

ACT II

The scene is in the Marquis' home in Vienna. The spacious family drawing-room is decorated in the style of Louis XIII, with recessed walls, wainscoted from top to bottom in carved oak. There are doors at the back and at each side; in the recess of the left wall is a large fireplace above which hangs a full-length portrait of the Marquise. On each side of the picture is a candelabrum with five candles. In the recess to the right is a deepset window. Toward the back on the same side is a Venetian mirror.

As the curtain rises the MARQUISE and GENEVIÈVE are seated embroidering. The MARQUIS stands by the fireplace. PAULINE is half-reclining on a small sofa.

MARQUISE. You must not forget, Tancrède, that we are dining tonight at Mme. de Ransberg's.

MARQUIS. I shan't forget: you know I adore Mme. de Ransberg!

MARQUISE. And I believe your affection is returned! If she were thirty years older I might be jealous.

GENEVIÈVE. On the contrary, grandmother: rather just because she is twenty, it seems to me——

MARQUISE. That she is no match for you, who are sixty.

GENEVIÈVE. Do you think the victor is always the one with the heavy battalions?

MARQUISE. In matters of friendship, yes.

MARQUIS. I am very grateful to the dear little Baroness for the way she welcomed our Pauline.

GENEVIÈVE. Then you have reason to be grateful to all Vienna, for that matter.

MARQUIS. I don't deny that. I have been touched and flattered, I admit, by her reception here.

GENEVIÈVE. You might almost imagine that we were concealing contraband goods!

MARQUIS. I'm foolish, like the ass with the burden of relics!

GENEVIÈVE. [*Rising.*] Did you hear that, Pauline?

PAULINE. [*Emerging from her reverie.*] What?

GENEVIÈVE. [*Going to Pauline.*] So much the worse! See what you've lost! That will teach you to join in the conversation!

PAULINE. I'm not feeling well.

MARQUISE. Not yet?

GENEVIÈVE. You're never well, are you?

PAULINE. It's nothing. [*To herself.*] What a bore!

MARQUIS. [*Sitting by the Marquise.*] We made you stay up too late last night—you're not used to it!

PAULINE. That's so.

GENEVIÈVE. But the party was such fun!

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] Like a rainy day!

GENEVIÈVE. Mme. de Rosenthal is so jolly! She breathes an air of gaiety all about her. Such a brilliant soirée! Even the old people at their whist must have been excited!

MARQUISE. My partner, the Chevalier de Falkenstein, took my kings every time——

MARQUIS. His excuse was Pauline's laughter—it distracted his attention.

GENEVIÈVE. A deaf man with a sharp ear! Pauline didn't move, and she won enormously.

MARQUISE. Really?

PAULINE. Enormously! A hundred francs, at the outside.

MARQUIS. That's good, at a franc a point. But I have an idea you don't care for gambling?

PAULINE. I don't, M. le Marquis, I don't—[*To herself.*] at a franc a point.

GENEVIÈVE. Pauline is so serious that I think she's bored by all this frivolous society.

MARQUISE. Yes, and she seemed, beforehand, to expect a wonderful time!

PAULINE. I imagined it was going to be something far different from this!

MARQUIS. You are too serious for your years, my dear niece.

PAULINE. Perhaps.

MARQUISE. But, society is not altogether a matter of frivolity. If you are bored with the young people, why don't you talk with the older ones? You could certainly find something worth while to talk about with them?

PAULINE. Madame, I am ashamed to confess that the topics of conversation in society do not appeal to me: I am a barbarian. I've lived too long in our primitive Brittany.

MARQUIS. We shall civilize you, my dear child. What is the weather like?

GENEVIÈVE. [*Going to the window.*] Superb!

MARQUISE. It won't last.

MARQUIS. Does your wound still pain you?

MARQUISE. A little.

PAULINE. What wound?

GENEVIÈVE. [*Returning.*] You didn't know that grandmother was once a soldier?

MARQUIS. Geneviève!

GENEVIÈVE. [*Going to the Marquis.*] Did that displease you?

MARQUISE. No, dear.

MARQUIS. You allow her too great liberty—she's too familiar with you.

MARQUISE. Familiarity is the small change of tenderness. We are too old to object to that.

MARQUIS. Very well. That child speaks to you sometimes in a way I shouldn't dare to!

GENEVIÈVE. This is between grandmother and me, grandfather. It doesn't concern you.

MARQUISE. Geneviève, you are forgetting yourself!

GENEVIÈVE. You're as severe as grandfather. Did I annoy you, grandfather?

MARQUIS. No, dear. With me I allow you certain liberties——

GENEVIÈVE. Then you are as indulgent as grandmother! [*She kisses him.*]

MARQUIS. That child is twisting us around her little finger, Marquise.

GENEVIÈVE. [*Taking a hand of each of her grandparents in her own.*] Forgive my little trick; I only wanted to try an experiment. Henri spoke of the respect each of you had for the other——

MARQUIS. Are you surprised that I respect your grandmother?

GENEVIÈVE. Oh no, but I never dreamed how far it went! Henri called my attention to it: "How beautiful it is," he said, "to see those two lives so bound up in each other! Old age without a blemish! Two hearts that have gone through life inseparable, two beings whom the battles of life have brought closer together. The head and the saint of the family——'

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] Philemon and Baucis!

GENEVIÈVE. And tears came into his eyes—tears of admiration and tenderness.

MARQUISE. Dear Henri!

MARQUIS. He's right, dear—your grandmother is a saint!

MARQUISE. [*Smiling.*] Tancrède, it isn't your place to sanctify me!

MARQUIS. Would you like to hear about that wound, Pauline? I'll tell you: the Marquise came with me to the Château of Péniscièrre—you know the details of that terrible siege!—When fire broke out and forced us to leave the Château, we retreated, fighting all the way to a little wood, where we separated after firing our last volley. The Marquise and I made our way to a farm-house where we hid. As the door opened she fainted, and then I noticed that she had been hit by a bullet! [*Taking her hand.*] My dear wife! That wound will be counted among your good deeds, in Heaven!

MARQUISE. I hope not, dear. You have given me reward enough on earth.

PAULINE. Noble! [*To herself.*] Poseurs!

GENEVIÈVE. I should like to be your age and have done that!

MARQUISE. I think you would do the same as I did under the circumstances.

GENEVIÈVE. I would! So would Pauline!

MARQUISE. Of course: she is Bretonne.

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] They'll soon begin to think that we have.

[*A servant enters.*]

SERVANT. The carriage is ready. [*He goes out.*]

MARQUIS. [*To the Marquise.*] Come, my dear—[*To Geneviève and Pauline.*] We'll come back and get you for dinner. Now you may dress, ladies.

GENEVIÈVE. We have plenty of time.

PAULINE. May I not be excused?

MARQUIS. Impossible, dear, the dinner is given in your honor. [*The Marquis and Marquise go out at the back.*]

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] What a bore! [*To Geneviève.*] Where do they go every day at the same hour?

GENEVIÈVE. They say they go out for a drive, but no one ever sees them.

PAULINE. A mystery!

GENEVIÈVE. I know, but I pretend not to; they visit the poor.

PAULINE. But why the mystery?

GENEVIÈVE. Shouldn't charity always be secret?

PAULINE. Yes, of course. [*To herself.*] Oh dear, what people! I don't know what to do next.

GENEVIÈVE. Where is Henri?

PAULINE. I have no idea—probably visiting the poor.

GENEVIÈVE. He seems rather depressed lately.

PAULINE. He's never been over-gay: he's a melancholy boy.

GENEVIÈVE. You don't know of any hidden trouble, do you?

PAULINE. My dear, melancholy comes from the stomach. Healthy people are never melancholy; M. de Montrichard, for instance. [*She sits down.*]

GENEVIÈVE. [*Smiling.*] He must have an extraordinary stomach!

PAULINE. How clever he is and how gay!

GENEVIÈVE. He is amusing.

PAULINE. And brave! He would make a woman very happy.

GENEVIÈVE. You say that as if Henri weren't making you happy?

PAULINE. I am very happy, and Henri is charming to me. Only, Mme. de Montrichard would have

no occasion to envy me. I should like to see you that woman.

GENEVIÈVE. Me?

PAULINE. Haven't you noticed what marked attention he pays you?

GENEVIÈVE. No. Did he tell you——?

PAULINE. What?

GENEVIÈVE. That he's paying attention to me?

PAULINE. I have observed that myself; it's as clear as day. He is in love with you.

GENEVIÈVE. Are *you* interested in him?

PAULINE. Yes—because I love *you*.

GENEVIÈVE. Then be good enough to ask him to stop.

PAULINE. Why? Don't you like him?

GENEVIÈVE. [*Nervously.*] No more than I do anyone else. I'm never going to marry.

PAULINE. [*Rising.*] I'm surprised. I didn't think your religious devotion went so far as to eliminate marriage?

GENEVIÈVE. It isn't a matter of religion—it's only an idea of mine.

PAULINE. Then you love someone you cannot marry?

GENEVIÈVE. I love no one——

PAULINE. You are blushing. [*Drawing Geneviève to her.*] Now, Geneviève, confide in me—am I not your friend?

GENEVIÈVE. I tell you, I don't love anyone.

PAULINE. Then you *did* love someone?

GENEVIÈVE. Let's not talk about it, please. [*Leaving Pauline.*] I can't. [*She goes to the sofa.*]

PAULINE. I understand! [*To herself.*] So much the better for Montrichard! [*To Geneviève.*] My dear, M. de Montrichard is not a man who cannot

forgive a youthful slip. [*She goes to Geneviève again.*]

GENEVIÈVE. A youthful slip?

PAULINE. He's the ideal husband for you. He'll never inquire into your past life, and if anyone should ever make the slightest allusion to——

GENEVIÈVE. To what?

PAULINE. What you don't dare tell me—But don't blush, dear. [*She makes Geneviève sit down.*] What young girl hasn't been imprudent once in her life? You meet a handsome young man at a dance; he squeezes your hand; then perhaps you answer a note of his—[*Geneviève starts to get up again, but Pauline retains her*] and all in the most innocent possible way. Then you find you're compromised, without ever having done anything actually wrong.

GENEVIÈVE. Note? Compromised? I?

PAULINE. Then what do you mean by saying you ought not to marry?

GENEVIÈVE. [*Rising, with dignity.*] I mean, Madame, that there is a man whom I have been brought up to regard as my future husband, and—— But you wouldn't understand! You could suspect——! [*She turns her back to Pauline.*]

PAULINE. I am sorry if I hurt you, dear, but your reticence certainly led me to suppose—and you know I was only trying to be friendly!

GENEVIÈVE. [*Giving Pauline her hand.*] I was wrong!

PAULINE. Now, be brave. There was a man, you say, whom you were brought up to regard as your future husband——?

GENEVIÈVE. I gave all I could—respect and submission to this fiancé. I tried to think and act as he did. I was his companion in my secret thoughts—I—oh, I can't tell you——! Now I feel like a widow.

PAULINE. He's not dead?

GENEVÈVE. Dead to me—he is married.

PAULINE. There's no telling what men will do!

GENEVÈVE. He hardly knew me. He met a woman who was worthy of him, and married her—and he was right.

PAULINE. Then you should follow his example.

GENEVÈVE. With me it's different.

PAULINE. Do you still love him?

GENEVÈVE. Even if I once loved him, I should have no right to do so now; his heart belongs to another woman.

PAULINE. I don't quite follow your subtle reasoning—

GENEVÈVE. It's simply a matter of keys. [*They rise.*] A husband should be able to open every drawer belonging to his wife, should he not?

PAULINE. Of course.

GENEVÈVE. Here is a little gold key which I should have to keep from my husband.

PAULINE. What does it open?

GENEVÈVE. An ebony box containing my diary.

PAULINE. Your diary?

GENEVÈVE. Yes. My grandmother has taught me, ever since the time I was a little child, to write down what I do and think.

PAULINE. How queer!

GENEVÈVE. It's a very good thing to look into one's heart every day. If there are any weeds, it's easy to pluck them out before they take root.

PAULINE. Away with dog's-grass, eh? And so you wrote down day by day this romance of yours? Metaphorically speaking, that is the key to your heart?

GENEVÈVE. Exactly.

PAULINE. You may as well make up your mind that some day someone will steal it.

GENEVÈVE. In any event, it will not be M. de Montrichard.

PAULINE. So much the worse for him—and you!

[A servant enters.]

SERVANT. M. de Beauséjour. *[He goes out.]*

GENEVÈVE. And still less *he*! I can't bear him, the smooth, bragging——! I'm going to dress. *[She goes out.]*

[Baudel comes in.]

BAUDEL. I hope I'm not driving anyone away?

PAULINE. My cousin.

BAUDEL. I should regret it were I able to regret anything in your presence, Countess!

PAULINE. *[Going to get a small hand-mirror which lies on a console-table to the right, and then motioning Baudel to a chair.]* Very gallant of you, I'm sure!

BAUDEL. *[To himself.]* Alone, strange to say! Let us follow de Montrichard's advice, and may Buckingham preserve me! *[He brings a chair close to Pauline.]*

PAULINE. *[Sitting on the sofa.]* Is M. de Montrichard sick, that we see Pylades alone?

BAUDEL. *[Sitting down.]* No, Madame, he is not. He will himself come to present his respects.

PAULINE. Do you know, your friendship is worthy the age of chivalry?

BAUDEL. Cemented in our blood! I owe Montrichard a little revenge, and I shall soon pay my debt!

PAULINE. What? Old friends like you?

BAUDEL. What can I do? He's absurd; he gets

on my nerves! Think of it, he persists in noticing your resemblance to——!

PAULINE. [*Looking at herself in the mirror.*] That poor girl who died in California. Yes, I know. Don't you agree with him?

BAUDEL. I confess there is something—she resembled you as the goose resembles the swan.

PAULINE. She would thank you for that!

BAUDEL. She lacked that grace, that distinction, that eminently aristocratic air——!

PAULINE. Yet Montrichard says we might be taken for sisters.

BAUDEL. Your homely sister, perhaps!* [*He laughs.*]

PAULINE. Clever! But you're not at all gallant toward the woman you once loved. You did once love Olympe, didn't you?

BAUDEL. Not in the least, but she was wild about me!

PAULINE. Really?

BAUDEL. I had the devil of a time making her listen to reason; she swore she was going to asphyxiate herself.

PAULINE. Is it possible? Perhaps it was because of you that she went to California?

BAUDEL. [*Rising.*] I am afraid so. Such is life: we love those who do not love us, and do not love those who love us. You are now taking revenge for that poor creature, Mme. la Comtesse.

PAULINE. I thought I had forbidden that topic?

BAUDEL. What then shall I talk about?

PAULINE. [*Laying the mirror on the sofa.*] Anything else. What did you think of the affair last night?

* An untranslatable pun on "Soeur de laid"—homely sister—and "Soeur de lait"—foster-sister.

BAUDEL. Charming.

PAULINE. Take care, I'm laying a trap; I'm going to put your judgment to the test. What did you think of my neighbor?

BAUDEL. Which?

PAULINE. The slim lady to my right, with a head like an ostrich's—whose feet stuck out so from under her dress?

BAUDEL. That's not kind of you. Well, one would have to be the devil of a naturalist to class her as mammiferous.

PAULINE. Not bad. And the mistress of the house, with all her diamonds?

BAUDEL. I thought the diamonds superb.

PAULINE. Like her teeth, half of them false! [*She rises.*]

BAUDEL. [*To himself.*] What a change in her! [*To Pauline.*] You are a connoisseur then, Countess?

PAULINE. Every woman is an amateur jewel connoisseur.

BAUDEL. Will you then kindly give me your opinion on this trifle?

[*He takes a jewel-case from his pocket and opens it.*]

PAULINE. Very beautiful. That pearl on the clasp is magnificent. But what are you doing with such a river of jewels?*

BAUDEL. Making it flow—at the feet of—the feet of——

PAULINE. Some danseuse, I'll wager.

BAUDEL. At the feet of—the most deserving.

PAULINE. How lucky she is!

[*She holds up the necklace so that it sparkles.*]

* "Rivière" means necklace.

BAUDEL. [*To himself.*] She does look like Olympe!

PAULINE. You're a bad subject.

BAUDEL. Bad sovereigns make bad subjects.

PAULINE. You are too clever. This necklace looks a trifle tight.

BAUDEL. Do you think so?

PAULINE. Yes—see! [*She takes it from the box, then gets the mirror. Baudel, who has taken the box, lays it on the table and returns to Pauline, who hands him the mirror. She then puts on the necklace.*] No, it's plenty large enough. [*To herself as she looks in the glass.*] How it shows off the complexion!

BAUDEL. [*To himself.*] Montrichard was right; great ladies are as fond of jewels as the others are. What he knows about women——! Now—I—a Countess's lover—that will certainly send me up in the world!

PAULINE. [*Unclasping the necklace.*] Take your diamonds to your danseuse now!

BAUDEL. After they have touched your neck? It would be the vilest profanation!

PAULINE. Then what are you going to do with them?

BAUDEL. I shall keep them as a souvenir.

PAULINE. No, no, I wouldn't allow that.

BAUDEL. Then, Countess, there is but one thing to do: keep them yourself as a souvenir of me, since you object to my having one of you.

PAULINE. You're out of your senses! Are such things possible?

BAUDEL. Why ask? It's very simple. Would you not accept a bouquet of flowers? Diamonds are flowers—which last a long time—that is all.

PAULINE. Do you think my husband would look at it in that light?

BAUDEL. [*Laying the box on the table at the right.*] You might tell him that they're paste.

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] I never thought of that! What a fool I am; I forget that I have a hundred thousand francs income! [*To Baudel.*] Let's not joke about it any longer, Monsieur. Take this back to the jeweller—that will be best. [*She gives him the necklace.*]

[*Henri enters.*]

BAUDEL. [*To himself.*] Her husband, eh? [*To Henri.*] How are you, M. le Comte? You're just in time to clear up a mystery of which I am the victim.

HENRI. What is the mystery, Monsieur?

BAUDEL. Madame is trying to persuade me that these diamonds are only paste. [*He hands Henri the necklace.*]

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] Who would have thought it of him?

HENRI. I am no judge. [*To the Countess.*] Did you buy this, Madame?

PAULINE. Yes, because of the setting.—It's an old one.—Quite a bargain.

BAUDEL. I confess my ignorance, Madame, and I promise to keep the secret of the marvelous paste diamonds. It will be to my credit that others are deceived by them. Are you going to wear it tonight at Mme. de Ransberg's?

HENRI. Are you dining there, Monsieur?

BAUDEL. No, M. le Comte, but Montrichard is going to introduce me at the soirée afterward. I hope to make up at that time for not having seen you now, for I must go—[*Bowing.*] Mme. la Comtesse! M. le

Comte! [*To himself.*] Things are going beautifully! [*He goes out.*]

HENRI. You have one great fault, Pauline: duplicity—and you don't scruple to act on every occasion——

PAULINE. I don't see——?

HENRI. Couldn't you tell me frankly if you wanted diamonds?

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] Water seeks the river—certainly in this case.*

HENRI. I never refused you anything reasonable. As you are going into society, I realize you must have jewels, and if I have given you none so far, it was because I had not thought about it. But I repeat, I dislike this underhand business.

[*He gives her the necklace.*]

PAULINE. [*Taking it.*] I beg your pardon, dear. It was really such a small matter that I was ashamed to speak of it.

HENRI. How much do you need for other jewels?

PAULINE. Didn't your mother have a jewel-box?

HENRI. Yes.

PAULINE. Well?

HENRI. Her diamonds became sacred objects when she died: they are not jewels, but remembrances. [*He goes to the left.*] Suppose I allow you fifty thousand francs? Is that enough?

PAULINE. Thank you. [*A pause.*]

HENRI. [*Returning.*] Has my aunt gone out yet?

PAULINE. Yes, with your uncle. May I ask where you have just come from?

HENRI. A walk in the country.

PAULINE. In those clothes?

HENRI. No, I changed them when I came back.

* See footnote, p. 394.

PAULINE. [*Going to Henri.*] Why didn't you take me?

HENRI. You don't like walking—you prefer driving in the fashionable streets.

PAULINE. But the country must be lovely!

HENRI. It is.

PAULINE. In all the melancholy splendor of autumn!

HENRI. What dress are you going to wear to-night? [*He goes to the fireplace.*]

PAULINE. Henri, you are vexed with me about something? What is it?

HENRI. What?

PAULINE. I ask you—evidently there is something. I have surely done nothing—have I given you reason to complain?

HENRI. Have I given you any cause to be offended?

PAULINE. The idea!

HENRI. Please, Madame, let us leave these petty family quarrels to the lower classes! You are too dignified to stoop to that.

PAULINE. I see—those awful suspicions are troubling you again!

HENRI. I have no suspicions.

PAULINE. You mean you are sure. Tell me, Henri; my conscience is perfectly clear, and I demand an explanation.

HENRI. No use, Madame, you will never have occasion to complain of my attitude.

PAULINE. That's complete estrangement, then! Do you think for one moment I'll accept that?

HENRI. What difference does it make to you?

PAULINE. Now, Henri, for the love of Heaven! Our happiness is at stake, don't you see? Let us both be frank. I'll set you an example: yes, in

bringing you to Pilnitz, I knew we should meet your uncle.

HENRI. His secretary did tell me of a letter you had written him——

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] I thought so!

HENRI. But I didn't believe that; you promised me you didn't know—you swore on your mother's soul.

PAULINE. I would have sworn on the soul of my own child, if I had had one, because you are dearer to me than the whole world, and my first duty is to make you happy! I wanted to bring you back into your proper surroundings again, and allow you to breathe the air that is natural to you—that was my only crime.

HENRI. I appreciate what you have done.

PAULINE. But the way you say it! Do you for one moment imagine that I was prompted by personal pride—that I wanted to play a part in society, and masquerade as a great society belle? An empty rôle, dear, and I am only too ready to relinquish it.

HENRI. I can believe it!

PAULINE. This artificial existence bores me.

HENRI. [*Sitting down.*] I know.

PAULINE. Then what do you accuse me of?

HENRI. Nothing. [*He goes to the right of the table and sits down again.*]

PAULINE. [*Sitting by him on a little table.*] Come, Monsieur, you mustn't scowl! Kiss your wife, who loves you alone. [*She offers her forehead; Henri touches it with his lips.*] Do you object to my little trick for getting the necklace? Don't scold me—I don't deserve it. I'm not going to society affairs any more. Then, that matter of your mother's jewels—that was tactless, indelicate of me. I should have realized that a saint's relics should belong only

to an angel. Keep them, preserve them religiously, and if Heaven grants us the blessing of a daughter

HENRI. [*Violently, as he rises.*] You—a daughter! She might resemble you!

PAULINE. Henri! [*She tries to stand up, but he forces her back to her place.*]

HENRI. Don't say a word! Let us have no more of this ridiculous farce! I know you only too well! All that virtue you assume so cleverly, your unselfishness, love, repentance—the whole thing, has fallen from you like a load, like thick paint—in the warm atmosphere of this family circle! I can see! I am no longer the child you seduced!

PAULINE. [*Standing up.*] You grow younger, my dear; you had reached years of discretion when you married me.

HENRI. [*Sadly.*] Twenty-two! I had just lost my father, a man whose severity kept me a child when I should have been a young man. *You* were my first mistress—I knew nothing of life, except what you taught me. I wasn't hard to deceive; I made an easy rung in the ladder of your ambition.

PAULINE. My ambition? Ha, how far has it gone? I'm really surprised at you! You might think I had lived a gay and merry life with you, alone for a year!

HENRI. You may well regret all the wasted hours, after what I have just found out. The society our family moves in is not exactly what you had expected, I know, and *your* disappointment has opened my eyes. You feel that this is not quite your place—you feel ill at ease, out of your natural element; you cannot forgive the real society ladies for the superiority of their manners and their breeding—. [*Pauline is about to speak.*] I can see how bitter

you are from every word you speak. You cannot understand the true worth or the essential goodness of the family. You are bored, and as out of place as an unrepentant sinner in church——

PAULINE. [*Sharply.*] That will do! You don't love me, in other words. There is only one thing to do—separate—on friendly terms.

HENRI. Separate? Never.

PAULINE. Are you doing me the honor to want my company?

HENRI. You bear my name, Madame, and I shall not allow it to be dragged in the gutter. [*A pause ensues.*] Now let us quietly accept the result of our act. We are bound together; let us walk side by side, and try not to hate each other.

PAULINE. You will find that difficult.

HENRI. Never fear; if I cannot forget how you became Countess de Puységiron, I shall never lose sight of the fact that you are she. Now I have already shown you too much of what I feel—this explanation is at an end. Let us do our best to keep up appearances.

PAULINE. A nice life to look forward to, isn't it?

[*Geneviève enters in evening dress.*]

GENEVIÈVE. Pauline, aren't you going to dress? They're coming for us soon.

PAULINE. I forgot—I was talking with Henri. I'll hurry, though. [*She starts to go.*] Scold your cousin, dear; she wants to be an old maid!

GENEVIÈVE. Pauline!

PAULINE. Henri is another edition of myself. She wants to remain an old maid in order to be faithful to a childhood husband who deserted her—for three dolls!

HENRI. [*Troubled.*] Geneviève——?

GENEVIÈVE. I don't know what she means?

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] How troubled they are!

HENRI. [*To Pauline.*] You'll never be ready in time!

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] Ha, is *he* the childhood husband? I'll soon find out! [*A gesture from Henri.*] I'm going. You'll talk sense to her, won't you? [*She goes out.*]

GENEVIÈVE. Pauline doesn't know what she's talking about. She can't imagine a girl's not wanting to marry without there being some mystery.

HENRI. Is it true you don't intend to marry?

GENEVIÈVE. I don't exactly know, but I'm not prejudiced against marriage. I consider it the basis of home-life, if not a religion in itself, and I should be too proud to accept a master who would not be a god for me.

HENRI. You are right, Geneviève; wait for a man who is worthy of you.

GENEVIÈVE. My grand-parents have given me so splendid an example of married life that I'd rather a thousand times go into a convent than marry for the sake of convenience, or because it's the thing to do. Rather than accept the first man who happens along——

HENRI. The worst misfortune that can befall a human being is an uncongenial marriage.

GENEVIÈVE. And I'm so happy here—my people are so good to me! The man who takes me from my home will seem like a stranger—it would be like leaving a temple for an inn.

HENRI. [*To himself.*] Here was my happiness! So near at hand! [*He turns aside, putting his hand over his eyes.*]

GENEVIÈVE. What are you thinking of?

HENRI. Nothing; I was looking at that portrait.

[*He indicates the Marquise's portrait, over the fireplace.*]

GENEVIÈVE. It seems to keep watch! How comforting it is! I feel that the whole house is protected by it.

HENRI. [*To himself, as he looks at the portrait.*] She would have been my mother! [*A servant enters, announces Madame Morin and goes out.*] Madame Morin?

[*Irma comes in.*]

IRMA. Where is she? Where is my daughter?—How are you, son-in-law?

GENEVIÈVE. How glad Pauline will be!

IRMA. Where is she?

GENEVIÈVE. Dressing. Don't let her know you are here—we'll give her a surprise.

IRMA. You must be her cousin, Mademoiselle? Fine young lady, well set-up! Kiss me, will you, angel?

GENEVIÈVE. Delighted, Madame. [*She goes toward Irma, but Henri quickly steps between the two.*]

HENRI. To what do I owe the pleasure of seeing you, Madame?

IRMA. My maternal affection. [*A carriage is heard outside.*]

GENEVIÈVE. Grandfather's coming. I'll tell him you're here. [*She goes out.*]

HENRI. What do you want?

IRMA. Well—have I a daughter or haven't I?

HENRI. You haven't any longer. She is dead to you: you have inherited everything she possessed.

IRMA. My dear, that inheritance has taken wings! I've speculated.

HENRI. I see. How much will you take to go?

IRMA. Heavens! He wants to buy a mother's love!

HENRI. I'll give you an income of fifteen hundred francs.

IRMA. I must have my daughter.

HENRI. Three thousand.

IRMA. You poor boy!

HENRI. Come, Madame, they'll be here shortly; tell me how much you'll take.

IRMA. Five thousand.

HENRI. Very well. But you leave tomorrow morning!

IRMA. All right.

HENRI. Sh! Here's my uncle.

[The Marquis comes in.]

MARQUIS. I am very glad to see you, Mme. Morin.

IRMA. M. le Marquis, the honor is mine.

MARQUIS. As the mother of a charming daughter! True!

IRMA. Excuse my traveling clothes—I should have fixed up a little, but I so wanted to see my girl!

MARQUIS. Very natural, but your Breton costume would have been dear to the eyes of an old Chouan. It was very wrong of you not to wear it.

HENRI. *[To Irma.]* Pretend to understand!

IRMA. Oh, one can't travel in such a costume.

MARQUIS. *[To Henri.]* She looks like a clothes-dealer—but your wife will see to that. *[Aloud.]* Will you see that Madame's room is made ready?

IRMA. A thousand thanks, M. le Marquis, but I'm only passing through the city. I must leave for Dantzic tomorrow morning.

MARQUIS. And why must you go to Dantzic so soon?

IRMA. To collect a debt of a hundred thousand

frances. I'll lose it if I don't go tomorrow. Ask my son-in-law.

HENRI. That's so.

MARQUIS. Then I have nothing further to say. But you will see us on your return?

IRMA. You are too good, M. le Marquis.

MARQUIS. I should like to know you better. We'll talk about Brittany—in Breton.

IRMA. [*To herself.*] Good Lord!

HENRI. I think it's time to go to Mme. de Ransberg's, Uncle. Pauline may stay with her mother; it will be an excellent excuse.

MARQUIS. Very true.

[*The Marquise and Geneviève enter.*]

MARQUISE. You are very welcome, Madame.

MARQUIS. My wife—Madame Morin.

IRMA. [*Confused.*] Madame—I—this honor——

MARQUISE. You find your daughter surrounded here only by friends, Madame.

IRMA. Oh, of course—Madame—Madame is too good!

[*Pauline enters in evening dress, wearing the necklace.*]

PAULINE. Are you ready?

MARQUIS. You shan't have to go, dear.

PAULINE. Why? [*Geneviève takes her hand and conducts her to Irma.*] Mother! [*She steps back, looking nervously at the Marquis.*]

IRMA. Yes, dearie, it's me!

MARQUIS. [*To the Marquise.*] We're in the way here.—We are now obliged to leave you, Madame; we are dining out.

MARQUISE. We should be very sorry, Madame, to

be in the way—you must want to give free rein to your feelings.

IRMA. Oh, I—please——

GENEVÈVE. [*To Pauline.*] What lovely diamonds!

MARQUIS. Well, well, Henri is gallant!

PAULINE. They're only paste—I just thought it would be amusing to have them!

MARQUISE. Marvelous imitation—that pearl especially! But, my dear, the Countess de Puygiron should never wear artificial pearls!—Good evening, Madame.

[*She takes Henri's arm, Geneviève takes that of the Marquis, and they go out. It begins to grow dark. Pauline waits a moment until the others are out of hearing.*]

PAULINE. Oh, Mother, how glad I am to see you! [*She kisses her.*] What is going on in Paris? How is Célèste? And Clémence? And Taffétas? Ernest? Jules? Gontran? And how was the ballet at the Opéra? And the Maison d'Or? And the Mont-de-Piété?

IRMA. Oh my!

PAULINE. I've been dying to know for a whole year! Let me take off my corsets! God, it's fine to talk with you mother for a minute!

IRMA. Pauline's herself again! I knew all this greatness wouldn't change you. You're always the same.

PAULINE. More than ever. Did the news of my death make much of a stir in Paris?

IRMA. I should say it did! What a lot of people went to your funeral! More than to La Fayette's! I was awfully proud to be your mother—take my word for it!

PAULINE. Poor dear! But here I am rattling along—maybe you'd like something to eat?

IRMA. Give me some fruit—fresh. It's six o'clock.

PAULINE. I forgot—happiness of seeing you!
[*She rings.*]

IRMA. I'm all excited!

[*A servant enters. Irma takes off her hat and cloak.*]

PAULINE. Lay places for two. [*To Irma.*] Shall we eat here?

IRMA. Suits me down to the ground.

PAULINE. [*To the servant, severely.*] You hear? And don't take an hour for it, either!

SERVANT. [*To himself.*] As if I were a dog!
[*He goes out.*]

PAULINE. [*Returning to Irma.*] What did the girls think of my trick?

IRMA. They were all jealous of the gorgeous funeral. Clémence threw herself into my arms and cried: "The idea! Oh, my!"

PAULINE. Poor creature! Who's she with now?

IRMA. Don't talk about it! She's got better luck than an honest woman! A fine general—fifteen thousand a year!

PAULINE. I was a bigger fool than she! [*The servant brings a table and sets it.*]

IRMA. Aren't you happy?

PAULINE. We'll talk about that later. How did Henri receive you?

IRMA. Beautifully! Offered me five thousand a year and showed me the door!

PAULINE. So that's why you came?

IRMA. "Subsidiary considerations," as the *Ga-*

zette des Tribunaux says. What could I do? I've lost heavily! Speculations!

[*A servant enters.*]

SERVANT. M. de Montrichard. [*The servant goes out. Montrichard enters.*]

MONTRICHARD. They told me downstairs, Countess, that your mother had come, so I—— How goes it, Irma?

IRMA. [*To Pauline.*] Does he know——?

PAULINE. Yes, he's a friend.

[*Two servants enter, each with a lighted candelabrum.*]

Have you dined, M. de Montrichard?

MONTRICHARD. No, Madame.

PAULINE. You shall dine with us. [*To a servant.*] Lay another place.

IRMA. [*To Pauline.*] Is this regiment of servants going to keep us company?

PAULINE. [*To the servants.*] Bring the table here. Now you may go. [*The servants leave.*]

MONTRICHARD. Who will wait on us?

IRMA. I will.

MONTRICHARD. By God! Served by Hebe!

IRMA. Hebe yourself! Here he is with his cursed Latin again!

MONTRICHARD. Don't be offended, my Irma! Hebe was a very clever young person.

PAULINE. Sit down. [*They seat themselves around the table.*]

IRMA. Who's dying of hunger? Me!

MONTRICHARD. What a charming disposition you have!

IRMA. Well, I have only two decent meals a day!

MONTRICHARD. You're always delightful, Irma.

IRMA. Go on!

MONTRICHARD. Fact! You've improved during these past three years. You've grown a little beard that adds materially to your—virility.

IRMA. You old——!

PAULINE. Now be nice.

IRMA. It isn't a beard at all—it's a beauty-spot!

PAULINE. Oh, let me laugh! I haven't had a chance for ever so long!

IRMA. You're bored to death, dear child.

PAULINE. Ask Montrichard—and then take off the dishes. [*Irma rises and takes the dishes.*]

IRMA. Is she bored, Montrichard?

MONTRICHARD. [*Serving the chicken.*] Is she?

IRMA. Lord, how can that be? A Countess!

PAULINE. I can't understand how these society ladies get used to the life they lead!

MONTRICHARD. They're caught early and trained.

IRMA. [*To Pauline.*] I'll have some cress. Isn't your husband good to you?

PAULINE. He's all right, poor boy, but he doesn't love me any longer.

MONTRICHARD. Then he must hate you. Have you had an explanation?

PAULINE. Had one just today.

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] Good!

PAULINE. I made an idiotic marriage!

IRMA. Poor dear! You take away my appetite!

MONTRICHARD. Very advantageous separations often come of poor marriages.

IRMA. Montrichard is right—I've found my appetite again. Yes, you must separate. [*She pours the wine.*] You keep your title of Countess, take twenty-five thousand francs' income, and enjoy yourself!

PAULINE. Henri wouldn't listen to it!

IRMA. But if he doesn't love you?

PAULINE. He's afraid I'll "drag his name in the gutter!"

MONTRICHARD. Impertinent fool!

IRMA. Put him in the wrong: brutal treatment, article 231! Plant your witnesses and make him strike you!

PAULINE. He's too much of a coward to strike a woman!

MONTRICHARD. Abduction! Baudel's always ready.

IRMA. Or separation on grounds of infidelity—three months or two years in jail—article 308.

PAULINE. That's all he wants!

MONTRICHARD. I?

PAULINE. Don't you think I see the trick? You're trying to get me into some deal to disgrace this illustrious family and then help you in your own matrimonial schemes. You don't care what becomes of me.

MONTRICHARD. Wouldn't it be awful, those three months in jail—like three months in a sanitarium! Think of your former life——. And then your trial would be a great advertisement!

PAULINE. And the—matrimonial donations?

IRMA. Annulled by the infidelity, old man.

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] She knows the code like a thief!

PAULINE. Henri gave me five hundred thousand francs—in my marriage contract—and I don't intend to lose it.

MONTRICHARD. Well, you can't have your cake and eat it too!

PAULINE. I hope I can arrange an amicable separation. I must be able to have a lever on the fam

ily, and dictate my own terms. I'll find a way. In fact, I've already thought of a plan.

IRMA. What is it?

PAULINE. I am not absolutely sure of the facts, but I can soon find out. Let's have some champagne meantime, and enjoy ourselves when we have the chance.

IRMA. Good, that suits me!

MONTRICHARD. Me too. Here's to you, Irma!

[*A servant enters carrying a card on a tray.*]

SERVANT. A gentleman to see Mme. la Comtesse.

PAULINE. [*Reading the card.*] "Adolphe, Comedian, Theater of Vienna." I don't know him.

IRMA. Comedian? You—you haven't laughed for so long——

PAULINE. Have you seen him act, Montrichard?

MONTRICHARD. Yes, he imitates Parisian actors.

IRMA. Have him up, it'll amuse you, Minette.

PAULINE. [*To the servant.*] Ask him to come in, and then serve dessert. [*The servant goes out. Adolphe enters wearing a black suit and a white cravat.*]

ADOLPHE. I beg your pardon, Mme. la Comtesse, for the liberty I am taking of——

PAULINE. Be seated, Monsieur.

[*The servant brings in the dessert.*]

ADOLPHE. The day after tomorrow our theater is to give a performance for my benefit, and I thought you would be glad, as a compatriot, to take a box. Will you be so good as to accept this?

[*He gives a ticket to Montrichard, who hands it to Pauline.*]

PAULINE. Many thanks, Monsieur. I am told that you do impersonations?

ADOLPHE. Yes, Madame, I owe my success in a foreign country to that.

PAULINE. If you are not occupied this evening, we should be delighted to hear you.

ADOLPHE. Charmed, Madame.

PAULINE. [*To the servant.*] Bring me another glass, and then go. [*The glass is brought and filled with wine.*] Here, M. Adolphe, drink this.

ADOLPHE. Thank you, Madame, but champagne does not agree with me.

IRMA. It's Cliquot, old man; you can't get drunk on that! Here's to you!

ADOLPHE. [*After drinking.*] It's good!

IRMA. [*Pouring out another glassful for him.*] Say, little one, you squint, don't you?

ADOLPHE. Yes, Madame, that squint was what induced me to go into comic impersonation.

MONTRICHARD. And is to give us the pleasure of hearing you! [*Adolphe drinks.*]

PAULINE. Sing us a song, M. Adolphe.

ADOLPHE. *Le Petit cochon de Barbarie?* [*Irma again fills his glass.*]

PAULINE. No, a student song!

ADOLPHE. I don't know any.

MONTRICHARD. But you look as if you'd been a notary's clerk?

ADOLPHE. I have, Monsieur.

PAULINE. You have?

ADOLPHE. Yes, I come of a good family, Madame; my father was one of the biggest hardware merchants in Paris. He wanted me to go into the law, but an irresistible sense of vocation drove me to the boards. [*He drinks.*]

MONTRICHARD. Your father must have been very angry?

ADOLPHE. He even refused to allow me to use his

name—said I was soiling it by dragging it before the footlights.

PAULINE. What is his name?

ADOLPHE. Mathieu.

MONTRICHARD. It would have been downright sacrilege!

IRMA. Here's to you, then, son of Mathieu! I like you! You're not handsome and you're something of a fool, but you're nice and simple!

ADOLPHE. [*Displeased.*] Madame!

IRMA. Now you mustn't be angry, little one! I was only joking! [*She rises, holding a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other.*] You're good looking, good looking—between squints!

PAULINE. Come now, let's put our elbows on the table and say foolish things! Why, I can almost imagine myself at the *Provençaux*—I'm born again!

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] Homesickness for the mud!

IRMA. Can't see decently in here! And I don't like to say foolish things in the dark! [*She hands the bottle to Adolphe.*]

MONTRICHARD. Someone'll get wounded!

PAULINE. [*Taking a candle from the table and putting it in one of the candelabra.*] Let's light all the candles! Help me, Montrichard.

MONTRICHARD. I don't know how many there are—but before long Irma's going to see thirty-six.

ADOLPHE. Well, I see fifteen. [*Pauline and Montrichard stand on chairs at each side of the fireplace and light the large candelabra between which hangs the portrait.*]

IRMA. A picture? What is it?

PAULINE. A barometer.

IRMA. That barometer looks to me like an old lady.

MONTRICHARD. [*To Pauline.*] Hm! What if she should come in now?

PAULINE. Let them all come! They can send me to the devil with their five hundred thousand francs, if they like!

ADOLPHE. [*Who has taken Montrichard's place.*] I'd like to suggest a toast.

IRMA. [*Coming down-stage on the right.*] Go ahead, but try to be respectable.

MONTRICHARD. Wait for us. [*Near the table.*] We're listening.

ADOLPHE. To that enchanting sex which is the charm and torment of our existence—in a word: the ladies!

MONTRICHARD. You *are* rather forward, M. Adolphe!

IRMA. I call it *risqué*!

PAULINE. Comes from a fortunate man, evidently.

ADOLPHE. Yes, Madame——

MONTRICHARD. You must have all sorts of affairs, a man like you, so exposed in the theater——

ADOLPHE. [*Fatuously.*] I must admit that opportunities are not lacking.

MONTRICHARD. Then what is, for the love of Heaven?

ADOLPHE. I'm a respectable man: I'm married.

PAULINE. A very grave fault—you must try to redeem yourself.

IRMA. And look after your wife! Take my advice!

ADOLPHE. I beg you, respect the mother of my children!

MONTRICHARD. Oh, Adolphe, hast thou children?

ADOLPHE. Three, all my living image!

PAULINE. I pity the youngest.

ADOLPHE. Why?

PAULINE. He has the longest time during which to resemble you!

MONTRICHARD. All children begin by looking like papa, and end by resembling their father!

IRMA. "The voice of blood" is a prejudice.

PAULINE. [*Raising her glass.*] Down with prejudices! Down with the family! Down with marriage! Down with the marquis!

MONTRICHARD. Down with hardware merchants!

ADOLPHE. Down with hardware merchants!

IRMA. Long live us!

PAULINE. [*Singing.*]:

"When you haven't any money
And you write to your dad,
And he answers, "Don't get funny;
Don't make love on my cash, lad;
You can't make love on that,
And turn night into day——"

[*All join in the refrain, clinking their knives on the glasses. Adolphe falls from his chair, and Irma gradually dozes.*]

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] And to think of all she did in order to become a countess!

PAULINE. [*Dreamily.*] The dear old songs of my youth! Those lovely old dresses and scarves I used to wear! The dances at the *Chaumière*—dinners at the *Moulin-Rouge*—the old mill I used to throw my hat over! I can see a young girl living in an attic; one day she runs off over the fields to meet her lover for the first time. And the sun! "Open the door, please!"

IRMA. [*Half-asleep.*] Ah!

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] I thought so!

ADOLPHE. [*Rising, quite drunk.*] I tell you—I'm not bad-looking!

PAULINE. Then you're a blackguardly imposter! Take off your false nose and your china eyes!

MONTRICHARD. Take off his head, while we're about it!

ADOLPHE. My wife thinks I'm very distinguished looking.

PAULINE. She's unfaithful to you!

ADOLPHE. Oh, if I thought so——!

MONTRICHARD. You may be sure she isn't, old man! You should never doubt your wife!

ADOLPHE. Would you swear it on the head of this respectable lady?

MONTRICHARD. Lend me your head, Irma; I should like to oblige this gentleman.

ADOLPHE. [*Sobbing.*] How unhappy I am! She's deceiving me, I know——!

PAULINE. How about your good looks, now, you fool?

IRMA. There's a fine comedian for you!

ADOLPHE. [*Falling into Irma's arms.*] You, my mother, you understand me!

IRMA. [*Repulsing him.*] Here now, you fool! Tell us something funny; you came here to make us laugh.

ADOLPHE. That's right—well—a baptism song! [*He sings.*]:

Little Léon, on his mother's breast
Was never unhappy——

[*He stops, sobbing again.*] My poor children! They are unhappy!

PAULINE. What? Your children?

ADOLPHE. I bought my wife a cake yesterday, and

I haven't paid the baker yet! [*He falls down into his chair.*]

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] Poor devil!

IRMA. Look, Minette, he's a good-hearted fellow. He's ruining himself for women.

PAULINE. Don't cry, baby—we won't send you away empty-handed! Montrichard, give him my purse.

MONTRICHARD. [*To Pauline.*] Charity will be your ruin. [*Giving Adolphe the purse.*] Here you are, old man.

ADOLPHE. [*Rejecting it.*] No. Monsieur, no—I receive money only from my manager—when he gives it to me. This would be charity. Thank you, I come of a good family!

PAULINE. I feel so sorry for him. I don't like to see misery at such close quarters.

IRMA. If he's proud, it's his own loss!

PAULINE. What can I make him accept? [*She quickly takes the pearl from her necklace and gives it to Adolphe.*] Here, baby, here's a little trinket for your wife. You can't refuse that.

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] How absurd!

ADOLPHE. You are very kind, Mme. la Comtesse. [*He kisses her hand.*]

PAULINE. It's late—you must go home now. Take him to the door, Montrichard. [*Irma fills Adolphe's pockets with the remains of the dessert.*]

MONTRICHARD. Take my arm, M. Adolphe. [*To himself.*] Olympe is herself again! God knows where she'll end now!

ADOLPHE. [*To Pauline.*] You're an angel. [*To Irma.*] You're both angels.

MONTRICHARD. Don't say that! They won't believe you!

ADOLPHE. [*To Montrichard.*] So are you!

MONTRICHARD. Of course I am. So are you—an impossible angel. Come now, son of Mathieu! [*They go out.*]

IRMA. [*Yawning and stretching herself.*] What an idea! To give him an artificial pearl!

PAULINE. Artificial? It's worth at least a thousand francs.

IRMA. [*Sitting up.*] A thousand francs? Are you crazy?

PAULINE. What of it? I didn't have anything else handy. [*Brooding for an instant.*] It will bring me luck! My separation will be a success!

IRMA. Got a pack of cards around here?

PAULINE. [*Taking a candelabrum and going toward the door leading to her room.*] Not here, but I have in my room. Why?

IRMA. [*Following her.*] I want to try—see how you'll succeed.

PAULINE. Do you still believe in card-tricks?

IRMA. Do I? That's the only thing that's dead certain!

PAULINE. Nonsense!

IRMA. Stop it! You'll come to some bad end if you don't believe in something.

PAULINE. I rely on myself. [*Taking up the candelabrum which she had set down.*]

IRMA. You're right; we must help ourselves; then Heaven will help us.

PAULINE. Yes, Heaven!

IRMA. Figuratively speaking. Now for the cards!

PAULINE. My separation!

[*They go out at the left. As Irma passes the Marquise's portrait, she bows to it.*]

ACT III

The scene is the same as that of the preceding act. Montrichard and a servant are present.

SERVANT. Mme. la Comtesse asks M. le Baron to be good enough to wait a moment for her. Here are the newspapers. [*He goes out.*]

MONTRICHARD. Do I arrive in the midst of a crisis? Hardly tactful, but what's the odds? If I don't succeed in marrying this lady, I can easily find another. Now I am really quite a catch. But then why should I marry at all?

[*Pauline comes in.*]

PAULINE. How are you, M. de Corbeau?*

MONTRICHARD. Do I seem handsome** to you?

PAULINE. As everything does which one is on the point of losing?

MONTRICHARD. Oh, have I been fortunate enough to cause you some anxiety, Mme. la Comtesse?

PAULINE. Even sleeplessness—or rather, nightmares. How inconsiderate of you to stay at Homberg for a week without writing a line! I dreamed of you as having lost every sou, and your head was bound up in bloody bandages!

MONTRICHARD. And you shed a tear for me? Mourned by Olympe—what an occasion for a beautiful death! I've always missed the exact occasion. Far from blowing out my brains, I blew up the bank!***

*Literally, "crow," used in the sense of "vulture."

**A pun on "beau"—handsome—and "corbeau."

***A pun on "sauter la cervelle" and "sauter la banque."

PAULINE. Really?

MONTRICHARD. As really as I have the honor to announce the news to you.

PAULINE. [*Enthusiastically.*] What a man! And what luck! And you wonder why women love and admire you! If you were only willing, it wouldn't be that fool Baudel who'd abduct me——!

MONTRICHARD. It would be that ass Montrichard—but you would be a greater fool than he!

PAULINE. [*Laughing.*] That's true enough.

MONTRICHARD. What is this joke about the abduction?

PAULINE. It's a very serious matter. I have made up my mind to kick over the traces, and I've chosen M. de Beauséjour as my accomplice.

MONTRICHARD. But I was told at his rooms this morning that he went away last night?

PAULINE. Yes—to Nice.

MONTRICHARD. But why without you?

PAULINE. I remain to negotiate with the honorable family for an amicable separation.

MONTRICHARD. Which you hope to obtain?

PAULINE. Which I am sure to obtain. There is an element of chance, because I intend to impose my own conditions; but since yesterday I have found very persuasive arguments, and I assure you everything will be arranged. They thought when I entered their family that I dishonored it! Watch my exit!

MONTRICHARD. But why didn't Baudel wait for you?

PAULINE. First, I wanted to get some precious possessions of mine safe out of the way. He took them with him.

MONTRICHARD. Your diamonds?

PAULINE. Other things, too. Then he must find

a place for me to stay. Do you think I want to stop at a hotel? I'm tired of my life during these past eighteen months. I'm going to make up for lost time, make no mistake about that!

MONTRICHARD. Poor Baudel! Be a good girl, now, Countess, and don't ruin the boy!

PAULINE. He will get just what he deserves, he, the prince of fools!

MONTRICHARD. But he's a dear child.

PAULINE. Think so? Do you know, he had the audacity to claim that he'd once been Olympe Taverny's lover?

MONTRICHARD. While as a matter of fact he only belonged to the number of those who had not!

PAULINE. Now, now——

MONTRICHARD. I beg your pardon, Countess—if I dare still call you by that name?

PAULINE. You may dare, old man; I'm not going to drop it.

MONTRICHARD. May be the Puygirons will drop it for you?

PAULINE. I'd rather give up my money. Their name's a gold mine, dear.

MONTRICHARD. But what if they offered some compensation?

PAULINE. They? Poor people! I don't advise them to. I tell you I *have* them!

MONTRICHARD. So tight as that?

PAULINE. Yes. I've not lost much time since you've been away; I've been working this last week.

MONTRICHARD. Oh, don't tell me——

PAULINE. You're afraid of being dragged in as an accomplice?

MONTRICHARD. I want to be nothing in all this business but a sort of good genius—and then——

PAULINE. Then? What do you mean?

MONTRICHARD. That this marriage of mine—
Well, I'm not so anxious about it now.

PAULINE. What!

MONTRICHARD. I'm not ready to make a fool of myself that way until I have nothing left with which to commit more follies. Now I have cash. In the second place, I don't think the young lady is especially attracted to me. If, therefore, she were forced to take me for want of a better, she would have her revenge on me! I should be paying dear! I'd rather she went into a convent than I!

PAULINE. I shan't insist, if you look at it in that light. And I must say the child doesn't love you—she loves someone else.

MONTRICHARD. I suspected it.

PAULINE. Do you know who that someone else is? I give you a hundred guesses.—My husband!

MONTRICHARD. Who said so? She?

PAULINE. She has no idea I know.

MONTRICHARD. How did this hopeless love take root?

PAULINE. It's not hopeless—that's the nicest part of the business. She's taken it into her head that I'm a consumptive, that I haven't more than six months to live. I don't know where she got that idea!

MONTRICHARD. [*To himself.*] I wonder!

PAULINE. And she's waiting for my death with angelic serenity. That's the way with these angels! Dealers in morality! Good Lord, *we're* better than they! Don't you think so?

MONTRICHARD. Well, between the person who sets a trap and the one who allows himself to be caught there's hardly a hair's difference. So, I get off scott-free, thanks to you—

PAULINE. And now that you know how matters stand, be good enough to go away. My dressmaker is waiting for me; I must have a serious talk with her. You don't have to think hard to know I'm not going to show off on the Promenade des Anglais those monastic weeds that captured simple Henri's heart!

MONTRICHARD. Shall I see you again, then?

PAULINE. In this family, no, but I have a notion you'll walk into Nice some day and want to be set on your feet again.

MONTRICHARD. That reminds me! [*Taking out his pocketbook.*] Will you do me a favor? Take this check on the Bank of France to Baudel. I intended to give it to him this morning as soon as he was up——

PAULINE. For fifty thousand francs? What is this?

MONTRICHARD. A loan.

PAULINE. Do you still continue to pay your debts, you overgrown child?

MONTRICHARD. None of us is perfect!

PAULINE. If I were you, Baron, I should keep that little check—for a rainy day.

MONTRICHARD. No, no, it might rain on me before it does on him, and I should be forced to use it. Let us keep our honor intact!

PAULINE. Take this back. I don't like to carry scraps of paper worth so much.

MONTRICHARD. Very well. I'll send it through the banker. Goodby, Contesina. [*He kisses her hand.*]

PAULINE. Goodby, Baronino. [*He goes out.*] What a queer mixture! I thought he had more backbone! Really, I think there is no perfect man!

[*Geneviève comes in looking for something.*]

PAULINE. Good morning, Geneviève.

GENEVIÈVE. I beg your pardon, I didn't see you! How are you this morning?

PAULINE. Very well, as usual.

GENEVIÈVE. As usual!

PAULINE. Were you looking for something?

GENEVIÈVE. A little gold key I lost yesterday.

PAULINE. The key to the famous box? The key to your heart?

GENEVIÈVE. That's the one.

PAULINE. I told you someone would steal it.

GENEVIÈVE. Oh, I'll find it.

PAULINE. [*Putting on her hat.*] You can find everything except lost time——

GENEVIÈVE. Are you going out?

PAULINE. To the dressmaker's.

GENEVIÈVE. Can you think of dresses——?

PAULINE. This is a happy day for me.

GENEVIÈVE. You're better, then?

PAULINE. Little Miss Obstinate, I'm as healthy as possible.

GENEVIÈVE. You said something very different the other day.

PAULINE. No matter what happens, don't forget that you've sworn never to repeat a single word of what I told you.

GENEVIÈVE. It's not fair to make me promise that——please don't keep me to it.

PAULINE. I must. If you talk too much to your grandparents about me, they're likely to want to look after my welfare a little too carefully. I couldn't remain here! Now, let's say nothing more about it.

GENEVÈVE. But I should at least have done all I could!

PAULINE. Yes, your conscience may be clear! See you later, angel. [*She goes out.*]

GENEVÈVE. I have an idea—but how can I open the subject with grandfather and grandmother? [*She sits down, her head resting on her hand. She is plunged in thought.*] Oh, Henri! My dear Henri!

[*The Marquis and the Marquise come in.*]

MARQUIS. [*Pointing to GENEVÈVE.*] What is she thinking about? Statue of meditation!

MARQUISE. She looks very sad.

MARQUIS. Very.—What's the trouble, dear?

GENEVÈVE. [*Startled.*] I didn't know you were there!

MARQUISE. Didn't you hear us come in? What awful thought was absorbing you so?

MARQUIS. Has someone troubled you?

GENEVÈVE. Oh, no.

MARQUISE. Do you want anything?

GENEVÈVE. No. [*Interrupting herself.*] That is——

MARQUIS. That is—yes. Come now, don't sulk—what is it?

GENEVÈVE. I want to see Italy!

MARQUIS. What? Italy—right off, at once?

GENEVÈVE. It's the spleen—I don't like Vienna. I'll be sick if I stay here any longer.

MARQUISE. How long have you felt this way?

GENEVÈVE. For a long time. I didn't intend to say anything about it—I hoped I should get over the feeling. But it only gets worse. Please—take me to Rome!

MARQUIS. This isn't reasonable!

MARQUISE. Silly idea of a spoiled child!

GENEVIÈVE. No, I declare it isn't. I must make that trip. I don't usually take advantage of your kindness, do I? You don't know what it's costing me now to ask you to break in on your quiet life, your regular habits——

MARQUIS. Oh, our habits! The main consideration is that you should be happy, and it seems that you are not that here. What do you say, Madame?

MARQUISE. We are at home wherever Geneviève is happy.

GENEVIÈVE. Well, if you take me to Rome, I promise to sing like a song-bird from morning to night; you'll have me with you all day; there won't be any dances to deprive you of your granddaughter. We'll have such a good time together!

MARQUIS. All together!

GENEVIÈVE. You can teach Pauline and me whist.

MARQUIS. Is Pauline to come?

GENEVIÈVE. Of course—it's to be a family party! Every evening you'll have your little game just as you do here, only it'll be nicer. I'll be your partner and you may scold me every time I make you lose a king. Here you don't dare scold grandmother!

MARQUIS. Well, I don't say no to that. If the Marquise consents, we'll talk it over later.

GENEVIÈVE. Talk it over!

MARQUIS. We must have some time to become accustomed to the idea.

GENEVIÈVE. And you will show me Rome yourself, grandfather. All young women go there with their husbands, who explain the sight to them. But I'd rather go with you.

MARQUISE. She's right, dear; we should take advantage of the time she is still with us.

MARQUIS. If someone had told me an hour ago

that we should spend the winter in Rome I should certainly have been surprised!

GENEVIÈVE. Then you will? Oh, thank you!

MARQUISE. She's looking better already.

GENEVIÈVE. When do we leave?

MARQUIS. [*Laughing.*] Give me my cane and hat.

MARQUISE. How much time will you give us to get ready?

GENEVIÈVE. I'll get ready for you—you have only to step into the carriage.

MARQUIS. Give us a week.

GENEVIÈVE. Too long. You'd have time to change your mind!

MARQUISE. Four days?

GENEVIÈVE. Three.

MARQUIS. You'll sing, you say, from morning to night?

GENEVIÈVE. And I'll play whist with you.—I'll read your paper.—I'll do anything you like! I do love you so! [*She throws herself into his arms.*]

MARQUISE. Really, I like the idea of this trip. Shall we leave tomorrow?

GENEVIÈVE. I gave you three days—I'm reasonable! We must have time to persuade Pauline and Henri.

MARQUISE. I hardly think they'll object.

GENEVIÈVE. If they do—well, you're the head of the family, grandfather; use your authority.

MARQUIS. It seems to me that you are the head of the family!

GENEVIÈVE. I warn you now that if Pauline doesn't come with us, I shan't go. If you're anxious for the trip you must induce her to come too.

MARQUIS. Very well, Mademoiselle, I shall make use of my authority. [*To the Marquise.*] When we

have great-grandchildren, they'll make us walk about on all fours!

[*A servant enters.*]

SERVANT. This gentleman [*showing card*] would like to see M. le Marquis.

MARQUIS. [*Taking the card.*] Mathieu—Adolphe. I don't know him. What does the gentleman look like?

SERVANT. He is an actor I once saw at a little theater—I believe he is the same one.

MARQUIS. What can he want with me? An artist, a Frenchman? Ask him to come in. [*The servant goes out.*]

MARQUISE. [*To GENEVIÈVE.*] Go to your room. [*GENEVIÈVE goes out. ADOLPHE enters.*]

ADOLPHE. Forgive me for disturbing you, Monsieur and Madame. I wished to see Mme. la Comtesse, but she is out, and I took the liberty of—

MARQUIS. Very glad to see you, my dear Monsieur—I have always had a liking for artists.

ADOLPHE. I beg your pardon, Monsieur, but it is not as an artist that I come to see you, but as a man. You see before you a prodigal son who was drawn to the footlights by an irresistible sense of vocation, but who in leaving the stage has found again the position and manners befitting his status.

MARQUIS. [*Dryly.*] That is different.—What can I do for you?

ADOLPHE. Let us go back a little, if you please. I lately had the honor of sitting at your table.

MARQUIS. My table? Are you dreaming, Monsieur?

ADOLPHE. Not in the least. The scene—there is no other word for it—took place in this very room. There is the picture which we illuminated. [*Look-*

ing at the Marquise.] An excellent likeness, Madame, very noble! My compliments! Good portraits are so rare nowadays! I wanted to have one of Mme. Mathieu—

MARQUIS. Indeed, Monsieur?

MARQUISE. When was this?

ADOLPHE. Last Saturday.

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] The day Mme. Morin came. We were dining out.

ADOLPHE. Yes, you were not at home. There were four of us; your charming niece, an elderly lady—very distinguished-looking—a gay gentleman, and your humble servant, who had the good fortune to happen in at the time.

MARQUIS. What brought you?

ADOLPHE. I came to offer a box for my benefit performance.

MARQUIS. Then why not come to the point at once, Monsieur? I don't go to the theater any longer, but, as a compatriot, I am ready to subscribe.

ADOLPHE. Very kind of you, but the performance took place yesterday.

MARQUIS. Was it successful?

ADOLPHE. We didn't cover expenses.

MARQUIS. I see. What is the price of my box?

ADOLPHE. I am not asking for charity, Monsieur. My father was a gentleman, one of the largest hardware merchants in Paris.

MARQUIS. [*Smiling.*] Noblesse oblige! I had no intention of offending you, Monsieur.

MARQUISE. We are ready to offer any excuses.

ADOLPHE. I ask for none, Madame.

MARQUIS. [*Offering him a chair.*] Sit down. [*Taking his snuff-box from his pocket and handing it to ADOLPHE.*] Will you have some snuff?

ADOLPHE. Just a pinch.

MARQUIS. How do you like it?

ADOLPHE. It's delicious! So—where was I?

MARQUIS. At the table——

ADOLPHE. Oh yes. After dinner, I was asked to sing. Naturally, I couldn't think of receiving money for my services, because I acted in my capacity of man of the world. Then Mme. la Comtesse induced me to accept this pearl—as a present to my wife. [*He takes the pearl from his pocket.*]

MARQUISE. [*Quickly.*] Let me see it, Monsieur. [*She takes it.*] Didn't this belong to a diamond necklace?

ADOLPHE. Yes, Madame.

MARQUIS. [*To himself.*] Very bad taste on her part!

ADOLPHE. I wanted to keep it as a souvenir, but you see I was counting on that blessed benefit yesterday to pay off some debts——

MARQUIS. Are you in debt?

ADOLPHE. Gambling debts. [*To himself.*] At the bakery! [*To the others.*] They fall due in twenty-four hours, you understand, so that I had to take this to the jeweler's.

MARQUIS. And he told you what it was worth?

ADOLPHE. Yes, Monsieur. Now, I can hardly believe that Mme. la Comtesse intended to make me so valuable a present.

MARQUIS. So valuable!

ADOLPHE. The jeweler offered me a thousand florins.

MARQUISE. Then it's real. [*She knocks the pearl against the table.*] Yes, it is!

MARQUIS. What does this mean?

ADOLPHE. What do you think? That I came here to ask for money? Nothing of the kind——!

MARQUIS. You bring it! Shake hands, Monsieur,

you are a true gentleman. As for that pearl, my niece *did* know what she was doing when she gave it to you—it is yours. But please allow me to buy it from you. I should like to return it to her.

[*He takes some bank-notes from his pocketbook.*]

ADOLPHE. Ah, M. le Marquis!

MARQUISE. [*To the Marquis.*] Poor fellow, he's so embarrassed!

MARQUIS. Since you seem to like my snuff, allow me to present the box to you—as a souvenir. [*He takes out his snuff-box.*]

ADOLPHE. M. le Marquis, I promise you I shall always keep it.

MARQUIS. Au revoir, my friend.

ADOLPHE. Then you will allow me to come and see you occasionally?

MARQUIS. Honest people like yourself are always welcome in the homes of honest people like ourselves.

ADOLPHE. M. le Marquis, you have given me a signal honor!

MARQUIS. [*Laughing.*] The Order of the Snuff-box. [*ADOLPHE goes out.*] A fine fellow—and he carries away with him one of my old-fashioned prejudices. [*HENRI enters.*] Here, nephew, give this pearl to your wife, and ask her not to play any more tricks on us. In other words, ask her not to try to deceive us with any more paste imitations!

HENRI. [*Going to the MARQUISE.*] What's this?

MARQUISE. This pearl is real; so are the diamonds, in all probability.

HENRI. Then why did she lie to us?

MARQUISE. Probably she was afraid you would scold her for her extravagance.

HENRI. I gave her fifty thousand francs with which to buy jewels. She should have told me she'd spent some of the money in advance.

MARQUISE. False pride, perhaps.

HENRI. Possibly.

MARQUIS. Here she is. I shall take particular pleasure in making it embarrassing for her!

[PAULINE enters, wearing her hat. HENRI goes to the left and watches her intently.]

You're just in time, niece. We were speaking of your paste imitations and marveling at the immense progress in chemistry.

PAULINE. [Taking off her hat and shawl.] Diamonds are so cleverly imitated that it is almost impossible to distinguish the artificial ones from the real.

MARQUIS. Will you show me your necklace?

PAULINE. I haven't it any longer—I sent it back to the jeweler's.

MARQUIS. Why?

PAULINE. Madame told me that the Countess de Puygiron should not wear artificial jewels.

MARQUISE. Take care, child.

HENRI. Aunt!

MARQUISE. No, I don't want to see her any more involved in her lie. We know that the stones are real.

PAULINE. Well—I confess——

MARQUIS. That you haven't returned them to the jeweler's?

PAULINE. I did return them! Yes! I was afraid the trick would be discovered—so I put an end to all that nonsense!

HENRI. How much did you lose on the exchange?

PAULINE. Nothing.

HENRI. Nothing at all?

PAULINE. Of course not.

HENRI. Not even the price of this pearl! [*He shows her the pearl.*]

PAULINE. [*To herself.*] The devil! [*To the others.*] I didn't want you to know—I was going to pay for it out of my savings.

HENRI. Where does the jeweler live?

PAULINE. Never mind, I'll see to it.

HENRI. Where does he live?

PAULINE. Monsieur, the way you insist——!

HENRI. Answer me and don't lie!

PAULINE. Do you suspect something?

HENRI. [*Violently.*] Yes, I suspect that these diamonds were given you by M. de Beauséjour!

PAULINE. Oh, Henri!

MARQUISE. Remember, she's your wife!

HENRI. If I am mistaken, let her give me the address of the jeweler, and I'll make sure at once.

PAULINE. No, Monsieur, I refuse to stoop in order to justify myself. Your suspicion is too vile. Believe what you like.

HENRI. You forget that you have no right to be so haughty about it.

PAULINE. And why, if you please? I defy you to say!

HENRI. You defy me?

MARQUIS. You don't know what you are saying, my boy. It is very wrong of course for your wife to be so obstinate, but what the devil!—think of it; you're accusing her of an infamy!

MARQUISE. [*To PAULINE.*] Pauline, take pity on him! He doesn't know what he is saying. Prove that he's wrong.

PAULINE. No, Madame, I shan't say another word.

HENRI. She's vile! She sold herself!

MARQUIS. Henri, your conduct is not that of a gentleman! Ask your wife's pardon.

HENRI. I beg *your* pardon—all of you! That woman is Olympe Taverny! [*The MARQUIS is thunderstruck. The MARQUISE stands at his side. PAULINE is at the right, HENRI at the left. HENRI goes to his uncle, and falls to his knees.*] Forgive me, father, for having dishonored the name you bear, for having allowed that woman to impose on me, for having polluted this pure house by her presence!

MARQUIS. I disown you!

MARQUISE. But he loved her then, and thought her worthy of us, because he believed her worthy of himself. This marriage was the fault of his youth, not a crime against his honor as a man. Don't disown him, dear—he is very unhappy!

[*After a pause, the MARQUIS offers his hand to HENRI and helps him rise, without looking at him. HENRI kisses his aunt's hands profusely.*]

HENRI. A duel to the end with M. de Beauséjour now—pistols—ten paces!

MARQUIS. Good! I'll be your second! [*HENRI goes out. The MARQUIS opens a drawer and takes out a case of pistols, which he places on the table in silence.*]

PAULINE. Don't trouble to get those ready, M. le Marquis. Your nephew is not going to challenge M. de Beauséjour, for the excellent reason that M. de Beauséjour left Vienna last night. I have just now allowed Henri to leave, because his presence here would have interfered with an explanation which we are going to have.

MARQUIS. An explanation between us, Mademoiselle? Your explanation will be made in court.

PAULINE. I can easily imagine that you would like to drag me into court—that is what I should like to

discuss. There is one point which you know nothing of; I shall enlighten you.

MARQUIS. The lawyer will see to that. Leave us.

PAULINE. Very well. [*To the MARQUISE.*] Will you be kind enough to give Mlle. Geneviève this gold key? She has been looking for it since yesterday.

MARQUISE. The key to the box?

PAULINE. Which contains the record of her heart's history.

MARQUISE. How do you happen to have it?

PAULINE. I simply took it. Indelicate of me, was it not? You see, I have not been well brought up. I thought I should find in that box just the weapons I might need some day.—I was not mistaken. Will Mme. la Marquise be pleased to hear some extracts? [*She gives the MARQUISE a slip of paper.*]

MARQUIS. Another blackguard's trick!

PAULINE. A rather brutal way of putting it! But I am not the one who has to defend your granddaughter!

MARQUISE. [*Unfolding the paper.*] This isn't her handwriting!

PAULINE. You don't think I'm foolish enough to let you have the original? That is in safe-keeping, in Paris.—Read.

MARQUISE. [*Reading.*] "April 17.—What is happening to me? Henri doesn't love Pauline any more. He loves me——"

MARQUIS. [*To his wife.*] Would Henri be so——!

PAULINE. Undignified as to make love to his cousin? Looks like it, doesn't it? But you needn't worry; I told her.

MARQUIS. You, Madame?

PAULINE. And I told no more than the truth.

MARQUIS. [*To his wife.*] Does Henri love his cousin?

MARQUISE. [*Reading.*] "I love him. Oh, now I am sure I have never felt otherwise toward him——" Poor dear!—"God have pity on me! That love is a crime! Grant me the power to tear it from my heart! I considered him dead! Why has he come back again?"

MARQUIS. [*To PAULINE.*] Yes, why?

PAULINE. Continue—you will hear!

MARQUISE. [*Reading.*] "April 20.—My heart is deeply troubled; what can I do with this love—which after all might become legitimate? He will always feel remorse. He is dishonored by the fearful hope which he feels—in spite of me. But is it my fault if Pauline cannot recover from the illness that is killing her?"

MARQUIS. *You again?* [PAULINE bows.]

MARQUISE. That is why she wanted to have us all go to Italy!

MARQUIS. [*To PAULINE.*] If a *man* were capable of such infamy, I'd shoot him like a dog! But a woman, it seems, may do anything!

PAULINE. [*To the MARQUIS, smiling.*] It is most fortunate that we have the privileges accorded us because of our weakness, you must admit. But to return to your granddaughter: I think the reading of her little romance will attract more admirers than husbands. Don't worry, though—I shan't publish this precious document unless you force me to—and you won't do that, I'm sure.

MARQUIS. Make your conditions, Madame.

PAULINE. At last, thank God, you are reasonable. I shall follow suit. All I ask is an amicable separation, and that I keep the money agreed on in my contract.

MARQUIS. You will not use our name?

PAULINE. Oh, M. le Marquis, I realize its value!

MARQUIS. We shall pay you!

PAULINE. You are not rich enough. And what would you think of me for selling the title? No, I have it and I intend to keep it. An amicable separation cannot take from me what a legal one cannot—you must at least be just.

MARQUISE. [*To her husband.*] She has us bound, hand and foot!

MARQUIS. Very well!

PAULINE. Now we are agreed. You must arrange it all with Henri. I'll rid you of my company at once. [*She turns to go.*]

MARQUIS. One moment—first we must have Geneviève's diary.

PAULINE. I told you it was in Paris.

MARQUIS. Write to the receiver of stolen goods to return it at once.

PAULINE. Nothing is simpler. But really, if I give up my only weapon, what guarantee shall I have——?

MARQUIS. My word as a gentleman.

PAULINE. Good; between people of honor a given word is enough. Well, I give you my word that I shall not misuse my precious treasure. What would be the good for me?

MARQUIS. The pleasure of revenge. You must hate us, for you realize how we despise you.

PAULINE. Is that the way you hope to persuade me?

MARQUISE. The Marquis uses strong expressions—it's very wrong of him. Be kind, Madame! Please, for our dear grandchild's sake, take pity on our gray hairs! I shall pray for you!

PAULINE. [*Smiling.*] Good for evil, Madame!

MARQUIS. That will do, Marquise! [*He passes in front of PAULINE, without looking at her. To the MARQUISE.*] Leave me alone with her.

MARQUISE. But, my dear——

MARQUIS. [*Conducting the MARQUISE to the door.*] Leave us! [*The MARQUISE goes out. The MARQUIS sends her a long kiss with his two hands, and comes down-stage again.*]

PAULINE. You're pale, M. le Marquis.

MARQUIS. [*His arms crossed as he stands immovable.*] You would be paler than I if you knew what I was thinking!

PAULINE. Ah, threats!

MARQUIS. [*Slowly.*] We have begged, but in vain. My dear saint of a wife has prostrated herself before you.

PAULINE. Well?

MARQUIS. [*About to seize her.*] Well, you damned——! [*He stops.*] Our salvation lies in our own hands now, understand?

PAULINE. I'm not afraid; I've gagged bigger men than you.

MARQUIS. [*Staccato.*] Write as I dictate.

PAULINE. [*Shrugging her shoulders.*] You're dawdling, Marquis.

MARQUIS. Write this instant, do you hear me? Tomorrow will be too late!

PAULINE. Because?

MARQUIS. Because if once my granddaughter's secret is known, the only possible reparation will be her marriage with your husband, and, by God, if that happens, she *shall* marry him!

PAULINE. [*Smiling.*] You mean that you'll—suppress me? My dear Monsieur, do you take me for a child? [*She tries to go.*]

MARQUIS. [*Laying his hand on the pistols.*] Take care!

PAULINE. Why? Don't mind about those pistols—they're not loaded. Now let's stop trifling—you're bound to lose in the end.

MARQUIS. [*Composing himself.*] Write as I tell you, and I will give you half a million francs.

PAULINE. You offer to buy my artillery on the day of battle? Your humble servant. Adieu, dear Uncle—— [*She goes toward the door at the left.*]

MARQUIS. [*Taking up a pistol.*] If you try to pass that door, I shall kill you.

PAULINE. [*On the threshold, as she hums an air from LES ETUDIANTS:*]

When you make love to a little girl
And compromise her——

MARQUIS. [*He fires. PAULINE screams and falls, outside the door. The MARQUIS takes another pistol and loads it.*] God is my judge!

EMILE AUGIER



HERE is so much matter in the dramatic works of Augier which does not properly fall within the scope of the theater, that the casual reader may infer, incorrectly, that Augier was more of a social reformer and champion of the home and fatherland than a man of the theater.

True it is that in practically all his plays he attacks some form of social or political corruption, and stands forth to do battle in behalf of the domestic virtues. He condemns political trickery; he aims his shafts at the prostitute honored as a wife and mother, trying to break her way into the homes and families of the respectable; he ruthlessly flays all forms of marital infidelity; and he enters fearlessly the arena in questions of divorce and marriage—but with all this, he is primarily a dramatist. His works are plays, as time has proved. Augier does not, however, take a subject at hazard, as Pinero often does, and then write a play; nor does he, as is usual with his disciple, Brieux, write his play to fit a thesis: his themes evolve naturally out of the fable, with the apparent unconsciousness of art. He is deeply concerned with the vices and virtues of mankind, but rarely does he allow his convictions to

Biographical Note.—Emile Augier was born in 1820. He once said that his life was devoid of events. His first play, produced in 1844, met with considerable success, and was followed not long after by a series of plays which brought him first esteem and finally fame. For nearly thirty-five years he continued to put forth plays at regular and frequent intervals. Respected and beloved in his country, he died in 1889.

warp the dramatic texture of his plays. Rarely, too, is he so fearlessly didactic as his fellow-playwright, Dumas fils. Augier has been compared with Molière; it is as a man of the theater and a painter of character that the analogy holds.

Augier's début was made with a graceful comedy in two acts: *Le Cygüe* (1844): This is in verse, and recounts the story of a repentant debauchee. His next play, *Un Homme de bien* (1845), likewise in verse, in spite of its hesitancy in the development of plot and the delineation of character, indicates the path which Augier was to tread; here he "manifests his intention for the first time to paint a picture of contemporary life, and attack the customs of the day—in short, to write a social comedy."^{*}

But Augier did not at once enter into and develop his new manner. During the next few years, he continued to write verse plays in which the thesis was more or less prominent. *L'Aventurière* (1848), *Gabrielle* (1849), *Le Joueur de Flûte* (1850), *Diane* (1852), *Philiberte* (1853), and *Paul Forestier* (1868) are primarily comedies in which the purely dramatic element predominates, although *L'Aventurière* and *Gabrielle* are a closer approximation to the later manner than the others.

L'Aventurière is a modern play in spite of the fact that the scene is laid in the Italian Renaissance. It tells the story of an adventuress who has managed to get into the good graces of a rich merchant of Padua. He is about to give up friends and family for the woman, when his son, who has been away for ten years, appears upon the scene. Assuming a disguise, he reveals the true character of Clorinde to his father and effects a breaking-off of their relation-

^{*} Henry Gaillard de Champis: *Emile Augier et la Comédie sociale* (Grasset, Paris, 1910).

ship. The father and family are saved and the repentant woman goes into a convent.

If in *L'Aventurière* Augier was still undecided as to the means of expression best fitted to his temperament, or as to the purpose to which his powers were to be put, in *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, six years later, he found his most forceful and realistic manner. Meantime, there is one play, forming a connecting link between the wavering *L'Aventurière* and *Olympe*. *Gabrielle* (1849) is, in spite of its poetic form, a realistic play. The husband who labors hard for wife and family, the wife who is bored and seeks a fuller realization of self in the husband's friend—this is a familiar situation. But it should be borne in mind that a serious treatment of such a story was, sixty-five years ago, something of a departure. Scribe's stock in trade was the *ménage à trois*, but infidelity with him was always a subject for comedy. Augier's play then was a challenge, both to the Romanticists and the "Vaudevillistes." When Julien Chabrière opens the eyes of his wife and her would-be lover to the dangers and miseries of their projected step, the lover goes away and Gabrielle, falling to her knees before her husband, speaks the celebrated line:

"O père de famille! O poète, je t'aime!"

Leaving the realm of poetic comedy, with its attached "moral" and more or less optimistic *dénouement*, in 1854 Augier threw the gauntlet in the face of the Romanticists who applauded *La Dame aux camélias* of Dumas fils—commonly known in English as *Camille*. A curious change in public taste and manners had allowed large numbers of demi-mondaines to assume a place of distinction and honor in the social life of the day. This was due perhaps to

the numerous political transformations which France was at the time undergoing, as well as to the spreading of the ideas of the Romantic school of art and literature. When, in 1852, Dumas *fils* made a prostitute the sympathetic heroine of a play, and brought forward the doctrine that "she will be forgiven because she has loved deeply" a feeling of revolt awoke in the breast of Augier, and he wrote *Le Mariage d'Olympe*. This is one of the most directly didactic of all his works; it was aimed primarily against the "Reign of the courtesan." He says, in short, that such women as Olympe Taverny do undoubtedly exist, that the men are at fault as much as the women for that fact; possibly he even secretly sympathizes with her, but he denies her the right to marry into good families. When the Marquis de Puygiron shoots Olympe, after endeavoring to force her to give up the family name which she has stolen, declaring that God is his judge, Augier issues his final word on the question.

Le Mariage d'Olympe, a play with a purpose, stands apart for that reason from the great mass of Augier's plays. In the three short and well-built acts, the author has merely sketched his characters; every effort has been bent on the idea, the facts, the thesis. Just so much of characterization as is needed to carry the story is given. The admirable and disgusting scene which closes the second act is one of the most trenchant and poignant which ever came from this dramatist's pen. Nowadays, even after Zola and Becque and the Théâtre Libre dramatists, it strikes a note of horror. How it must have shocked an audience of the fifties!

Although the play failed,* it aroused considerable

* Due perhaps to the fact that the public had had enough of the subject: *La Dame aux camélias*, *Les Filles de marbre*, and *Le Demi-monde*, all treated a similar theme.

discussion and a good deal of adverse criticism. Still, its importance in the dramatic and intellectual development of the dramatist was great. It was his first straightforward declaration of independence. From 1854 on, he followed the path he had himself opened with this early play.

"The Reign of the Courtesan" was not ended by the plays of the day, but Augier did not cease for that reason in his attempts to check its influence. Twelve years after *Le Mariage d'Olympe* he wrote *La Contagion*. The development of society and its relation to the fallen woman may be clearly traced by a comparative study of *L'Aventurière*, *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, and *La Contagion*. In the first play, the woman is merely an exception, an adventuress who happened to "break into" society and a good family. In *Le Mariage d'Olympe* she is a demi-mondaine who has carefully planned to obtain for herself, at any cost, a noble name. But she is checked in time—by a pistol-shot. Twelve years later the Olympes and Clorindes are no longer exceptions; the rehabilitated courtesan has triumphed. By skilful manipulation she has insinuated her way into a position of equality with that of the respected mother and wife, and has even begun to corrupt her. "The consequences" [of this triumph of the courtesan], says De Champris, "were deplorable. As a result of hearing of these 'ladies,' of reading about them in the newspapers, of seeing their gorgeous equipages, of passing their pretty homes, applauding them on the stage or admiring their silhouettes in the fashion magazines, society women fell a prey to contradictory feelings and ideas: the resentment at being occasionally deserted for these women, the curiosity to know these enemies, so far away yet so near, the wish to rival them, furnished them with

weapons, perhaps even a certain desire for forbidden fruit, and gave birth to a regret at being forced to pay for a reputation in society which entailed so rigid a restraint. For these various reasons, many honest women played the part of demi-mondaines." This was the contagion against which Augier raised his voice. The clever and diabolical Navarette, mistress of a wealthy man of the world, succeeds in ruining her lover and bringing his family to her feet. By subtle scheming she compromises the Baron d'Estrigand's married sister, is witness of her infidelity, and finally succeeds in holding the entire family at her mercy.

A pistol-shot will do no good here: the evil has gone too far; society itself is corrupted. The woman, successfully rehabilitated, rich, held in high esteem, has at last attained that position for which she has striven.

The war of 1870 and the fall of the Empire put a stop to the particular state of affairs which Augier had fought against. Rarely in his later plays (except in *Jean de Thommeray*) did he again attack the question. To Brioux and Hervieu and François de Curel he left the work of analyzing deeper motives and making a study of the various ramifications, some of which were still invisible in Augier's day—but this is current history.

The three plays which have just been discussed are sufficient to show that Augier is the staunch champion of the family and the home. His hatred of the prostitute is not so much a matter of personal feeling as a social one. Whether or no he believes in what is now known as segregated vice or whether as a man he was occasionally lenient in matters of sex, is beside the question: he saw that the home, of all institutions in France the most important, was

threatened by a fearful invasion, and he did his best to put an end to it.

It will be seen that Augier's plays so far considered, are not in chronological order. *L'Aventurière*, *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, and *La Contagion*, have been grouped together for the purpose of observing a particular trend in the thought of the author. Meantime, such widely different plays as *Philiberte*, *La Pierre de touche*, *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, and *Les Effrontés* made their appearance.

Gabrielle was the first play to treat of a more insidious evil, a greater danger to the home, which Augier was ever so eager to protect: conjugal infidelity. After the comparatively timid *Gabrielle* came *Les Femmes pauvres* (1858), which stands in much the same relation to the earlier play as *Le Mariage d'Olympe* did to *L'Aventurière*. Here again is the story of a woman whom the love of luxury, too much idleness, and a natural penchant, lead to take a lover. The honest and industrious husband is long kept in ignorance of the fact, believing that his wife's expensive clothes are paid for out of her savings. Besides being deceived, in the French sense of the word, he is being partly supported in the meantime by his wife's lover. At last he learns the truth, and is even willing to forgive his wife, but when she declares her unwillingness to restore the money given her, on the ground that she is "afraid of poverty," the husband leaves her. He seeks consolation in the home of Thérèse and Léon Lecarmier. Then Thérèse is forced to tell him that her husband, Léon, is Séraphine's lover. Séraphine, then, going the path of least resistance, decides to remain a kept woman. Thenceforth she joins the ranks of Olympe and Navarette.

Augier's sanity, his healthy attitude toward humanity, his belief in the eternal rightness of things, could not long remain obscured by the temporary pessimism incident to the writing of *Les Lionnes pauvres*. In 1858, the same year, he turned to light comedy, and in *La Jeunesse* produced a genial if somewhat conventional play. In spite of its thesis—that money is an evil, especially in the case where young people are forced into marriages of convenience—it can scarcely be classed among the important social plays. It marks a return to the earlier manner.

The question of money, lightly touched upon in *La Jeunesse*, is the second of the important problems which is intimately concerned with the welfare of the family and the home. From this time on, sex and money are to assume a position in the front rank of Augier's work.

Closely allied in spirit with *La Jeunesse* is *Un Beau Mariage* (1859). The question, should a poor man marry a rich wife? is handled with keen insight, and answered in the negative. Pierre Chambaud, a poor young chemist, marries the rich Clémentine Bernier, whose mother, possessing nearly all the money, literally supports the daughter and her husband. Pierre soon becomes a mere figure-head in his own house and, as a result of the social ambitions of his wife and mother-in-law, is forced to give up his scientific pursuits. Soon losing the love and respect of the two women, he complains to them, and is made to feel more keenly than ever the utter degradation of his position. A certain Marquis de la Roche-Pingolley has been over-assiduous in his attentions to Pierre's mother-in-law. When Pierre demands that the Marquis either marry Madame Bernier or cease his visits, he is humiliated once again

by being told by his mother-in-law that the Marquis is in *her* home. Receiving no help or sympathy from his wife, he goes to live with his friend, Michel Ducaïne, to work out an experiment which, if successful, will revolutionize science and render him celebrated. Fearful of the scandal and inconvenience of a separation, Clémentine sends the Marquis to Pierre in order to effect a reconciliation. Pierre is willing to return to his wife, but only on the condition that the mother-in-law is to have nothing to do with them. Preparatory to making his final experiment, which, we are told, will either kill Pierre or make him a successful man, he sends a letter to his wife. Clémentine arrives at the laboratory just in time to be with her husband in the hour of danger. She has somehow come to see his real worth and is willing to sacrifice comfort and luxury for his sake. She hides during the experiment, and when the seven minutes necessary for its consummation are at an end, she cries "Saved!" and falls into Pierre's arms:

"Oh, Pierre, my love, my life! We might have died together! But you are given to me again! What happiness! God is good! How I love you! Forgive me! I thought you were a coward, I thought you were base, and I hated you! Now I adore you! Oh, courage, oh, genius! Forgive your comrade, your handmaid!"

The last act shows a pretty picture of Pierre and Clémentine at home; she is the incarnation of domesticity, and he, of independence and happiness. The mother-in-law, distracted at not being able to help the couple, ends by purchasing Pierre's discovery. The play's weakness is so flagrant as hardly to call for further comment. With so good a theme the dramatist ought surely to have developed a more credible story, and sought a more logical *dénoue-*

ment. To begin with, his thesis was irretrievably weakened by making Clémentine the sort of woman she was. If, during the entire struggle with his wife and her mother, Pierre had once received some sign of sympathy from Clémentine, we might have hoped and looked for her ultimate change, but when, having stood throughout against him, she finally does go to him and, at the risk of her life, stands at his side during the experiment, and then—*after* his experiment succeeds—falls into his arms, and forever after mends his clothes, we cannot doubt that we have to do with melodrama. Had Clémentine at first been in earnest and made an honest endeavor to understand Pierre, and then gradually been corrupted by her mother and her mother's money, and then eventually been made to see the good qualities in Pierre, we might have believed. As it is, the last two acts spoil the play.

Technically, *Un Beau Mariage* is important. A man of science as a serious stage-figure, a hero in fact, was a decided novelty in the 'fifties, and, if the play accomplished nothing else, it at least opened the way for the moderns, and broadened the field of the theater. Possibly the doctors and other scientists in the plays of Brioux and Hervieu and Curel owe something to the earnest treatment of the chemist in this early play of Augier.

Ceinture dorée (1855) is little more than an expanded fable; it might well be termed Tainted Money. The rich merchant Roussel has an only daughter, Caliste, who seeks among numerous suitors for her hand one who cares nothing for her money. Finally, M. de Tirélan makes his appearance, and Roussel offers to make him his son-in-law. But Tirélan, whose father has been ruined in business by Roussel, and who has scruples against

marrying for money, refuses. Roussel swallows the insult, Tirélan decides to go away, and Roussel turns to another suitor. This one Caliste is about to accept when she learns that Tirélan really loves her and will not ask for her hand because of her money. Meantime, Roussel has been particularly sensitive to allusions to the source of his fortune, and this susceptibility finally assumes the form of monomania. Again Roussel makes overtures to Tirélan and offers to restore the money which he took from the young man's father. He is again refused. The knot is cut at last when it is learned that Roussel is ruined by unwise speculation. Tirélan is at last free to declare his love to Caliste; he can marry her now that the barrier of fortune is removed.

The play is so light that it hardly deserves a place among the serious works of Augier. Yet in its own way it constitutes a further document upon the social system in which hard cash plays so large and important a rôle.

To turn from the idealistic and timid *Ceinture dorée* to *Les Effrontés* (1861) is to realize in the most forceful manner the extreme poles of the genius of Emile Augier. The earlier play appears little other than the work of a dilettante beside the later. *Les Effrontés* is a compact yet varied picture of manners, in which the principal portrait is the parvenu Vernouillet, a vulgar, unscrupulous journalist with money and a vast amount of *aplomb*, or "nerve." Respected by one, he is held in fear by all, for he is influential and rich.

Politically, socially, dramatically, *Les Effrontés* is a work of the first importance. It was the first play to treat in a realistic manner the power of the press and to paint a truly modern villain. Says Vernouillet: "I have put my money to the only use to which

it has not hitherto been put: making public opinion. I have in my hands the two powers which the Empire has always disrupted: money and the press. Each helps the other. I open up new roads to them; I am in fact making a revolution." Although *Les Effrontés* is at the same time a comedy of character and manners, with a complicated intrigue and a love story, it was in its day considered mainly as an attack on the press. But what was not realized so clearly in the many heated discussions aroused by the piece, was that Augier was not so much concerned with the actual state of the press—which was and is bad enough—but with the power which the press, backed by money, may exert. His purpose was larger; it was humanitarian.

Again he had enlarged the scope of the theater, and given the stage a figure which is today one of the most familiar and most often portrayed.

In several of Augier's plays there is a mingling of themes which, while it adds to the atmosphere and interest, often renders any distinct classification of genre, a difficult task. "Money," "Sex," "Politics," and such more or less arbitrary headings are not sufficient to cover more than half of Augier's plays. *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, for example, is a comedy of character, as well as a comedy of sentiment, a picture of the nobility and the bourgeoisie, and a study of the money question. *La Pierre de touche* (1853), and *Maître Guérin* (1865), although they are not so unified as *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, may still be satisfactorily classified under the heading of "Money." The first is another of the lighter plays with a "moral"; it shows the evil results of the acquisition of large sums of money by those who do not know its proper uses; the second is a study in the character of a bourgeois merchant.

Les Effrontés has been classed among the works of Augier in which money was shown to be at the base of a great part of the evils of the social system. It is likewise one of the three political plays, of which the others are *Le Fils de Giboyer* and *Lions et Renards*.

Le Fils de Giboyer (1862) was for the French of the day what was called an anti-clerical play. The Jesuits as politicians were attacked, or believed themselves to be, so that national discussions and conflicts arose, and bitter counter-attacks were made on the author and what was supposed to be his party. Augier denies* that his play is political; he declares that it deals with society in a general way. As a story of father and son it indubitably suffers from what now appears as a great deal of topical and contemporaneous discussion, but that is rather the fault of the times and of the subject. The clever but unscrupulous bohemian scribbler, Giboyer—who, together with his protector D'Auberive, was one of the principal characters in *Les Effrontés*—has sold himself to the rich Marquis. Through political intrigues, hypocrisy, venality of the basest kind, Giboyer makes his way, until at last through his love for his son, his designated successor, he undergoes a moral rehabilitation. Though the psychology of the transformation may be true enough, and though it would doubtless have been more credible had it been developed at greater length by a novelist like Balzac or George Eliot, somehow we cannot believe in the sudden change, and are

* In his preface to *Le Fils de Giboyer* Augier says: "In spite of what has been affirmed, this comedy is not a political piece in the current sense of the term: it is a social play. It attacks and defends only ideas, abstract conceptions of all sorts of government. . . . The antagonism between the old and the modern principles, that, in brief, is the theme of the play. I defy anyone to find a single word to warrant the assumption that I have gone beyond this."

prone to ask how it happens that Giboyer can be redeemed by love for his son any more than could Olympe because Henri once loved her?

Lions et Renards (1869) is valuable and historically interesting as a comedy of manners and character. It is another attack on the Jesuits. But the complicated intrigue, the occasional obscurity of the motivation, were sufficient to account for the failure of the play.

Augier realized, as Balzac did, that money was the root of much evil, and, in the midst of the social readjustments which France was undergoing in the nineteenth century, he made money one of the greatest of his protagonists. In the struggle between the classes, in the personal relationship of the family, the race for money and power was almost always the prime reason for social degradation and disintegration. Social position is mainly a question of money. Olympe Taverny attempted to climb, and the family suffered; Gabrielle's husband was forced to spend the time he should have had with his wife, in earning the money he thought was supporting her; marriages of love, of inclination, are forced to give way before marriages of convenience, which mean ruin for the home and the family; the press and the Church strive for power, political and financial—the very basis and sinew of politics is cash. France, says Augier, is money-mad, and a nation which forgets what is of supreme importance—family and home and the virtues of old—is heading for destruction.

The remaining important plays are all more or less concerned with money, though sometimes it hovers in the background, only apprehended, and sometimes is obscured by other considerations; but it is always present.

Le Gendre de M. Poirier (1855), written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, is without doubt one of the finest comedies of character ever written. The figure of the *bonhomme* Poirier is one of the memorable figures in dramatic literature. In this play Augier was less concerned with social considerations than was his wont, although money again is the basis for the action. The Marquis de Presles, a ruined member of the aristocracy, has in a way entered into a business pact with Poirier, but the business dealings of the two have been utilized by the authors chiefly as a frame in which to depict and contrast the nobleman and the bourgeois. The plot is of necessity rather thin: character is the important consideration.

The last three important plays of Augier, written after the war, might possibly be classified under the general headings which we have so far been using, but each, by reason of a comparative novelty of theme, may well be placed apart in different categories. The plays in question are *Jean de Thommeray*, *Madame Caverlet*, and *Les Fourchambault*. Besides these, there is, however, *Le Prix Martin*, written in collaboration with Eugène Labiche, a conventional and amusing little comedy.

Jean de Thommeray (1873)—written with Jules Sandeau, whose novel of the same name was used as a basis—is a patriotic piece, in which a young aristocrat, succumbing to the demoralizing influences of the capital, finally redeems himself by fighting for the *Patrie*. The value of the play lies in the separate pictures of the life of the aristocratic De Thommerays, rather than in the story. Jean's redemption is not very satisfactorily explained, while the plot is loose and our interest consequently wavering.

Madame Caverlet (1876) is a passionate plea in favor of divorce. Again it points out an evil in the social system which militates against the good of the family. Sir Edward Merson and his wife have been separated for a number of years. She has found consolation in the upright and honorable M. Caverlet, with whom, and her two children, she has been living in what is all but a legal state of marriage. When the daughter, however, is about to marry, Caverlet and "Madame Caverlet" confess to the suitor's father the truth of the case, and the proposed marriage is broken off without delay. Merson then appears, demands his son and daughter, forces Caverlet to go away, and threatens to break up the family until he is offered a large sum of money to go to Switzerland and there become a citizen. This ameliorates the situation, as the wife can then obtain a divorce and become the lawful wife of Caverlet. But Henri, the son, completely disillusioned, joins the army and goes to a foreign country. The marriage then takes place.

We can but feel that Augier's case would have been stronger had he not loaded the dice. If Merson had really cared more for his wife than for her money, and had he insisted on his rights, then the injustice of the law and its bitter consequences would have been more strikingly proved. Had Augier, as Hervieu did in *La Loi de l'homme*, pushed his thesis to its logical conclusion, we should have had a more touchingly poignant play, as well as a stronger plea for divorce.

Les Fourchambault (1878) is the last play of Emile Augier. In structure, in character analysis, it shows no diminution in the dramatist's powers; it is indeed a proof of his deepening sympathy and broader understanding of human life; it shows a

brighter optimism and a more deep-rooted faith in the basic goodness of humanity. Viewed from a strictly logical angle, the play may seem reactionary if not contradictory, yet the young man in the early 'fifties denouncing the fallen Olympes and Clorindes and Navarettes, had with increasing years come to realize that there were exceptions in life, that human nature cannot always be evil. Leaving aside particular questions of the day, wishing to attack no specific institution, law, or social wrong, he bases his play on frailty and human goodness, infusing the whole with a generous portion of good and kindly humor and gentle satire. Madame Fourchambault is after all only silly and weak, not criminally ambitious. Léopold, too, is weak, like his father, not wicked. Madame Bernard, though she once sinned, has redeemed her error by a life of service. Marie and Bernard are almost too good. If a criticism may be urged, it is that the play is too kindly and optimistic. Bernard's and Marie's rhapsody on marriage is a little too much like a sermon. This play is Augier's idealistic swan-song. It seems that, tired of attacking, worn out by the sight of vice and stupidity, he was prompted, in his old age, to raise up an ideal of virtue, and make that ideal triumph over evil.

Augier is the Balzac of the French stage of the last century: his power of observation, his common sense, his straightforward and honest way of speaking the truth, the great extent and variety of his work, bring him into closer relationship with the great novelist than any other dramatist of his time. Considered as a moralist or social reformer, as exponent of the domestic virtues, as champion of the fireside, he is of great importance, but as a painter of the life of his time, of the bourgeoisie as well as

of the aristocracy, as a literary artist depicting living men and women, he occupies a position in French literature and drama as sure, though possibly not so exalted, as that of Molière and Balzac.

BARRETT H. CLARK.

PLAYS BY EMILE AUGIER:

Le Cyprien	1844
Un Homme de bien.....	1845
L'Aventurière	1848
Gabrielle	1849
Le Joueur de Flûte.....	1850
Diane	1852
Philiberte	1853
La Pierre de touche.....	1853
Le Mariage d'Olympe.....	1854
Ceinture dorée	1855
Le Gendre de M. Poirier.....	1855
(In collaboration with Jules Sandeau)	
La Jeunesse	1858
Les Lionnes pauvres.....	1858
Un Beau Mariage.....	1859
Les Effrontés	1861
Le Fils de Giboyer.....	1862
Maître Guérin	1865
La Contagion	1866
Paul Forestier	1868
Lions et Renards.....	1869
Jean de Thommeray.....	1873
(In collaboration with Jules Sandeau)	
Madame de Caverlet.....	1876
Le Prix Martin.....	1877
(In collaboration with Eugène Labiche)	
Les Fourchambault	1878

La Chasse au Roman (1851), written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, is not included in the *Théâtre complet*. *L'Habit vert*, in collaboration with Alfred de Musset, and *Le Post-scriptum*, are one-act plays.

Le Fils de Giboyer—as *The Son of Giboyer*—is to be found in translation in *The Universal Anthology*, also, translated by Benedict Papot, in *The Drama*, No. 2. *L'Habit vert* and *Le Post-scriptum* are translated by Barrett H. Clark, in *The World's Best Plays Series* (Samuel French) (as *The Green Coat* and *The Post-script*).

Alfred A. Knopf will publish soon a volume of four plays by Augier ("The Marriage of Olympe," "The Son-in-Law of M. Poirier," "The House of Fourchambault," and "The Post-Script"), translated, with an introduction by Barrett H. Clark, and a prefatory letter by Brioux.

References.

French:

- Leopold Lacour, "Trois Théâtres." 1880.
 Edouard Pailleron, "Emile Augier." 1889.
 Parigot, "Emile Augier." 1890.
 Antoine Benoist, "Essais de critique."
 Henri Gaillard de Champris, "Emile Augier et la comédie sociale." 1910. (Contains an extensive bibliography.)

English:

- Brander Matthews, "French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century." Scribner.
 W. N. Guthrie, in "The Drama," No. 2.

THE PARSEE DRAMA.



ALTHOUGH the theatrical business in India seldom brings a fortune to the Europeans who are engaged in it, the Parsee companies—judging from the support with which they meet and from the number which are to be found in all parts of the country—at least thrive.

“Hot season” or “cold season,” year in and year out, from Peshawar in the extreme north (where the “bhang”-excited “ghazt” makes it the business of his life to stab the inoffensive white man in the back) to Tuticorin in the south, and from muggy Bombay to Calcutta, these troupes perform most strenuously. Such is their enterprise that they even halt at the small, insignificant “stations” in the hope of whirling in the natives from the adjoining villages. For the Hindoos and Mahometans, in their common love of a “tamasha,” sink the differences of religious opinion, and vie with each other in appreciating what is going forward. Support is occasionally forthcoming from the easily-pleased section of the “Sahib-log” (English people), who, *faute de mieux*, perhaps, look in at the show in the hope that it will while away an hour or so of a dull and, therefore, unprofitable existence.

In Bombay and Calcutta the Parsee players are housed in a theatre, while the boxes are so arranged that the native women, who, being “purda nashin,” dare not show their faces and forms in public, can

see without the other members of the audience even knowing that they are in the house. Sometimes, however, a catastrophe occurs. Owing to the natural carelessness of the Indian, the curtains, which are drawn across the box, part company with the poles on which they are slung; and though they are hastily adjusted, the squeals and squalls of the occupants suggest that horrible tortures are being inflicted behind the sheltering "purdahs." Should the accident happen while the theatre is in darkness, there is no harm done; but if the lights are turned up, there is—well, the very deuce to pay! The women declare that they are for ever dishonoured; and their attendants, with much wailing and gnashing of teeth, lament the day they were born and the indignity which has been put upon them.

The consternation of the females, however, is nothing to that of the husbands. Frenzied invective; appeals to the onlookers to turn their faces the other way; wholesale abuse, which is levelled at the cowering black minions; threats to give the manager the slipper, the favorite Eastern form of punishment; much beating of breasts and tearing of hair: that is how beauty in distress makes known the state of her mind. The husband, advancing to the front of the box, partly that he may shield the occupants, who, scuttling like rabbits, hide in corners and bolt into the passage, and partly that he may more effectively deliver himself of what he has to say, is splendidly furious. "Sons of dogs! How dare you let your impious gaze rest upon the ladies of my harem? May your graves and those of your female relations be eternally defiled; may all Mahometans among you be burnt and may all Hindoos be buried. . . . How shall I ever survive this indignity? . . . The son of a pig who put up the

curtain certainly shall be dismissed, and as to the fool who employed him, he, too, shall go. . . . *Shaitan-log!* Accursed one! Look not this way! . . . I see you, Ram Dass, and you also, Mahomet Din. In a moment I will be upon you—when I will change the shape of your faces so that your own mothers may not know you! . . . Pigs and dogs, all. . . . Foul carrion that you are, I will leave you just enough life in your vile bodies to crawl to the Police Station to lay a complaint against me. . . .”

In the “Mofussil” (country) “stations” a large tent takes the place of a theatre, a few boards, resting upon trestles, doing duty as a stage, the makeshift footlights consisting of half a dozen villainous-smelling kerosene oil lamps with reflectors roughly fashioned from the lids of tin biscuit-boxes. Decrepit chairs of assorted shapes and sizes which are hired in the bazaar are provided for the “quality,” the cheaper seats consisting of benches; and the back of the tent is filled with patient natives who are content to stand. A number of slim blacks, squeezing themselves in under the flap, also form part of the audience; and if the proprietor of the company can prevail upon the “collector,” as the local magistrate is known, to honor the performance with his immediate patronage, he will feel that he has not lived in vain. As a rule, however, the Anglo-Indian official has little sympathy with Parsee theatrical enterprise; the most pertinacious manager may sue till doomsday without realizing his heart’s desire. Nor, as will be seen, is it altogether surprising that the Briton draws the line at this form of entertainment.

The chief features of the Parsee drama are long speeches; an atmosphere of intense and unrelieved

dullness; scenery which has seen better days; costumes in which cotton-velvet and tawdry spangles are prominent, and scarcely any action or movement. Every line is recited in an irritating monotone; very little gesture is attempted; the make-up is primitive; the wigs, beards and moustaches are of the most elementary description, and, for reasons which are not satisfactorily explained, the women's rôles are played by Parsee men, or Hindoo boys, who, like the "*sopranists*" of a by-gone day, reproduce the female voice with a degree of success which is almost uncanny. The orchestra, consisting of three or four fiddle-like instruments, one or two flageolets, a species of banjo which is held between the knees and played like a cello, and a tom-tom, which is tapped with maddening persistence, is an important item in the entertainment. It contributes a long and tuneless overture; it accompanies the performers when they are speaking; and whenever they burst into song, the band plays its loudest.

It should, by the way, be pointed out that the Parsee drama is a form of musical-comedy:—the subject, which usually is taken from one of the countless fairy-tales of which Indian literature mainly consists, may be serious, even including foul murders by regicides, patricides, and fratricides, but the treatment is certain to be in musical-comedy vein. Nor, from the European point of view, do the actors know how to walk the stage; standing stock still for many minutes at a time, they suggest so many pensive storks, and even when they have to make an exit, they disappear in a series of shuffles—partly as the result of wearing sandals and baggy pantaloons, which, to quote an English-speaking actor of the sun-worshipping persuasion, are "voluminous about the knee." In short, judged by the standard prevailing

in a civilized country, the whole thing is a travesty, though, if approached in the proper spirit, it affords an hour's entertainment to the globe-trotter who is out for information and a new experience.

Dancing also enters into the Parsee manager's scheme of things theatrical, the dancers consisting of nautch girls. These dusky exponents of their art, according to stay-at-home experts, who write lurid "penny bloods" in which the nautch girl heroine is the incarnation of grace and loveliness, are unsurpassed. As a matter of fact, the young woman's reputed good looks, being essentially of the native variety, appeal only to admirers of her own nationality, while the grace with which she is accredited is purely fictitious. As to the actual performance, though full of meaning to an Indian, it has an opposite effect upon the English spectator. Standing stock still for a few minutes, the colored *ballerina* composes her features till they become devoid of expression, next, cocking her eye at some obese patron, she indulges in a mild double-shuffle, and, after keeping it up with maddening persistence for about ten minutes, the same monotonous and singularly unmusical tune being played all the time, she solemnly wriggles her way from the stage. Returning to the particular board from which she set forth upon her uneventful journey, the arms are now brought into play; they rise and fall with little—if any—regard for rhythm, and the henna-tipped fingers are waggled in much the same manner as that adopted by a fond mamma when attempting to dispel the frowns of a fractious infant. Sometimes an attempt at animation is introduced into the finale; but it is too much like the final effort of a dying gladiator to serve its purpose. The only redeeming feature about the nautch girl's performance is her rather picturesque costume and

somewhat barbaric jewelry. A velvet zouave jacket, of vivid peacock-blue, emerald-green, or rose-pink, clothes the upper part of her person, which is uncorseted; an accordion-pleated skirt, in which all the colors of the rainbow jostle each other, covers her lower extremities, and a gauzy Dacca shawl, iridescent with dozens of green beetles' wings, is swayed about the shoulders. Roughly-set gems gleam in the "nautch wallah's" cocoa-nut oiled hair; her arms are covered with jangling bangles from the wrists to the elbow; one cannot see the fingers for the rings which cover them, and whether the ankle is slim or thick, its outline is hidden behind several heavy anklets. Sometimes Moti has the good luck to attract the notice of a millionaire rajah, who pays her a fat fee to dance for his special delectation; and if the bag of rupees is sufficiently heavy to warrant the extravagance, she invests in diamonds and emeralds of rare beauty, wearing them as rings. It may also be noticed that, with the usual shortsightedness of the native, she has them set in the cheapest and most incongruous way imaginable.

From Indian fairy-tales to Shakespeare is a far cry; but the Parsee manager, firmly believing that *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice* are well within the capabilities of his company, includes these plays in the repertory. With the above exceptions, the pieces with which he regales his particular public are not remarkable for the characteristics for which white dramatists are by way of being famed. Lacking a coherent plot, devoid of characterization and contrast, and written without the slightest idea of effect, no Western people can be expected to care for them, though they doubtless appeal to the Eastern mind. Nor is any attempt made to bolster up a poor piece by means of

good scenery: even when a play is presented under the most favorable circumstances, the scenic accessories leave nearly everything to be desired. Limelight, too, is used so sparingly that its absence is scarcely missed; and as for the simplest mechanical devices, they are hardly known. It thus can be imagined that a pageant-play, such as *Henry VIII*, or any other Shakespearean production, calling for lavish dressing and staging, when given under Parsee auspices would indeed constitute a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Fortunately for those who are interested in the success of native theatrical enterprise, the colored playgoer has practically no sense of humor and but little sense of the fitness of things. The public, being easily persuaded that they have got their money's-worth, rarely harass the management with complaints.

Although the Parsee business manager is not a believer in the virtues of extensive advertising, he sees to it that an insignificant advertisement is sent to the local papers, and that the hoardings are adorned with a few small posters calling attention to the attractions offered by his troupe. The bills are printed in the dialect spoken in the district; in Bombay, Parsee, Mahariti, and Guzrati, are employed; Urdu applies to the upper part of India, and Tamil catches the southern reader's eye. Sometimes, however, the advance-agent considers it advisable to launch out into English, particularly if the station is a cantonment one, and, consequently, crammed with British soldiers. Professing the best intentions in the world, he sets about his task, and, with the aid of a "baboo" (native clerk), who has probably taken a degree at an Indian university, composes a manifesto which is so remarkable that it gives every European in the place something to

laugh over, besides, incidentally, helping to advertise the show. The subjoined examples, which recently decorated the Lucknow hoardings, are typical in their extravagance of language and phrase:—

**COME ALONG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES
PLEASE BOOKING SEATS QUICKLY**

“The Faithful Prince Rewarded.” Sublimest play of matchless costumes and glorious scenery wherein an all star cast must breaking all records for general excellence of ensemble. Marvellous tragic poses by prince gesture makers and costumes as worn in original “Bagh-’o-Bahar.” All being new and up-to-date pattern. Nothing is old all being very expensive and bought from best European shops. *Facile princeps* and therefore equal to not any more in same line. This is the genuine thing and cannot be witnessed.

BY ANY OTHER.”

“MR. SHAKESPEARE’S HAMLET.

Engaged at great cost for only three nights and perhaps four the celebrated company from Bombay in great English writer’s Royal family, &c. All costumes being special and quite new. So is music and famous nautch girls of company.

NO SMOKING.

All gentlemen native of European must not smoke for fear of dangers.”

The free list is almost unknown. In Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and the large stations, the local critics and correspondents, though not as cordially

welcomed as they may desire, have little difficulty in securing tickets. But the London system of inviting Dick, Tom and Harry and their wives and families to be present at a first night, merely because they are connected remotely, or otherwise, with the theatrical business, does not find favor; indeed, managers and members of rival companies, playwrights and others do not even seek admittance. Consequently, with the exception of the accredited scribes, every ticket-holder has paid for the privilege of witnessing the dramatized fairy tale which forms the evening's entertainment—a condition calculated to turn European managers green with envy.

Hide-bound conservatism—that is the policy of the Parsee manager. New plays, adaptations of English and Continental successes and translations do not appeal to him, and he is impervious to the supposed fascinations of social, moral, and religious problems. For many decades his predecessors have occupied themselves with the sort of thing which holds the Indian stage today, and he contends that what met with his great-great-grandfather's approval is good enough for him. Innovations, in fact, are not welcomed in the “unchanging East”; “dustoor” (custom) is the god to whom he cheerfully bends his knee.

GEORGE CREIL.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ACTOR

I



IF a child is told some very welcome piece of news or afforded a great or unexpected pleasure, his joyful emotions often refuse to be suppressed. He cannot resist the temptation to "dance for joy;" he may even turn a clumsy somersault. Thus he gives his emotions physical expression, translates them freely in terms of lively movement. That—the representation of feeling by physical action, the expression of inner being by outward seeming—is acting in its lowest and simplest form. And from some such tendency, perhaps, the art of acting sprang into being in the childhood of all peoples. The earliest phase in the conventionalization of the means for expressing such spontaneous, primal emotions, is the dance. The first actor therefore was, more properly speaking, a dancer. At the beginning, the emotions that found vent in his dancing were his own simple ones; but later, as his ability as a medium of expression grew and gradually begot greater appreciation, he was called upon to reproduce, by the same means, the emotions of other and imaginary persons.

Such, at any rate, was the origin of the acting art in Greece. The drama of the Greeks, evolving as it did from the choral dances in honor of Dionysus, demanded of its first interpreters that they be dancers only. Almost simultaneously, it is true,

singing also was required of them; but dancing was the fundamental requisite. And, as has been lately emphasized, Attic theatrical art not only originated in orchesis, but was in all its principles, even throughout the days of its greatest development, based upon the dance: for every movement and gesture of the actor was influenced by its rhythm.

As the festival dancing about the altar of Dionysus became less a mere improvisation and stiffened into conventional forms, the dancers grew from enthusiastic novices into practiced performers. And, so soon as special qualifications and training were demanded, chorus dancing became a profession. To-day, when a particularly capable chorus girl outshines the rest, she is given a line or two to speak or a solo dance; just so, by his superiority, some Greek dancer differentiated himself from his fellows and was honored by being allowed to act as leader, and in that capacity to recite, unaccompanied by the rest. Soon he ceased to be no more than a reader of the lines assigned him, began to claim as his own the experiences he recounted, and after a while was given opportunity actually to impersonate legendary heroes. Next, with the use of the masks which Thespis, a "dancer" (as the poets themselves were then called), is said to have introduced in the sixth century B. C., this one interpreter was enabled to enact in turn the parts of several persons. At this point the profession of the actor, as distinct from that of the chorus dancer, began.

To Æschylus is attributed the introduction of a second actor, and Sophocles soon made it possible to have three speaking characters on the scene at once. This number, it is generally believed, was never thereafter increased in tragedy. In comedy, too, Cratinus is credited with having set a limit of three

upon the number of impersonators. When the action of the play demanded the presence simultaneously of more than three important persons, only three of these were given lines to speak; the remaining characters stood about in silence.

Thus the performers in a Greek play were divided into three classes: there were the chorus men, actors, and silent impersonators or mutes. In none of these classes were women included; female parts were always taken by men.

The duties of the members of the chorus were somewhat similar in kind to those of a modern chorus in comic opera, though a much greater degree of perfection in all the branches of their art was demanded of them. They sang, and, occasionally, recited, always accompanying their words with a form of dance which consisted of fluid, rhythmic movements calling the whole body into play and eloquently expressing the emotions their own words, or those of the actor, described. As the number of actors increased and greater prominence was given to their part in the play, the importance of the chorus was appreciably lessened, until, in the New Comedy, it seems to have disappeared entirely.

Of the actors, as distinct from the chorus men and mutes, there were also three classes. The most important of the three actors in a play was the protagonist; the other two were spoken of as the deuteragonist and the tritagonist and were hardly more than his assistants. The protagonist was the featured actor of a production—the star. To him were always allotted the “fattest” parts; he seems also to have been assigned a great number of female rôles. Dramatic poets made their plays to fit him, just as dramatists have always built plays around great actors and with their personalities and accom-

plishments in mind. And when the plays were produced he was made the pivot of the whole performance. No star of to-day is given greater prominence, and probably none is more arrogant than some of the Greek protagonists grew to be. The other two actors were instructed to subordinate themselves to him entirely and to do nothing that might distract attention from their colleague or excite the approbation of the crowd in their behalf; he often saw to it himself that no opportunity was given them to do so. Since so large a share in the performance was granted him, he was proportionally responsible for the success of the play. The poet's reputation was often in his hands. Hence the best protagonists were, like the stars of our own day, in great demand. Great honor was accorded them. Their victories in the dramatic contests were recorded on commemorative tablets, and they were made the pets of monarchs.

Considerable, however, was exacted of the deuteragonist; his duties were important and he had of necessity to be capable. The tritagonist, on the other hand, was called upon only when his participation was absolutely indispensable. Every part that could possibly be taken by the protagonist was given him; in fact, on many occasions he took great trouble to change masks rather than entrust either of the other two with lines that seemed to require special ability. The mutes, though essential, were unimportant.

Of the Greek actor a great deal was required. First of all, of course, it was highly important that he be a man impressive in appearance and, in his movements, graceful and stately. The nature of the drama he interpreted demanded that he combine the talents of the singer and the dancer with those of

the actor, and that he have the training and thorough education of each. Some of the more emotional passages in his parts called for a musical rendition; and the qualifications of the dancer were always called into play by his posturings, his sensuous movements, and his smooth and facile gestures. And along with this threefold demand upon him came several handicaps. The stately, flowing draperies and the high and awkward boots that custom and theatrical conditions required the tragic actor to wear, though they gave him an appearance of sculptural beauty and imposing stature, prohibited quick or elaborate motion. Therefore he had to make the quiet, simple movements to which they limited him so much the more rhythmic and impressive, his poses and gestures so much the more plastic and expressive. Circumstances also made it imperative that he wear a tall, cumbersome mask covering his face and head. Though the vastness of the Greek open-air theatres would have made impotent the finer shades of facial expression, the mask prevented—was, in fact, a substitute for—even the most obvious. The actor could not, as can the actor of to-day, stand quietly about and, by delicate facial play, reveal his thoughts and emotions or show the effects the words of other characters made upon him. When his voice was silent his sole means of making his feelings evident lay in movements of his body and limbs; therefore, for him the art of “listening” was an extremely difficult one. For the sacrifice of facial expression he had to compensate with suggestive gesticulation, and by a flexibility of voice that afforded a great variety of delicate inflections, tones and qualities. It was only by the most assiduous and protracted training upon his part that his voice acquired this flexibility and at the same time the emotional power that the plays of the

Greek poets called for. Upon his voice, above everything else, his success depended; and, as Demosthenes hinted, it was by his voice that he was judged. It must, indeed, have been a distinct and incisive as well as a strong voice that could make all the *nuances* of expression carry throughout an audience of twenty thousand or so. But it was not only obstacles presented by the physical conditions of the theatre that the voice had to overcome; the many beauties of the language he declaimed made necessary perfect enunciation, precise changes of pitch, impressive pauses and accurate placing of accents. Not only did his native tongue entail such meticulous attention to details that are so often ignored to-day, but his highly cultured audience would endure nothing short of perfection in this matter of articulation and accentuation. So, to meet all these requirements, the actor must have a trained intellect and absolute control of a vocal apparatus that, in itself, was an exceptional instrument. Persevering practice and continuously perfect condition were indispensable: like the modern athlete, the Greek actor had to be always "in training."

By the time the Greek drama had developed to the point where one actor was used, it had lost much of the spontaneity that marked the first phase of its evolution and had become a conventional and formal art. Thus early the young actor found himself forced to follow traditional methods in his acting. In the period in which *Æschylus* produced his plays the actor's art consisted of simple, unrealistic declamation, accompanied by slow and dignified action; a dramatic representation of the complexity of every-day life was not considered necessary, for the reason that the people depicted by the poets were not the kind of men to be met with every day upon

the streets. But this conventional style, becoming irksome to the growing artist, was gradually discarded. The actor began inevitably to go to nature for his models, strove to use the actualities of the life he saw about him as the touchstone of his art. Kallipedes and Nicostratus—the latter of whom possessed a style which his contemporaries considered perfect—were pioneers in the field of naturalistic acting and led the way in this departure from the methods of the past. By their unprecedented disregard for the “best traditions” of the *Æschylean* “old school,” they caused great consternation in the ranks of the latter and brought about a revolution in acting methods. The period of natural acting which the efforts of these men inaugurated gave Greece her greatest actors—such men as Polus, Theodorus, Aristodemus, and Neoptolemus. It was Polus who, when his rôle required that he weep over an urn of human ashes, brought upon the scene—so Belasco-like was his zeal in the search for realistic touches—a vessel containing the ashes of his own dead son; over these he wept with great sincerity and effectiveness. He was in many respects the best actor of his time. Theodorus, however, had acquired great ability in expressing strong emotions in a natural manner. By his wonderful powers of playing upon the feelings of his auditors he is said to have moved to tears the tyrannical Alexander of Thera, who, rather than be seen weakly weeping at the simulated sufferings of Theodorus, when he had many times looked without emotion upon the pain his own cruelties had caused, fled from the theatre.

These great figures in Greek dramatic history were all tragedians. Of the comic actors less is known. They were probably more fortunate than the players of tragedy, in having to contend against

fewer of the difficulties arising from the strictures of theatrical convention. But they appear, so far as is ascertainable, never to have succeeded in reaching so high a plain of artistic achievement.

To so great a degree did the players of the period of natural acting develop their art that the contemporary dramatist was relegated to a place of secondary importance. The output of the poets seems to have declined in quality as the actor grew in skill, until, in the latter days of Greece, the actor had to resort for dramatic material to the great plays of former poets. The staging of these old masterpieces was put into the hands of the protagonist, who thus became an actor-manager, as the first poets had been before him. With no new dramatists detracting from the attention accorded him, the actor's skill became the object of chief interest. He directed all his efforts toward the perfection of the art of acting. As a result his powers grew over-ripe and went to seed. Finally naturalism and virtuosity degenerated into mere mechanical cleverness, and trick imitations of the sounds of nature were substituted for the portrayal of character and emotion.

Through the four phases discernible in the development of the histrionic art in Greece, the art of acting seems continually to revolve. Simple, unassuming recitation grows into conventional declamation; conventionality succumbs to the demands of nature; naturalism descends to tricks.

As far as the actor's standing in the community is concerned it could hardly have been better. He was looked upon with the veneration due a priest and the admiration accorded a great and cultured artist. Many honors and special privileges were bestowed upon him, and the remuneration he received for his labors was ample.

The Roman drama, being, as it was, a backwash of the Greek, added little to the art of acting and detracted infinitely from the esteem in which the actor himself was held. In Italy tragedy lost a great deal of its dignity, while comedy gained wide popularity; hence the greatest chance was given the comedian to develop.

The Romans built their theatres, with seats for their senators filling the orchestra which Greek custom had reserved for the chorus; so the chorus was eliminated. Dancing, therefore, ceased to be a fundamental of the actor's art. Singing also was practically dropped, though for a time the Roman producers made a pretense of retaining it. But the actor, or *histrion* as he was called, was not, until the time of Terence at any rate, handicapped by being made to wear the mask, and never wore the Greek tragic boot; thus he was permitted greater freedom. As a result of these less artificial conditions, one phase of Greek acting was carried to a more advanced stage of development: gesture was made an end in itself and finally established as the independent art of pantomime, which, in the days of Rome's decline, almost crowded out all other dramatic forms. This branch of acting was, before it degenerated, a distinct addition and numbered among its performers such famous pantomimes as Bathyllus and Pylades.

The Romans did not limit themselves to three actors as the Greeks had done, but made use of as many as the number of characters in the play called for. Besides the actors of tragedy and comedy and the new type of performers that the art of pantomime produced, there was a fourth class, the actors of the Mimes. Women were included among the participants in these compact little comedies in verse

and had considerable effect upon their character. With the plays of Terence women were introduced into the regular drama also.

When the Greek drama was imported into Italy, Livius Andronicus, who is credited with having made the first Latin adaptations, had to resort for performers to freedmen and slaves. So, from the start the members of the acting profession were not looked upon with favor. The actor, in fact, was an object of contempt to his countrymen, and his lot was a sorry one. Any citizen of Rome who took up acting as a profession forfeited thereby all his civic rights; if a soldier became an actor he paid for his choice with his life. The histrion was considered a worthless person and often even classed with thieves, deserters, panders and similarly undesirable characters. Nevertheless, when eventually the drama came to be one of the principal sources of amusement for the populace, his presence was looked upon as indispensable. But socially he was an outcast. In the matter of his more immediate connection with play presentation he was no less unfortunate. An error in the performance of his part upon the stage earned him a flogging from his manager, as well as very bad treatment at the hands of an audience even freer in its expressions of disapproval than the audiences in Greece.

Of men so badly treated much in the way of artistic accomplishment could not be expected. A few actors, however, overcame all these handicaps. Roscius, for instance, Rome's greatest comedian, received from Sulla the high honor of being raised from the low rank of the ordinary actor and made a senator. For him acting was also financially profitable. On occasions he is said to have received for a single performance about \$150; and, while in his

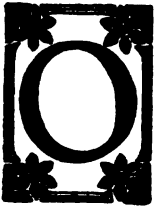
best years, he was accorded an annuity of something like \$22,000.

He and his contemporary, *Æsopus*, a tragedian, represent the best that Roman actors achieved. By the time *Roscius* began to attain prominence, acting had reached its bombastic, exaggerated stage; but he did much to moderate the excesses which were part of the methods of his predecessors. And by his eminence and good character he was of material aid to the actor in general, since he raised the standards of the profession and inspired respect for it.

With the end of the theatres in Rome, the art of acting died. Attempts were made to revive it, but they were without success. It had to be reborn. And it was not until the early middle ages that the process of germination began.

ARTHUR POLLOCK.

FRANK WEDEKIND.



O MY first meeting with Frank Wedekind, my disappointment was great. I had read and studied all of his works: plays, short stories and poems; and, as one is foolishly apt to do, I had let the various elements that I found in them translate themselves, as it were, into an imaginary portrait of the author who had conceived them. Well fixed in my mind's eye, I could see Wedekind as a long, gaunt figure, with a robustly constructed head and sad features, with keen but strangely tormented eyes hidden deep in their sockets, with sensitive, restless hands.

Thus I was picturing him as I waited in the drawing-room of his Munich apartment,—a large, square room permeated with an atmosphere of extraordinary severity. There were a few pieces of heavy antique furniture propped up against the walls. A dark oil-painting of the old Italian school covered the main part of one side and radiated such gloom that even the bright June sun that bathed the stately Prinz Regenten Strasse outside did not dare enter the wide open window.

A serious humorist or a deliberate mystifier? A moralist or—the other thing? Diogenes or Cagliostro? What was he? Ever since Wedekind first began to write, critics had showered him with these labels, and more. What would I find him to be, judging not merely by his works but by his ap-

pearance and his conversation? Unusual, for a certainty, and possibly a little of all that had been said of this very interesting German.

At last, the Master appeared and silently ushered me into his workshop—a little man with square shoulders and a round head, small, short-sighted eyes and thick lips over which, at the time, he was cultivating a sharply outlined, tiny moustache *à l'Américaine*. There was an almost obtrusive air of outward impeccability about him. And taking the visible as an indication and a mirror of the invisible, how different I found him from what, in my estimation, should have been the author of those original, daring, revolutionary works of literature that had aroused so much contradictory comment all through Germany!

When he finally condescended to speak, the words rolled out with amazing rapidity, as if they had been tied up too long. There was nothing brilliant about his conversation, but it was full of passion and defiance. Until I assured him that I had no intention to fight with him, he talked at me, not to me,—chiefly about the *Spiessbürger* who were vilipending him, about his plays and about the players who seemed to have pledged themselves to betray the author's meaning.

A strange creature, Frank Wedekind, and stranger even by reason of the contrast between the man and his works. Elements that appear irreconcilable are thrown together in him—not peacefully united, but at war with each other. This *bourgeois*-looking little person with a tendency toward fleshiness is a playwright by calling, a novelist and a poet in his leisure hours; but by profession he is an actor—a bad actor, at that, and, whatever he may say of his *confrères*, one who invariably spoils his own plays

when he assumes a rôle in them. He has been told so emphatically in every German town he has visited, and by this time he should know. But he insists, and again and again takes his plays on *Gastspielreisen*, with himself and his little wife, Tilly Newes, as principal protagonists. The fact that the two of them do not succeed in killing the public's interest in the plays speaks very highly indeed for the merits of the plays.

Among the numerous dramatic pieces that he has given to the public, either on the stage or in book form, or both, *Erdgeist* (*The Spirit of Earth*) has been considered the most important. Curiously enough, on this one point the author himself seems to agree with the general view. He would not be Wedekind, if he did not find something to object to and get excited about.

"My Lulu in *Erdgeist* is an ingénue, an ingénue!" he thundered, and thumped the table with his fist. "An ingénue! And she should be played as such! My wife plays her exactly as I intended her. Those who play her as a bad woman either don't understand or wilfully pervert her!"

Had he forgotten that the kisses of boundless gratitude which he showered on Gertrud Eysolt's hands at the time of the first performance of the drama under Max Reinhardt's management had been recorded? And Eysolt had made Lulu a bad woman, if ever there was one! The conclusion became obvious—that Wedekind had composed the type of Lulu, and the whole *Erdgeist* for that matter, under the spell of inspiration, without knowing exactly what he was about, and that only later, when he fell desperately in love with and married the little ingénue actress, Tilly Newes, he decided that his Lulu should be and always was intended

to be the type she had to become in Tilly's hands.

Dramatically, *Erdegeist* is the soundest thing Wedekind has written, the best adapted for stage purposes, and, besides, it really does contain a trace of inspiration. The motto he chose for it holds a sort of program—a promise and a threat. These are the first and last lines of the quotation:

“Nature created me of coarser stuff,

“And toward Earth will draw me my desire. . . .

.....
 “And in her service not one human lives

“Who, from it, could withdraw a spotless soul.”

Lulu is earth-made, unconsciously devoted to all things earthly—not necessarily material, but earthly. She personifies the Spirit of Earth. A pessimist and gynoclast would call her “the Eternal Feminine.”

She is a young creature who, at the age of twelve, was found by Schön selling flowers in the cafés around midnight,—and caught by him trying to steal his watch. He takes pity on her because he finds in her personality something startling and original, provides her with an education and marries her off to a wealthy old physician who, naturally, is obsessed with jealousy. When the play begins, she is the old doctor's wife and poses in Pierrot costume to the painter Schwartz for her portrait. The young artist is half crazed by her witchery, and there is a very peculiar love-scene, photographically precise, as it needs must happen between two people just such as these. The husband comes, finds the studio upset and, in a frantic fit, receives a deadly stroke of apoplexy. There follows a scene typical of Wedekind:

SCHWARTZ. [*Bending over the body.*] Doctor!—
Mr. Goll!

LULU. I think it is rather serious.

SCHWARTZ. Do talk decently!

LULU. *He* would not speak to me like that! He always makes me dance for him when he is not feeling well.

SCHWARTZ. The doctor must be here in a moment.

LULU. Medicine never helps him.

SCHWARTZ. But in such a case one must try everything!

LULU. He does not believe in it.

SCHWARTZ. Won't you at least go and dress?

LULU. Yes——

SCHWARTZ. What are you waiting for?

LULU. I beg of you——

SCHWARTZ. What?

LULU. Close his eyes.

SCHWARTZ. You are horrible!

LULU. Not nearly as horrible as you!

SCHWARTZ. As I?

LULU. You have the nature of a criminal.

SCHWARTZ. Does not the tragedy of this moment move you at all?

LULU. It will come to me also, some time.

SCHWARTZ. Please, be still!

LULU. It will come to you also, some time.

SCHWARTZ. You needn't remind me of that now!

LULU. Please——

SCHWARTZ. Do what you think should be done. I know nothing about it.

LULU. He looks at me——

SCHWARTZ. At me also!

LULU. You are a coward!

SCHWARTZ. [*Closing the eyes of the dead man.*] It is the first time in my life that I have been condemned to this.

LULU. Haven't you done it for your mother?

SCHWARTZ. [*Nervously.*] No.

LULU. Then, I suppose, you were absent.

SCHWARTZ. No!

LULU. Or were you afraid?

SCHWARTZ. [*Violently.*] NO!!

LULU. [*Shuddering.*] I didn't mean to offend you——

SCHWARTZ. She is still living!

LULU. Then you have someone in the world?

SCHWARTZ. She is a beggar.

LULU. I know what that means!

SCHWARTZ. Keep your mockeries!

LULU. Now I am rich——

SCHWARTZ. [*Turning from her.*] It is horrible! But is she responsible?

LULU. [*To herself.*] What will become of me——?

SCHWARTZ. [*As above.*] Absolutely without conscience! [*He goes to her and takes her hand.*] Look into my eyes.

LULU. [*Frightened.*] What do you want of me?

SCHWARTZ. Look into my eyes!

LULU. I see myself as a Pierrot in them.

SCHWARTZ. [*Repelling her.*] Curse the mummery!

LULU. I must get dressed now.

SCHWARTZ. [*Holding her.*] One question.

LULU. But you don't want me to answer!

SCHWARTZ. Can you speak the truth?

LULU. I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. Do you believe in God?

LULU. I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. Is there anything by which you can swear?

LULU. I don't know. Let me go. You are crazy.

SCHWARTZ. What do you believe in?

LULU. I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. Have you no soul?

LULU. I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. Have you ever loved?

LULU. I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. She doesn't know!

LULU. [*Motionless.*] I don't know——

SCHWARTZ. [*With a look at the body.*] He knows!

LULU. What do you want to know?

SCHWARTZ. [*At the end of his wits.*] Go and get dressed!

[*Lulu goes into the adjoining room.*]

SCHWARTZ. [*Bending over the body.*] I wish I could change places with you who are lying here, dead.—I give her back to you! I give you my youth into the bargain! I have not the courage, not the faith! My poverty, my patient waiting have exhausted them. It is too late for me now. I am not equal to happiness. It frightens me! . . . Wake! I have not touched her! . . . He opens his mouth. . . . Mouth open and eyes closed, like a child. . . . With me it is the other way! . . . Wake! Oh, wake! . . . [*He kneels to tie a handkerchief around the dead man's head.*] Here I pray to Heaven for the strength to be happy! For the power and the freedom to be happy, just a little! For her sake! Only for her sake!

[*Lulu returns, completely dressed. She has her left arm raised and with her right hand holds her bodice together under it.*]

LULU. Would you mind hooking me up here? My hand trembles.

In the second act Lulu is married to the painter who, thanks to her money and to Schön's influence, has become successful and fashionable. But all through these two matrimonial adventures she really loves none but her benefactor, Schön, who is a widower with a grown-up son, and engaged to be married to a young society woman. He finds her devotion to him, and her persistent attempts to continue her former *liaison* with him, uncomfortable and compromising. He warns the painter to keep closer watch over his wife and tells him what he knows of Lulu's mysterious antecedents. The sudden shock of the revelation is too much for the young husband's emotional nature. He goes off and cuts his throat with a razor.

SCHÖN. [*To his son Alva.*] The fool!

ALVA. I suppose that somehow he has been enlightened about her.

SCHÖN. He brooded too much over himself.

[*Schön is about to answer the doorbell.*]

LULU. [*Stopping him.*] Wait! There is some blood there.

SCHÖN. Where?

[*She soaks her handkerchief in perfume to wipe Schön's hand.*]

LULU. Wait—— I'll clean it away.

SCHÖN. It is your husband's blood!

LULU. It leaves no stains.

SCHÖN. Monster!

LULU. You'll marry me nevertheless!

The third act finds Lulu dancing in a ballet composed by young Alva. A prince courts her and offers

to take her away. But her cap is set for Schön. She finally succeeds in forcing him to break his engagement to the other woman and to marry her.

In the fourth act she has at last reached her aim. She is Schön's wife, a position which does not prevent her from listening to a strangely mixed crowd of admirers. As he breaks in on one of her parties, he finds a man hidden in every corner, behind every curtain, and a woman, too, who pursues Lulu with a doglike devotion. He thrusts a revolver into her hand with the suggestion that suicide has become urgent for her.

LULU. You want to force me to send a bullet through my heart? I am no longer sixteen, but I am still too young for that!

Hearing this, a schoolboy, hidden under the table, leaps forth and yells for help. As Schön turns toward him, Lulu fires five shots into his back and keeps on pulling the trigger, hysterically. With his last breath Schön denounces her to his son Alva. The boy has had a hard fight with himself to resist her fascination until then. Now she pleads:

LULU. You cannot deliver me into the hands of justice! It would cost me my head! I shot him because he wanted to shoot me! In all the world I never loved any man but him!—Alva! Demand of me what you wish! Don't let me fall into the hands of justice! It would be a pity about me. . . . I am still young! I shall be true to you all my life! I shall belong to none but you! Look at me, Alva! Man! Look at me! Look at me!

But the police burst in and Lulu is arrested.

The horror of the war of sex in *Erdgeist* is mild compared with what emanates from the second part of the tragedy, *The Box of Pandora*, in which Lulu, escaped from prison, again takes the dominant part.

It is the first and by far the boldest of "white slave plays." The degradation through which Lulu is forced after she falls into the hands of a "white slaver," until finally she joins the ghosts of those who were lost through her, is too awful and too complicated to be related briefly.

Here Wedekind reveals himself what someone has called a "monomaniac of morality." As his perplexing temperament is wont to prompt him, he hides his motives and intentions under the mask of caricature, of bizarre and grotesque form. Frequently the hoof of Mephistopheles can be detected, but there is never a touch of frivolity. In fact, the deadly seriousness with which he handles all his subjects, even when he caricatures them, is at once the saving feature in his work and its weak point. A greater aloofness on the author's part would often make his sermon more convincing. On the other hand, a lighter dealing with Wedekind's terrible or delicate themes might have rendered them entirely unfit for publication. And while the reader is grateful to Wedekind for his scorn to play with suggestions and double meanings, yet he is disconcerted at his bold disrobing of the beast in all its brutal reality. Though one may object to his thinking his thoughts out to their uttermost limit, one must admit that he does it with bigness and earnestness. That is why it is needless to fear, after all, that his work may have a pernicious effect.

Wedekind has been relentlessly attacked by the authorities as well as by the public. In one of his shorter plays, *Zensur*, he presents his own defense, putting it into the mouth of a misunderstood *litterat*: "What I utter with the deep earnestness of my conviction is being taken for blasphemy. Should that make me put myself in contradiction with my con-

viction? Should I consciously become untrue, unreal and insincere, to make people believe in my sincerity? If I were capable of doing that, then would I be the blasphemer for which I am taken."

Here is another one of his *professions de foi*:

"From the days of my early childhood I have endeavored to conciliate the awe with which beautiful nature inspires us with the awe which is forced upon us by the eternal laws of the universe. We derive no pleasure from the beauty of those laws. We have no respect for the laws of earthly beauty. The reunion of holiness and beauty, to form a divine idol for pious worship, that is the aim toward which I have striven since childhood."

And still another:

"Religion is a matter of feeling rather than of reasoning only to those who cannot exhaust their own thoughts."

The Awakening of Spring is one of Wedekind's earlier plays. With *Erdegeist*, it is the most widely known,—the only one produced in Paris and the first translated into English. If the perfect play is the one that abides by the three unities of the Greek drama, then *The Awakening of Spring* must be called dramatically bad, written as it is in nineteen short scenes and extending over a period of several months. In Berlin, the ingenious device of Max Reinhardt's revolving stage made its integral presentation possible within the time-limit of an ordinary performance. In the Paris production, a few of the less important scenes had to be dispensed with. Yet, the general effect of the play was startling, generating discussion among the public and thereby contriving an honorable success.

Wedekind calls it a "tragedy of childhood." The play really deals with just one side of that great,

mysterious tragedy, the remembrance of which still thrills some of us when its actual pangs are long past. The awakening of spring is the beginning of the sex-instinct in young boys and girls,—that fleeting moment that could be so beautiful and generally is so ugly. With a quiet, pitiless finger Wedekind points out the evils and sorrows that spring from the unfortunate custom of surrounding all the facts about the reproduction of the race with Puritanic silence,—of keeping children as long as possible in “blessed innocence.” “Damnable ignorance,” he says.

A little girl of fourteen, Wendla, is seduced by a boy of sixteen, without either of them knowing what they are about. Wendla's married sister recently had a baby. She knew that a certain Mother Schmidt attended her sister, and she could no longer believe in her mother's miraculous tales about the stork. But that was all. The questions she asked her mother received no definite answer. Custom has made it difficult for mothers to speak to their daughters about the most sacred of human things. So, after she has played in the hay with young Melchior, and she falls ill, she thinks it must be anaemia that ails her. But the mother knows and weeps and asks her why she didn't tell her that she was going to have a child. Wendla says:

“But how can I have a child? I'm not married! You told me that one must have a husband and love him very, very much to have a child. I have never loved anyone but you, mother!”

And when the bell rings, and the woman opens the door and says: “You are right on time, Mother Schmidt!” it is one of the most humanly tragic moments that can be found in any literature.

Little Wendla dies, and Melchior is interned in a

children's penitentiary. His friend, Maurice, has made a bad record in his studies and will have to repeat his course, for his flesh and his mind have been disquieted of late. In his head he turns and measures all his youthful philosophy,—transcribed with remarkable verity by Wedekind,—and then decides that life is not worth the effort and suicide is the shortest and most desirable solution to an intricate problem. One thing makes him hesitate for a moment:

“It is a little humiliating to have been a man and not to have known the most human of things. You have been in Egypt, sir, and you have not seen the Pyramids?”

The last scene is laid in the cemetery where Maurice is buried. Melchior has escaped from the penitentiary, and his reverie brings him to his friend's grave. The hour is midnight. The dead boy arises—a body clad in a wide, dark cloak, carrying his head in the hollow of his arm,—and speaks to the living one. They engage in an uncanny, philosophical conversation which contains the moral and the conclusion to be drawn from the drama. A “Masked Gentleman” appears, symbolizing ordinary, everyday life, and joins in the discussion. The dead boy is content, for he has the soothing assurance that everything is naught to him now. The living one follows the “Masked Gentleman” back into life, and with him he takes “an everlasting doubt about everything.”

For the *Awakening of Spring* Wedekind's admirers have hailed him the forerunner of a new dramatic art, a neo-romanticism. His foes have flayed him as a literary clown and a pornographer. To the independent critic he can appear as neither of these, entirely. He is not big enough to be a

prophet, and as yet no one has come, with greater talent than his own, who has found Wedekind's direction worth the following. He stands alone, rather as a literary accident than as a promise. His choice falls preferably upon sex-themes, it is true, but there is nothing unclean in his treatment of them. He impresses one rather as a sad and sensuous moralist. "The flesh has a spirit of its own," he declares.

In almost every case, his meaning is worth infinitely more than his form. As a dramatic craftsman he is inferior to scores of others. The greater number of his plays would not allow the most superficial technical analysis or stand the glare of the footlights. The characters he has created in pieces like *The Marquis von Keith*, *Oaha*, *Hidalla*, *The Dance of Death*, *Minihaha*, *The Elixir of Love*, *The Concert Singer*, *Washed in All Waters*, *Hunted by All Hounds*, and so forth,—the characters in these plays are scarcely existent. They are either the animated mouthpieces for Wedekind's personal opinion, or the opposing spirits necessary to keep the controversy going.

Wedekind's short stories are as different from his dramatic works as again his poems are different from the stories. The poems, collected in a volume under the title of *Die Vier Jahreszeiten* (*The Four Seasons*), are written for the most part in irregular blank verse and, though sometimes poetical in conception, are thoroughly indifferent in execution. The rhymed pieces are even worse: comparable to what one may find any day in the "funny column" of an evening paper.

In his short stories, nine in number and gathered under the title of *Feuerwerk* (*Fireworks*), the dominant note is passion. They are forceful tales of

startling incidents, generally told by the person to whom the experience came. It is an artifice much abused by inferior writers, but Wedekind employs it with skill. It gives the stories the very dramatic power and crispness which is so often lacking in his plays. Here the characters of his imagination, whether Swiss peasant-lad or Russian princess, Rabbi Ezra or a *fin-de-siècle* lover, are drawn with pitiless accuracy and speak their own language without ever showing their parentage in the mind of the author.

The severest criticism that can be addressed to Wedekind the novelist is that he lacks depth and consecutiveness of thought. It is difficult to discern any more of the author's viewpoint in his stories than that he considers passion the one great *movens* and *agens* of the universe.

What, in short, is Wedekind's message? Ah, there's the rub! It is so hidden under mountains of expounding talk, so elusive, so contradictory and inconsistent, that one is hardly able to make it out clearly,—the purpose of one work always seeming to destroy the conclusion of the other. The worst of it is that the author himself evidently ignores whither he is drifting.

And that is the greatest reproach to be made to a man of Wedekind's ability to think and to write: he has no positive goal, he is not sure of himself, and, furthermore, he treats his medium of expression altogether too negligently. He is an undisciplined force, but one capable of giving a vigorous impulse. He is not a great artist, because of the imperfection of his form, which always lacks the stamp of definitiveness, of finality. But the visionary and the involuntary humorist in him make one overlook to a certain extent his artistic shortcom-

ings. One feels that to Wedekind, the revolutionary moralist, the independent thinker, civilized humanity owes attention and respect. If his arguments do not always carry conviction, it is often, no doubt, because he works them out in his mind only, leaving his heart unconcerned. But is not that also the case with George Bernard Shaw?

FRANCES C. FAY.

DEPERSONALIZING THE INSTRUMENTS OF DRAMA



IN writing about the production of *David Copperfield* at His Majesty's Theatre, at Christmas, the critic of the *London Times* made use of this observation: "Two things are absolute essentials (to the adaptation): to give us the really critical points of the Dickensian curve and to shine by his own (the adapter's) absence." That is common sense. But every one must have noticed that the tendency in the theatre is for the instruments of the drama to become more and more personal to the point of excluding that precious element which is becoming associated in the minds of advanced persons with drama, altogether. And the one or two attempts that are being made to recapture the impersonal note are singularly confused and ineffective. There is for instance the present talk of a "rhythmic drama." Now such a form of drama supposes in each play a fundamental rhythm which manifests itself throughout in a single unbroken creative movement (as the said Dickensian curve might do if properly adapted). We may assume therefore that such a movement stores itself as it goes in harmonious rhythmic forms of sound, color, line, and the like, with the ultimate object of securing the fullest freedom of rhythmic creative effect through such forms, upon the spectator. Thus the dominant rhythm does not change. Upon its immutability depends the truth and intensity of its ulti-

mate effect upon the spectator. Roughly speaking, if it starts as a round rhythm it must reach its highest sweep as a round rhythm. Any attempt to force it through square rhythms must alter its character and flow. It is useless to argue that the square rhythms of the instruments of expression (say the square personalities of author and actors) are of as much importance as the round rhythms; because one can reply that the only thing that matters in a play is the fundamental note of drama represented by the round rhythm, that this note is gathered from the infinite by a unique individuality specially adapted for the purpose, and thereafter it is sent on its course to the spectator by instruments delicately in tune with the master instrument (the author). It is regrettable that those who are seeking to establish an impersonal form of drama do not see these facts clearly, and do not see that such a form of drama can only be transmitted impersonally, that is by persons who act by no will or conscience of their own. For if they did see these things it is conceivable they would cease to bring up arguments apparently in favor of depersonalisation but really favoring representations conditioned by personal means.

Perhaps they would have a clearer notion of the work to be done if they were to answer a question like the following: Suppose that drama is an impersonal element; suppose that it attains its end, namely, the greatest creative dramatic effect upon the spectator, by impersonal means:—would it not demand that the instruments should be such in their effects as would prevent the spectator becoming acquainted with their personal facts? In other words, ought the drama to obliterate everything but itself? And if so, how is this to be achieved? Naturally, the sane answer is this, that everything in a dramatic

production must lead and be subservient to a higher principle than that by which it is consciously actuated. The mind and conscience of the author, producer, actor, composer and decorator and spectator must be reconciled to the working of this principle. The implication is that first place should be given to the unconscious (upon which it is now believed by scientists and philosophers the conscious artificially constructs itself), and that the only state in a theatre which favors the complete and efficient transmission of the dramatic element is a dream state. I imagine that the eternal verities, expressing themselves as movements in space, are the intense articulations of dream-stuff. The drama becomes a mould for the movements in space and gives an appropriate outwardness and sensation of reality to the substance of each dream. But I will not continue at this part of the new world of ideas. It may come up for treatment another time.

I want here to indulge in one or two speculative generalisations on drama and the means of ridding it of checks that prevent its producing the greatest creative dramatic effect upon the spectator. Besides this I want to estimate some present-day experiments in elimination.

I have postulated an ultimate creative dramatic effect upon the spectator, and I have postulated as the cause of this effect, an unconscious unbroken movement or force, which I call drama. The unconscious nature of this force supposes transmitters that work unconsciously. They exercise neither will nor conscience of their own in this particular transmission. As the force ascends through them, sensibility remains but consciousness disappears. They emerge only as the conductors of this external and eternal force. They are indeed seen as so many foci

of instinctive agency through which the main movement sends out subsidiary movements that return to the main movement before the climax is reached. By their means the true individuality of drama is disclosed and preserved. As the expression of eternal truth passes into the reservoir of sensibility formed by the impersonal author, producer, actor, designer, composer, it actuates all the organs of motion, spontaneously reaches its widest sweep and finally manifests itself upon the spectator at a maximum intensity humanly possible. By the force of the intensity the spectator is given a moment of creative energy. He is carried out of himself, initiated into the truth of what he experiences. The material bandage is removed from his eyes, and he sees himself transmuted into spiritual substance. It is in the process of unwinding the material self till the spiritual self is reached, that the action of drama actually lies. And it is the watching of this process by the character who is being unwrapped, and the strengthening fear that it will lead to extinction, because when he has been stripped of all material possessions nothing of a spiritual value will remain,—it is this initiation of man into the truth of his higher self, of the nature and extent of his link with eternity, that constitutes tragedy. What is there more poignant than the sight of man dispossessed of the earth to which he has attached the utmost value, realising that he has no foothold in heaven and that he has got to win one or perish spiritually. I fancy that the drama of initiation, showing the small beginnings of grace and attaining the fullest perception of glory (the vision of the higher self) is the great and coming thing. The new occupation for dramatists will be that of refining away the bodies of their central characters and crowning the souls

with immortality. Only dramatists of the highest sensibility can do it. Any fool can write a discussion play, but it takes a genius to put eternity on the stage.

So we find that a significant movement has to be transmitted in its own way. By what means is this to be achieved? Certain receptive mediums have to be chosen whose sensibility prompts them to act alone in response to an influence which operates upon their senses. That is, they must be prepared by certain qualities of their nervous organization, and by individual bodily temperament to receive this vibratory force, and to act in unison when transmitting it. This, of course, implies a subordination and sacrifice of mind and self. Well, it cannot be helped. If we choose to make ourselves responsible for the transmission of divinity we must be responsible divinely. "But," someone will ask, "where is the passive author, the first receptive medium, to be found?" My answer is that I do not think it would be difficult to find individuals endowed with a healthy sensitiveness open to the contagion (if I may put it so) of significant dramatic sensations. There are many playwrights in whom the unconscious is strongly developed and who would give it a hearing if they had the chance. There are others who are so endowed, but alas, consciously bury their precious endowment beneath a heap of culture. Thus we find that in some cases culture is that hotbed upon which plays are reared, while in others, the impersonal being, the strongest point of their authors' nature, this element is uppermost. As an illustration of my meaning, let me take Mr. Bernard Shaw and Ibsen. Both of these authors have strong sensibility, both have culture superimposed upon their sensibility, both are naturally and deeply sympathetic. Here

the comparison ends. If we turn to their plays we shall see where the difference lies. In Mr. Shaw the social side of his nature is strongly developed; in Ibsen the individualist stands out. In the first, culture is uppermost; in the second art is apparent. Mr. Shaw is always at the level of consciousness, always explaining things, always telling us what he knows. He examines and states his views on the interests and activities which are conscious to the social individual. Ibsen works mainly in the unconscious region and discloses the content of the unconscious in the individual. The interest of Nora, for instance, is not contained in the working of her conscious mind, but in the unconscious elements which throughout the play seek to come to the surface and do, in fact, declare themselves when the climax is reached and Nora learns the truth of her relation to the man she has married. So Mr. Shaw is personal; Ibsen is impersonal. The one speaks through his characters; as to the other, the characters speak through him. Every one of Mr. Shaw's characters is conditioned, actualized and interpreted by Mr. Shaw; every one of Ibsen's characters is part of an unconscious creative movement. This movement is seen in each play as the growth and progression of a soul curve, and all the minor characters are the subordinate rhythms which the central character or movement throws out and which return upon the movement to strengthen the great spiritual climax. Thus Ibsen's curve is the true life-curve. His basis of plot is the spiritual, not physical nature of man. And in man's gradual attainment of the perception of his higher self, and consequent disillusion concerning his material importance, is contained the issue of Ibsen's plays. In his play construction Ibsen observes, at least, one great mystical condi-

tion. The first and last are one. The first note and last note of each play are one, but raised in the end to a higher key. The opening chord resolves through various harmonies and discords to a higher key, that is, progresses from the physical climax to the spiritual one. Thus he seems to say: "In spirit there is neither beginning nor end." Mr. Shaw's curve on the contrary is a death-curve. He is solely concerned with the physical nature of man, and is therefore bound to end on the level at which he begins.

The finest example of Ibsen's spiral progression is to be found in *A Doll's House*, wherein Nora is seen progressing to a full illumination of the infinite worth of her soul. The critical point of Mr. Shaw's plays is usually reached about the middle of the curve. In *Pygmalion* it attains its height on the word "bloody" and thereafter falls rapidly to inertia or death. I need not pursue the comparison further. I hope to work it out in detail later. My point is, given an Ibsen free of culture and we have the ideal author. What Ibsen knew did not matter. What he felt was of first class importance. I am afraid it is not possible to distil anything out of the Shaw type. It is too deeply smitten with the infirmity of personal translation. Besides what can we do with a man who consciously binds himself in the icy chains of obstinate unemotionalism.

So much for the passive author. Now for the passive producer. It is not so easy to get rid of the personal producer, partly because such producers have become the fashion, and partly because producing plays excites the feelings and ideas which compose the conscious mind, and thus leads the producer to stamp everybody and thing in a production with his own hall mark. We know how the infection has caught certain more or less distinguished play-

producers. Look how Sir Arthur Pinero leaves his conscious mark on the stage. The mark is a geometrical one and is particularly noticeable in the arrangement of his stage-figures.

The figures continue throughout a play to group and regroup with a geometrical nicety utterly at variance with actual movements with the result that the spectator finds himself watching for these manifestations of Sir Arthur's personality. Then look how Mr. Granville Barker always works at the level of consciousness. There are no unconscious elements, no evidences of physical processes beyond the scope of consciousness in his productions. Every person and item is carefully edited. There is a definition and a reason for all things. In fact the conscious mind of the producer, the personality if you will, and not the play or dramatic flow, is uppermost. And then look how Max Reinhardt works. Here is a producer who does leave a door open to the unconscious. His main aim is to squeeze the dramatic element out of play and player till it saturates the spectator. In doing so he offers first place to the unconscious, but, alas, he sometimes builds upon this with conscious processes. Here and there we feel the producer behind the production. Still Max Reinhardt comes near to the ideal producer. If he dreams of a dramatic atmosphere, he does everything in his power to produce and preserve it. It is not altogether his fault that in realising his dream he cannot make actors, scenery and accessories melt away. Perhaps it is his misfortune. He is not the man for the job.

So much for the passive producer. It is also difficult to obliterate the personal actor. The attempt to get rid of him by ensemble acting has only changed the problem, not solved it. We are now faced with a collective personality. Likewise the attempt to re-

place him by a receptive medium specially invented for the purpose, does not promise fruitful results. Common sense tells us that the finest mechanical doll cannot be expected to produce results equal to those to be obtained from an impressionable human being. The marionette is at the best but a soulless automaton. If it is true that it has no will or personality of its own, it is also true that it is worked by the will and personality of an operator. Thus it becomes the symbol of a symbol instead of being a symbol of the thing itself. It manifests the conscious mind behind it, whereas it should express the unconscious flow of drama. In other words it does not and cannot express infinite psychic experiences. It can only operate according to the conscious imagination or intellect of its operator—so that very little of the fundamental flow is seen in its action. But if the mechanical doll is not an efficient symbol, it points the way to one. I think the ideal actor will be found in a flesh and blood marionette, one who is able to catch and transmit the actual psychic experiences of the author, to live in the original flux without disturbing by a conscious mind the truth of its flow. The actor-marionette should be able to express the unconscious as in a moving trance.

Finally I come to passive scenery. I do not think we are likely to come to this form of scenery yet awhile, at least not till scenic reformers have made up their minds as to what precisely the scene is. Let me give them a hint to work upon. The screen that is thrown around a play is, in my theory, the inevitable extension of the intensity of the play itself. It is something extended by the play in order to intensify its own effect upon the spectator and to complete the illusion. Let me put it this way. If the acting in a play were sufficiently intense and the re-

ceptiveness of the spectator sufficiently acute, no scenery would be required, simply because the intensity of the acting would serve to obliterate everything but itself. One can believe that this is what happened at an early period of the world's history when men were poets, actors and spectators rolled in one. They were raised by certain intense experiences to such a high pressure of lyrical expression as to become transfigured for the time being. Now acting has dropped far below this high pressure with the result that it fails to express actuality at a higher pressure than actuality. Therefore it requires an artificial aid to strengthen its interest and to prevent the mind of the spectator from wandering to actual things which do not belong to the play itself. In the decay of intense acting, I think, may be found the origin, growth, and development of appropriate and inappropriate scenery. Today on every side are to be found screens that protrude and distract by sheer impressiveness of personality. They are in fact of more importance than the plays themselves to which they are often tacked on as a means of concealing their worthlessness. It will be gathered from the foregoing that the only way to depersonalise scenery is to make it gradually melt into that from which it originally came. It must become, once more, a part of the fluidity of the play. And in due course when acting renews its high and intense character, it will disappear altogether. No one will ask for it except persons with weak imaginations and weaker sensibility. It is a good sign that something is being done to depersonalise scenery, even though this something is off the track as yet. I refer to the experiments with Space. The attempt to put Space on the stage is being feverishly pursued but the results are disappointing, so far. I find that the same

objection to the stage use of a mechanical doll, applies to the stage use of Space. We may ask, how does Space (atmospheric Space) symbolise or visualise the author's vision? Well, it does not visualise the author's vision, because the author does not have a vision of Space. He is aware of something growing out of it. And when he puts this something on the stage, he has to construct a Space that will suit its stage requirements. This means that he has to bring Space, together with all the elements that called forth his vision, in the theatre. Of course he cannot do this. The most he can do is to eliminate the actual elements and to use his judgment and consciousness to replace them with the artificial ones at his disposal. Everything must be artificially correct to recall the real thing, yet we know they are actually false. This sort of personal impersonal symbol will not do. I would rather have a human symbol, one focusing and suggesting by his passions and interest the eternal elements contained in space.

HUNTLY CARTER.

JAMES SHIRLEY, DRAMATIST

James Shirley, Dramatist, by Arthur H. Nason

Published by the author, University Heights, New
York City



IN these days of the making of many books upon the drama it is inevitable that only now and then will a noteworthy volume appear. Such is *James Shirley, Dramatist*, by Professor Arthur Huntington Nason, of New York University and the Union Theological Seminary. It is a singular fact that "the last of the Elizabethans and the prophet of the Restoration" has so long rested in comparative obscurity—that it has remained until the present, and for Dr. Nason, to turn upon this minor star of a mighty constellation the perspective glass of scholarly research and criticism. The results prove the wisdom of the undertaking. Shirley, though often overshadowed by his predecessors and his followers, proves a poet and a playwright, not so much of the decadence of the drama which marked his period, as of the fertile promise which in Caroline England was cut short by almost purely political developments.

Speaking of one of Shirley's latest pieces, Edmund Gosse says: "When we think what English drama, from *Tamburlaine the Great* to *The Cardinal*, consists of, we may well marvel at the wealth poured out in sixty years." Shirley's plays are preëminently of this wealth, of which the luxuriance of his

fancy, his "discreet, sober, and sweet-tempered" style, his ever-increasing skill in dramatic construction, and his occasionally exalted poetic attainments form no inconsiderable part. Moreover, as this same commentator points out, Shirley, though he wrote during a time of decadence, did not contribute to the retrogression, since he was "entirely unaffected by the striking faults of his age, its violence, its obscurity, its prosodical license."

Dr. Nason's recent study falls into two main divisions: the first in which he gives the results of a thorough and painstaking investigation of Shirley's life; and the second in which we find a complete account of the dramatist's work, chronologically considered, *résumés* of all his plays, an analysis of each from the dramatic and the literary point of view, a consideration of the playwright's development, and important generalizations based upon the entire scrutiny.

Born during the reign of Elizabeth, "schoolboy, university man, and teacher in the reign of James I.; favorite dramatist of the court of Charles, friend of the king, and champion of the queen; follower of the Duke of Newcastle in the Civil War; and schoolmaster again and miscellaneous writer," Shirley in his career affords an extraordinary variety and scope. For one of his masques, as for *Comus*, Lawes composed the music, and Inigo Jones designed the scenery. Of thirty-one plays, twelve, upon analysis, turn out to be realistic pictures of London life and manners, connecting Jonson and Congreve; one proves a hybrid; and eighteen are of a romanticism that joins Fletcher to Dryden.

As to Shirley's life, Dr. Nason's minute consideration of the available evidence, including much that is new, clears up many points. Three often-accepted

hypotheses regarding the dramatist's parentage are rejected as without proof, and a fourth is substituted and convincingly sustained—that the “James, son of James Sharlie,” baptized in St. Mary Woolchurch, September seventh, 1596, was the future playwright. Similarly other facts of Shirley's career are investigated, as is each of his plays with reference to dates of composition, licensing, performance, and publication. This part of the volume ends with a reproduction of Shirley's will, not previously in print.

The study of the plays yields the interesting conclusion that Shirley, who has often been superficially classified as a realist, though he was much taken with comedy of manners and of humors, yet “gave himself even more earnestly to dramatic romance, to romantic comedy, and to romantic tragedy.” As the author puts it: “The career of James Shirley, dramatist, is itself a drama, in which the contending forces are realism and romanticism, and in which romanticism is ultimately triumphant.” Clearly revealing the Jonsonian influence, the comedies of manners often resolve themselves into comedies of humors as well—*Hyde Park*, *The Ball*, *The Gamester*, for example. On the other hand, *The Traitor*, *The Young Admiral*, *The Royal Master*, and others, with their intrigues of statecraft or of love and their scenes of amazement or poetic charm, are clearly reminiscent of Fletcher and of Shakspeare.

Eight out of eleven plays belonging to Shirley's “first period,” according to Dr. Nason's division, are definitely realistic. Romanticism, however, makes its appearance in the dramatist's first piece, *Love Tricks*, “a patchwork of romance, humor, manners, farce, pastoral, and masque,” which Swinburne has called “a feebly preposterous and impotently

imitative abortion, . . . the product of second-hand humor and second-rate sentiment," and which Dr. Nason shrewdly suggests "for this very reason needs only appropriate music, costuming, and scenery to make it an acceptable rival to the latest Broadway 'show.'"

Shirley's next play, *The Maid's Revenge*, is tragedy—his worst, we are told, as obviously a first attempt should be. Into the third piece, *The Wedding*, a comedy of manners, comes "a faint influence of Shaksperian romantic comedy." Writing more leisurely thereafter, Shirley follows the usual procedure and experiments in several fields. *The Witty Fair One* is realistic comedy of manners and of humors; *The Grateful Servant* is romantic comedy with a realistic underplot; *The Traitor* is romantic tragedy. In all these plays the writer shows his increasing power in stagecraft and in grasp of human character. "For a major dramatist at the height of his career," as Dr. Nason puts it, "*The Traitor* would have been a creditable production; for a minor dramatist scarce out of his apprenticeship *The Traitor* is a memorable production."

In the second and third periods of Shirley's development, we see how the romantic influence of Fletcher and Shakspeare gradually triumphs over the realistic influence of Fletcher and Jonson, as to both quantity and quality of output. Of thirty-one plays more than eighteen are shown to be primarily romantic, less than thirteen primarily realistic. Romanticism has definitely taken for her own one who is "a just pretender to more than the meanest place among the English poets . . . by some accounted little inferior to Fletcher himself."

Throughout his treatise Dr. Nason's style is lucid and pleasing; and the structure of his work is a

model of clearness and simplicity, as might be expected of a writer who is also an authority of fast-growing importance on English composition. A complete and accurate bibliography of Shirley's plays and of extant works on the dramatist crowns this sympathetic but always unbiased account and estimate of a poet so well worth the labor involved. Dr. Nason's volume is an altogether readable, exhaustive, and authoritative contribution to literary and dramatic criticism.

CHARLTON ANDREWS.

PLAYING HAMLET AS SHAKESPEARE STAGED IT IN 1601*

I



AS Shakespeare put on his *Hamlet* in 1601 at the Globe Theatre, he created from the start, by means of his stage setting, an effect compelling the right mood. Not the rise of a curtain but the blast of a bugle announced the original beginning of Shakespeare's tragedy. I am not sure but we miss in our modern reproductions even here, at the mere preface to the play, something stirring atmospheric. That prolonged triple blare of a clarion sounding out into the open air above the head from the turret of the four-story feudal tower that formed at once the ever ready practicable interior and the ever present scenic background of Shakespeare's stage—what a challenge that lofty note would needs be to the ear of the dramatic imagination if for us too today *Hamlet* could so begin! If instead of a machinery-regulated curtain, sliding up in a groove, a martial trumpet-tone were boldly volleyed out from on high, would it not prove to be an alarm to the senses, preparing them to seize the storied world-environment? In tune with such a summons, in harmony with such a scenic background, this play was grown and cradled.

A contrasting quiet, an empty fore-stage, twenty-two feet deep of space and stillness, beginning mid-

*Copyright 1915, by Charlotte Porter. Apply to Charlotte Porter, *The Drama*, for further particulars and for the right to use this setting.

house and in the very heart of the audience, and stretching on to the blank and tightly shut gates of the castle tower looming up at the rear of the stage! Not a trace of life is to be seen there—but loneliness, aloofness, night. The modern setting puts the sentinels there; Shakespeare's does not. The modern setting does this because it follows a stage direction not Shakespeare's: "An open place before the Palace." It was put into the text in 1709 by Shakespeare's first editor, Nicholas Rowe, and later modified by Malone to "A platform before the Castle." Like the rest of such scene settings put into the plays by editors, it still leads modern stage producers "far wide" of the author's own masterly scenic effects.

No Elizabethan could be so unreasonable as to permit the king of a feudal castle like Elsinore to station his sentinels anywhere else than where Shakespeare puts them. And that is aloft on the level walk up on the battlemented walls above the entrance gates. Only here, on the "Platforme," in the feudal sense of that architectural word, could the man on watch, like a sea-captain perched on the bridge of a ship's upper deck, scour the country for the first sign of an enemy's approach and be in time to order the drawbridge up, the portcullis down and every loophole and casemate manned and ready for defense.

A watchman on the ground level before the castle gates could be surprised. And Shakespeare takes good care to make fully known at the first possible chance in the opening of his first scene, that Hamlet's crafty uncle was in extraordinary fear of surprise and had taken measures against it. He expected attack at any time from Fortinbras with his "shark'd up List of lawless Resolutes." Therefore he had ordered daily "cast of Brazen Cannon," the

purchase of "Implements of Warre" in foreign markets, and the "Impresse of Shipwrights" to task-work so sore and haste so sweaty that Sundays and weekdays, night and day were all one to the Danish laborer. Meanwhile the sentinels toiled nightly in "this same strict and most observant watch" upon the walls of Elsinore.

One other mighty masterpiece—the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus—strikes as stark a key as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. It also begins at dead of night with no other sign of life about the palace doors below, but only above on the roof where the lonely watchman keeps a sharp lookout for the first flare of the signal-fires.

But where is there a mate for the next thrill of dread in *Hamlet*? It is made effective by this same stage setting above the gates on the castle walls. A pacing sentinel on duty up there on the walls makes his entrance by turning the right corner of the tower. Immediately there falls upon him one of those "glimpses of the Moon," later making "night hideous" to Hamlet's eyes when they center upon the Ghost. Now this spectral effect startles the relieving sentinel, as he also at the same instant appears on the walls by turning the opposite corner of the tower. Immediately, the relieving sentinel—mind you! the relieving sentinel, not the one on duty—betrays his uncommon state of nervous apprehension by crying out. "*Who's there?*"

Because of this particular stage setting no Elizabethan could possibly mistake that spasm of instinctive fright of a ghost for fear of a foe. A foe would come from outside, not inside the fortress. Only for the modern auditor, who sees the scene wrongly placed on the ground level before the castle gates, may the opening words denote fear of an

enemy. Aloft on the ramparts, inside the fort, this cry cannot be equivocal. It proclaims itself as fright of a peculiar kind. The audience is primed from the start for the story presently to be told by that relieving sentinel of the dreaded sight before "twice seene" by him.

This spectral moonlight effect was managed simply enough in 1601 by means of a light in the upper rear-stage cast by a big globular cresset lamp. Cotgrave, in 1611, describes a cresset light to be such as "they use in Playhowses." It was made of "ropes pitched and wreathed and put in an open cage of iron."

Now at Barnardo's bidding they sit down on the steps leading to the grated window in the front wall of the guard room. Mark now how necessary and convenient this stage business of sitting down is for the free passage of the Ghost presently along the walk on the walls. In the modern stage setting the actors have no reason for sitting except because the text so bids. In Shakespeare's setting the dialogue so arranges because the width of the walk, say four feet, required it, and the entire action designed for that place suited it.

Let me interpose here that for stage purposes the first story of the tower of the Globe Theatre (1599-1613) had to be as low as looks would well admit architecturally, in order to make it feasible dramatically, since the actors sometimes needed to jump from the walls to the ground with an appearance of risk yet without real harm. Arthur, for example, in *King John*, risks such a jump and is supposed to be killed by it. These steps down from the second story window of the tower to the level of the walk on the lower story wall were devices to shorten the leap or the descent by ladder from this balcony, while at the

same time also lifting the window high enough above the top of the battlements to be seen well when it was used, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, to open up an interior scene in the second story of the tower. In a word, the lower story of the tower—that as castle or palace, pavilion, or cave, always stood at the rear of Shakespeare's main stage—had to be as low as requisite for any stage convenience whatsoever, and yet seem as lofty as possible to look well and to carry the wide doorway opening with double practicable doors set in the lower story frontage. The full twelve feet, called for by the height of the lower galleries of the auditorium in the contract of 1599 for building the Fortune Theatre like the Globe, was eased unobtrusively by these steps down from the second floor level of the upper chamber to the level of the walk whereon the Ghost had to pass when the stage of the Globe was set for *Hamlet*.

Barnardo faces the others as they sit. He is still standing on the steps with his back to the left when he tells them his story for he has just pointed above him to the open sky that is "westward from the Pole." So he has his back to the Ghost when it enters round the left corner. Marcellus, being furthest to the right and highest on the steps, is the one in a position to be the first to see the Ghost, and he is the first to rise and give the warning,—“Peace, breake thee off: looke where it comes againe.” Barnardo must now have turned to look and is apparently nearer it, for he is made to give the description,—“In the same figure like the King that’s dead.”

The apparition is advancing, meanwhile, for Barnardo, nearest to it at first, has evidently seen it pass in front of him and go a little toward Horatio and pause, facing him, when, commenting on the words

of Marcellus,—“Thou art a Scholar; speake to it, Horatio,”—Barnardo says what he thinks of the Ghost’s way of taking what Marcellus said. Barnardo says: “It *would* be spoke to.” That is what it wants.

Then Horatio does speak, but his words are not happy. “What art thou that usurp’st this hour of night?” “Usurp’st” was surely not an ingratiating word to use to a royal ghost who was himself murdered by one now usurping his throne. The effect of Horatio’s word on the Ghost is made clear. Marcellus, the nearest to it when it disdainfully walks away after this, is the one to see that it is “offended.” Barnardo now comes down the steps to look after it, as having passed him it goes on its way along the walls. It has its back turned to him when he cries,—“See, it stalkes away.” Horatio, the next to descend the steps, then cries after it,—“Stay! Speake, speake, speake.” Marcellus, nearest the right, comes down the steps last, when the Ghost leaves him finally the space to do so, and he is the last to see it as it rounds the right corner of the tower and passes off on the walls out of sight from the front.

I have never seen the stage business of the text work out as vividly and minutely with any modern stage setting as with the one here indicated. The action upon the Ghost’s reappearance confirms it.

Horatio’s final speech at the close of this scene is a notable one with respect to the scenic setting. His bidding to the others to look where the “Morne in Russet mantle clad, Walkes o’er the dew of yon high Easterne Hill” fits in with Barnardo’s speech at the opening of the scene when he from his position at the right had spoken of the star that stood “Westward from the Pole.”

These two speeches combine to fix the points of the compass for the Globe stage setting of the play. Still more! Since *Hamlet* is in agreement with the other plays in such betokenings, it combines with these to determine the permanent location on the Globe stage of such hill and woodland scenic settings as Horatio mentions.

Hill and woodland, orchard and garden settings to the left of the tower are as habitual a factor of Shakespeare's stage as the tower itself is. Here, flanking the tower, were placed the trees standing for "Birnam Wood" in *Macbeth*, "Windsor Forest" in the *Merry Wives*, the "Cyprus Grove" in *Coriolanus*, the "Line Grove" in *The Tempest*. Here, too, were arranged the shrubbery and bushes presenting the "Orchards" of *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Much Adoe* and *Twelfth Night*, together with the special adjustment of garden properties serving for the "thick pleached alleys," "the Garden walke," the "box tree" and the "Arbor" with the "Woodbine coverture" needed to make possible the stage business of the eavesdropping scenes in those two latter plays. These are but a few examples out of many that the plays afford. There is indeed but one play in the whole thirty-seven,—and that single exception is in itself significant, since it is *Henry VIII*.—which is entirely a palace-interior play and without any trace of Shakespeare's usual outdoor effects. It is not so surprising that a woodland or garden scene is permanently arranged for on Shakespeare's outdoor main stage as it is that we have been so slow to notice the evidence both outside and inside the plays in proof of such arrangements.

The contemporary accounts by Dr. Simon Forman of the performances witnessed by him at the Globe, of *Macbeth* in 1610, of *The Winters Tale* in 1611,

of *Cymbeline*—doubtless in the same year, since Forman died in September of 1611—ought to be enough to convince anybody of Shakespeare's woodland scenes. These accounts describe these plays as Forman saw them, and he speaks of Macbeth and Banquo as coming out "thorow a Wood." He tells how the baby Perdita was "laid in a Forrest," where she was found by the shepherd. And Imogen is reported by him as having chanced on "the Cave in the woods" where her two brothers were. Later, when they thought she was dead, he says, they "laid her in the Woods."

Actual trees—the real thing—and good green growth from outdoors were carried inside, we know, in the sixteenth century to serve at court as scenery for plays. Special realistic properties, in the round, were devised besides for woodland effects. The few entries following, chosen from the Revels documents recently made known by Feuillerat, are enough to tell the story here of Tudor precedent for Shakespeare's woodland and garden scenery.

"Christmasse 1573. . . . To Henry Callaway . . . for carriage of trees to the Court for a Wildernesse in a play. . . . tymber for the forrest, fir poles . . . and to one that gathered mosse."

"1571-2. . . . A tree of holly for the Duttons playe. . . . other Holly for the forest . . . vj li. xiiij d. which grew by propertyes videlicet . . . mountaynes, fforestes, . . . mosse, holly, Ivey, Bayes, flowers. . . . Mistris Dane for canvas to paynte for howses for the players and for other properties as . . . greate hollow trees. . . ." (Feuillerat, 241, 175.)

In the face of such testimony to customs early enough to have been followed by Shakespeare on the public stage and as natural, too, to a period not yet

dependent on the scene-painter of flat scenes, as they are unnatural to our own period so long dependent upon him, we are driven to conclude that we have been absolutely unjustified in taking it for granted that Shakespeare's stage was without its own called-for scenic properties merely because it did not have our own particular kind of trees and bushes painted in the flat on wings, borders and back-drops.

Precisely because the sixteenth century had not learned to lean on a false flat scene it sought a realistic solid one. And in the half-unroofed both outdoor and indoor folk-theatre of sixteenth century London to be on borrowing terms with their next door neighbor, Nature, was easy and inexpensive.

I suspect it is not at all unlikely to be true, nor is it unlikely that the Wallaces will not be able to unearth the evidence for it, that the hurried builders of the Globe, when they carted and boated the lumber from the torn down theatre in Shoreditch to use again in their new theatre on the Bankside, may have followed instinctively the tendency of Greek theatre builders to choose out a site adapted to serve as a natural amphitheatre. In case they shared in tendencies so naïve and artistic, they may easily have walled into their circular enclosure, "flanked by a sewer," "forced out of a marish," a convenient slope at the back of the stage space or a well-placed growing tree perking up there in the lay of the land. A row of trees is, in fact, a feature, exactly there, of the Hofnagel map of 1573.

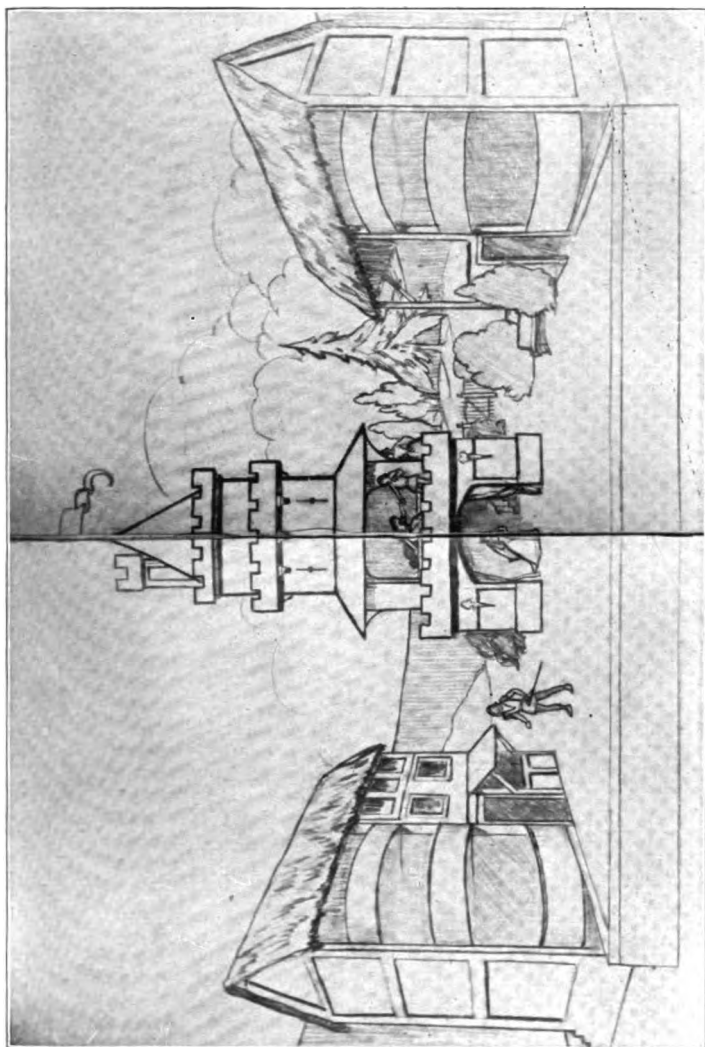
At the end of the first scene, the closed doors of the lower stage representing the gates of the castle are thrown open. When the scene closed above, it opened below with the opening of these gates. Their opening was a normal part of the life represented in the story. At the same time it was the theatrical

change of scene and the only one required. Instead of a stop in the action for a merely mechanical scene-shifting, with little labor or cost and no loss of time or any disillusioning break away from the dramatic life enacted, the new scene was ready for fresh actors. All happened as if it were in truth an actual incident of the morning.

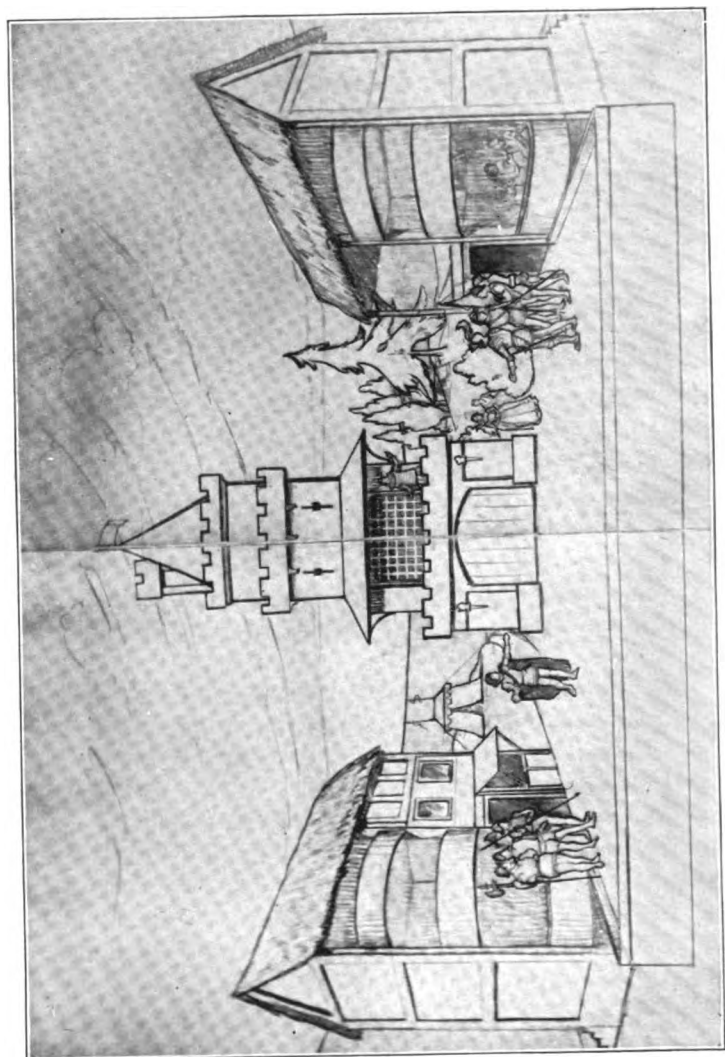
The King and his retinue entered the tower interior disclosed to view by the opening of the doors. This interior was at once taken to be the royal presence chamber. Immediately, from his throne on the dais here the king received his ambassadors and petitioners. The central grouping, it may be noticed, is not in agreement with the usual side-tracking of potentates affected in modern reproductions. The royal group is put now lengthwise or cat-a-corner on the stage, doubtless in order to let the star actor take the centre.

On Shakespeare's stage this was needless because the interior set in the lower rear stage was supplemented by the roomy middle and fore stages. The glittering Court picture was put back here within the tower, while dramatic action of a less static sort and the utterances of the hero were given the advantage of down stage prominence with all the realism of high relief against the remoter pictorial background.

In a brilliant court scene like this, the retinue could ray out in an open V-shaped group from the enthroned king at the point of the V, right and left, to either side as far as desired on the outer stage toward the audience. Any adjoining parts of the outer stage thus annexed by occupation to the interior set are at once readily imagined to be ante-chambers or lobbies upon which the presence chamber opens. If the total stage was thus annexed so as to take in the central unroofed space, there was noth-



Scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, showing Castle Gates open, as in second scene of *Hamlet*, Act I.



Scene from King John, showing Castle Gates shut as in the opening scene of Hamlet.

ing incongruous in that, for some fore court or quadrangle or some great open-roofed hall of state such as Elizabethans knew at Greenwich, was then imagined. The green of the trees and shrubbery at the left in the rear fell into the background gracefully enough as the orchard garden or park in keeping with such a scene. It greatly enhanced the whole picture. The green rush-strewn floor lent itself to either outdoor or indoor effects in a day when the Queen's own floors bore the same carpeting of Nature.

The thrust of Shakespeare's forty-three feet wide fore stage into the very middle of the Globe auditorium made possible, moreover, what is impossible on the modern stage—free passage of Hamlet so far down to the edge of the main stage that he could be as aloof from the king as he would wish to be. Here he was a melancholy and disdainful looker-on at the royal retinue, from a station under the open sky and in the midst of the audience. Here his lightest sigh or subtlest shade of tone would tell upon the sympathy of his hearers. Here his first lines would neither lose their significance, as we shall presently see that they do on the modern stage, nor would they need the labeling of any editor as an "aside."

A lonely position for Hamlet out on the forestage is revealed by every indication of character, plot and action, and particularly by Hamlet's first lines. Intuitively Gordon Craig's imagination, as shown in one of his striking settings, guides to the truth.

During the audience the king is in process of giving, the least and last heeded is Hamlet. After all other business, when the ambassadors are dispatched, and Laertes is granted his petition, the new king turns to proffer the favor Hamlet has neither sought nor, it seems, tacitly taken for granted. Else

there would be no dramatic point in the king's question and remonstrance and the queen's intervention. Upon the king's turning to the discredited prince at last with,—“But now, my cosin Hamlet and my Sonne?”—Hamlet makes a sarcastic comment obviously meant for the audience and not for the king, —“A little more than Kinne and lesse than kinde.” The modern setting forces this to be said amid the court group and within the king's hearing. An editor — Warburton — therefore interpolated an “aside.” Like the other “asides” peppered through the text of editors, it is quite needless on the stage of Shakespeare. As the next lines denote, this line was spoken so far off down stage that the king, up stage, did not need to appear to catch what the audience could fully enjoy.

The king keeps on without reference to Hamlet's sarcasm, as if unaware of it. He makes a significant double allusion to Hamlet's mourning and the unreconciled position he maintains in standing out there under the clouds of the open sky instead of drawing near along with the rest of the gay and subservient courtiers around the throne. He asks him pointedly enough what he means by it. “How is it that the clouds still hang on you?”

Hamlet's retort upon this is spoken directly to the king, and it involves a still cleverer double meaning. It confirms the evidence given by the king's inquiry as to Hamlet's place at the edge of the fore stage out under the unroofed central portion of the theatre: “Not so, my Lord, I am too much i' th' Sun.”

Readers of Shakespeare and any sixteenth century literature will at once notice the inner allusion to the old proverb. Kent calls it, in *King Lear*, the “common saw,” meaning by it a fall in worldly fortunes and a lack of the regulation house and home

comforts of assured life and rank, "Out of Goddes blessing into the warme Sunne."

Only when the queen speaks to Hamlet does he go up stage toward the throne with the effect of dutiful subservience. But he naturally turns down stage again for his first great soliloquy: "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt." Down stage, too, out of easy hearing of the court, must he go for the private talk with Horatio and the two sentinels concerning the Apparition seen by them these three nights "upon the Platforme" where they watched. And here on the fore stage the other great soliloquies had the advantage of free and sympathetic delivery beyond suspicion of a foolish lack of decent caution on Hamlet's part, and out of range of spies and eavesdroppers.

Here on the unroofed forestage, fitly seeming to be lonely and wary of the court interior, Hamlet walks so much, indeed, that old Polonius, when he and the king were planning to overhear him from behind the curtains of Arras that could be drawn to and fro in the open doorway of the rear stage, becomes nervous lest he stay too far away for their eavesdropping convenience, and so he asks him to come nearer up stage: "Will you walke out of the Ayre, my Lord?" Hamlet's reply was double and pointed on Shakespeare's stage, "Into my Grave?" the intimation is—the nearer inside the precincts of the court where the king has power the nearer death for him. "Indeed that is out of the Ayre," comments the serviceable old courtier.

Another instance, corroborating Hamlet's wariness and his down stage position during this part of the play occurs just before when he tells Polonius not to let his daughter walk in the sun. Again while he talks to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, he is ob-

viciously forward under the sky when he makes appropriate reference to "this most excellent Canopy the Ayre," and "this brave o'er-hanging, this Majesticall Roofe fretted with golden fire."

Shakespeare, it must be remembered, unlike most other dramatists of his period, always had his own special theatre in mind when he designed his plays, for he was a shareholder after December, 1598, and he had written for his own company exclusively after Christmas week, 1594. We are on peculiarly safe ground, therefore, in drawing deductions from his plays as to his intended stage arrangements in 1601, at the Globe.

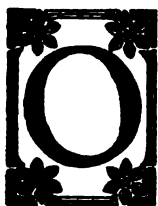
CHARLOTTE PORTER.

(To be concluded in *THE DRAMA* for November.)

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS

Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Edited by Thomas H. Dickinson.

Houghton Mifflin Company, 1915



ONE judges that what the public has been wanting has finally come out in the form of a collection of contemporary plays by Professor Thomas H. Dickinson. From the rapidity and the character of the sale of this book, the public has desired it principally from the economic point of view; twenty representative plays by twenty of the leading dramatists of the present day for two dollars and seventy-five cents is an offer never before made in the field of modern dramatic literature. What is most gratifying about the issuance of such a book is that it is in answer to an insistent call for plays in bulk and at a low price, a certain sign that the vogue of the published play is well established, that the drama as a social document and a high form of art is recognized.

By the character of the sale and certain aspects of the book, there are further reasons for gratification in the probability of its attracting the attention of the "average man." Professor Dickinson has worked out a basis of choice which has included a good many plays of frequent production in this country, thus giving the collection something of a popular tone. These plays are so well known to the serious student of the stage that it is quite probable

that the real market for *Contemporary Dramatists* will be the general theater-goer who goes for amusement only but who is beginning to acquire the habit of reading dramatic literature. This conjecture seems to be further supported by minor aspects of the book. The appendix was evidently designed for strangers to the field, since it consists of brief biographies of the authors, notes on the production of the plays, and two reading lists, one on the authors and another on contemporary drama in general. To devotees of the drama this material is well-known, but for the purpose of enlisting new followers, it contributes to the recruiting possibilities of the collection.

To those already thoroughly acquainted with the plays of the present day, the interest of this compilation lies chiefly in the editor's choice. The number of plays, twenty, which he says is a matter of principle rather than policy, necessarily infers a very definite and strict basis of selection, because the purpose is wide. The primary object of such a collection, he says in the Introduction, is to "provide within a reasonable compass a series of plays which will as nearly as possible represent the abiding achievements of the present dramatic era." This era he designates by the distinct movement in the drama, beginning in the last generation and continuing through the present; the movement, he feels, has a pronounced unity, its ear-marks remaining consistent from its inception in the work of Ibsen. He defines "contemporary" as used in the title to cover the plays of this period. The characteristics of this era of Ibsen are two: first, the "adherence to the naturalistic tendency mellowed to the motives of the humanities, and second, the tendency toward the reorganization of the theater to a nearer align-

ment to the social terms of the age." These are his two bases of selection and it is obvious that they make it quite possible to overlook some of the problems of date. For example, they exclude plays now being written of the type of Moliere and they include plays written a generation ago belonging to the present period; thus Rostand is not represented and Moody and Wilde are. The one notable exclusion is that of Ibsen himself; for this action, Professor Dickinson reasons that Ibsen had to pay the price of being the originator of a movement by "ageing" more rapidly than his followers, that he cannot be represented by a single play, and lastly, that his omission really emphasizes him. Aside from personal policies, the editor was restricted in his choice by limitations of translations, terms of holders of copyrights and the specifications of authors, as in the case of Maeterlinck, who limited the editor to four of his plays. Taking the plays by and large, the choice appears to be commendable. Any amount of quibbling may be indulged in as to details of inclusion and exclusion, but since the function of the book pretends to be a popular or missionary one, it should suffice if it contains the lasting elements of modern drama.

One adverse criticism comes to mind. This is the matter of scene description, character sketching and stage business. Except in the cases of Barker, Shaw, Hauptmann, and Sudermann, there is little of this element of dramatic literature in the forms of the plays as they are published. Just as it is not possible to make a modern practical stage play thoroughly intelligible to an audience without scenic equipment, so it is not possible to make a play understandable to a reader without parenthetical explanations and descriptions. The fundamental reason

for the awkward necessity of inserting these is the infirmity of the language. Isn't it Shaw who says that there are fifty ways of saying Yes and five hundred of saying No, but only one way of writing them down? That is the difficulty to be overcome, and one cannot but take the Shavian point of view in that this difficulty must be overcome before the presentation of plays through the literary medium becomes an art. To give the reader the stage sense, the "illusion of life," all that is supplied by the scenery, the costumes and the action should be indicated by the published play. The fault is not that alone of *Contemporary Dramatists*, but of most published plays. Is it not high time that playwrights realize the advantages of thus preserving the artistic elements of their work in their entirety?

ALFRED K. EDDY.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY

DEVELOPMENTS OF THE PLAN FOR A NATION-WIDE CELEBRATION



HE propaganda of the Drama League of America in the interest of a nation-wide celebration of the Shakespeare Tercenary are already bearing rich fruit, and give promise of developments of great magnitude and significance. There has been a heavy demand for copies of its first Bulletin, and through the agency of various organizations—notably the National Federation of Women's Clubs—many thousands have been circulated. A large number of cities and towns, schools and school systems, colleges and universities, recreational, dramatic, and musical organizations, women's clubs, study and lecture organizations have resolved to hold celebrations; and the increasing number of inquiries and requests for help and suggestion point to a culmination of interest and activity in the Fall, when the work of the new season begins.

Among the conferences still to be held at which the celebration will be discussed are those of the National Education Association at Oakland, and of the League of Cities, which is to be held in San Francisco on the 18th to 20th of August, with sessions at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, at Oakland, and at Berkeley. After these have taken place, the Drama League will issue a second Bulletin indicating the various types of celebration proposed, and giving the information so far gathered, which

will serve to answer the kinds of inquiries that may be expected in increasing number from now on. Meanwhile it may be well to publish in *THE DRAMA* some account of the activities already initiated and the directions in which the movement is progressing.

Little need be said at present concerning the possibilities for schools and colleges, because fortunately Dr. Claxton, the United States Commissioner of Education, has promised to issue and to circulate among the schools and colleges of the country a Bulletin (for which the material is in an advanced state of preparation) which will set forth in detail the various kinds of celebrations which have been suggested for these educational institutions, ranging from the simplest contributions possible for the elementary school up to the richer forms within the scope of high schools, normal schools and colleges. These will be definite and specific, with full references, and a bibliography which is being prepared in the Library of Congress.

The good offices of the Library of Congress will extend further—indeed, have already extended further. There will be a more extensive bibliography (annotated) to aid a still larger circle—including students of Shakespeare and those clubs and institutions which may be arranging special courses of study or special Shakespeare programs.

In this connection the part to be played by libraries (to which many librarians are much alive) may be touched upon. Many will make a special feature of Shakespeare shelves and sections, providing in particular for the use of schools the collections recommended in the bibliographies referred to. Some (e. g., Boston) will have courses of lectures by specialists; some, exhibits of Shakespereana. Happily, the American Library Association will use its

strong arm in urging librarians to make the most of the opportunity, and in helping them with information and suggestion.

Community celebrations will assume various forms—outdoor and indoor. Naturally the larger type of outdoor celebration, permitting of great audiences, finds greatest favor; but the problem of what should be presented in order to reach audiences of ten thousand and over is perplexing. St. Louis is facing this problem in the form of a proposal (referred to in the first Bulletin of the Drama League) to produce one of Shakespeare's plays in a festival framework. Other cities express a preference for some form of masque or pageant; and steps have been taken to make a Shakespeare Festival Masque available. It will be written by Mr. Percy MacKaye, and will be published in October by Doubleday, Page & Co. as the initial volume of a new Drama League Pageant Series.

There will be other types of community festival, including the Folk-fête, with procession, folk-dance and merry-making,—sometimes taking the form of an old English May Festival. Realizing the important part which folk-dancing should play, some cities have sent teachers to the School of English Folk-Dance at Eliot, Maine, to equip themselves for the task of teaching the dances to large numbers in their cities.

This reference to the folk-dances, and the folk-songs used with them, leads naturally to a statement of what is being done to render the necessary music available. All the principal publishing houses are making provision for the publication of such music as well as other forms of music suitable for all kinds of Shakespearean festival programs,—some of them having agreed to issue in cheap form the dances,

songs, and singing-games most suitable for schools. Moreover, a large number of these will be available for the victrola. There is no need to emphasize the wide range of choice in musical settings of Shakespearean songs, for the single voice, for small groups and for choruses.

But other plans for distinctively musical festivals must be mentioned. Efforts are being made to induce the symphony orchestras to give special Shakespeare festival concerts at the close of the season, which will be about the date of Shakespeare's birth- and death day (April 23). In some cases (*e. g.*, St. Louis) plans have already been made. They have been facilitated by the preparation in the Library of Congress by Mr. O. G. Sonneck, head of the Music Division, of a list of orchestral compositions inspired by Shakespeare, a copy of which may be obtained on application to the Drama League. Mr. Sonneck will also supply a list of the operas in the modern repertory which are Shakespearean in theme, so that the opera companies may be induced to give special festival performances, and a list of choral works, so that choral societies may be aided in the selection of a festival work for their spring concerts.

It is also certain that lectures, lecture recitals and concerts of the music of Shakespeare's time will be offered by competent interpreters. The Drama League has some information about these, and the offerings which will be made, and will be glad to pass on such information to those who apply for it, if the particular needs are clearly specified.

The general policy advocated by the Drama League is that of utilizing for celebration purposes opportunities and resources already available. Thus customary anniversary celebrations, home weeks,

fairs, school and college commencements, annual performances of dramatic clubs and vocal and instrumental organizations, may all be converted into festival occasions. Similarly school or college orchestras, glee clubs, mandolin clubs may all focus their attention upon Shakespearean music (the happiest adaptations of old music for mandolins, guitars, and the like might be, and probably will be, made).

Perhaps the very simplest form of celebration possible is that of a tree-planting, with appropriate ceremonies. This was suggested and is being promoted by the Shakespeare club of Toledo, the director of which, Mrs. Robert Carlton Morris, 2648 Kirkwood Lane, Toledo, O., will be glad to furnish information and advice in the matter. The tree might be in a public park or in a school yard or garden, and beside it (as another suggestion runs) a memorial bench might be placed.

Allied to this is the proposal to arrange for the making of an old English garden, in which as many as possible of the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays shall be grown. This will be done, thanks to the ready response of the director, Dr. George C. Moore, in the Missouri Botanical Gardens (Shaw's Gardens), in St. Louis; and there is no reason why it should not be done in public parks and other institutions. Some of the large garden clubs have already expressed an interest and a desire to co-operate. Catalogues or lists of the flowers, with citations of the passages from the plays, may easily be prepared with the aid of library material.

In promoting this movement, through its various centers, the Drama League is acting only as an initiatory and co-ordinating agency. In doing so it naturally gathers a good deal of information, and is frequently appealed to for help and suggestion. It

will therefore try to be of all possible service as a bureau of information or clearing house. Many meetings of its centers in the interest of celebrations, or meetings arranged by them, will be held in the Fall, and the President of the League has accepted numerous invitations to speak on the subject. A national committee is being formed, and its personnel will be announced when it has been finally completed. Then action will be taken, it is expected, in regard to the question of a national memorial of some sort. Some suggestions as to the form which it should take—a theater, a repertory company, a school of acting and dramatic art, an annual prize for a play, a lectureship, a Shakespeare society—have already been made, and a discussion of the matter is invited.

PERCIVAL CHUBB.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA.

GREEK TRAGEDIES IN C. C. N. Y. STADIUM; The Theatre, June.

THE STRATFORD-ON-AVON PLAYERS; The Theatre, June.

PLAYING GREEK TRAGEDY—Margaret Anglin; Hearst's, June.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—Sir A. Quiller-Couch; The North American Review, June.

PICKING UP STAGE WISDOM—Katherine Grey; American, July.

LAVINIA AND THE LION (ANDROOCLES AND THE LION); Cosmopolitan, July.

THE REVIVAL OF GREEK TRAGEDY IN AMERICA—Harrison Smith; Bookman, June.

A CLASSIC FOR OUR DAY (THE TROJAN WOMEN); Literary Digest, June 26th.

THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH STAGE; Literary Digest, June 26th.

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—Gertrude Besse King; The New Republic, June 26th.

A SELECTIVE LIST OF ESSAYS AND BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE PUBLISHED DURING THE SECOND QUARTER OF 1915.

Compiled by Frank Chouteau Brown.

The purpose or particular value of the volume listed is suggested by the numerals preceding each title, thus: (1) Technique; (2) Biography; (3) Historical Treatise; (4) Criticism of Drama; (5) Critical Dramatic Records; (6) Essays; (7) Drama Study; (8) Technical; (9) Sociological; (10) Theatre of Future.

BOOKS.

CLARK, BARRETT H. (American).

4. 6. 7. The British and American Drama of
Today Holt \$1.50 net

CLARKE, HELEN A. and CHARLOTTE A. PORTER
(Americans).

7. Shakespeare Study Programs; the Histories
Badger \$1.00 net

HAMON, A. (English).

2. Bernard Shaw, the XXth Century Moliere
.....Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 7s 6d

LEWISOHN, LUDWIG (German).

4. 6. 7. The Modern Drama.....
Kennerley \$1.50 net

OWEN, HAROLD (English).

2. Commonsense About the Shaw.....
.....Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2s 6d

- PORTER, CHARLOTTE A. and HELEN A. CLARKE
(Americans).
7. Shakespeare Study Programs; the Histories
Badger \$1.00 net
- REYS, ERNEST (English).
2. Rabindranath Tagore.....Macmillan \$1.25 net
- ROBINSON, LENNOX (Irish).
2. Robert Emmet.....Maunsell \$——
- ROY, BASANTA KOOMAR (India).
2. Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His
Poetry.....Dodd Mead \$1.25 net
- STURGIS, GRANVILLE FORBES (American).
4. 6. The Influence of the Drama.....
.....French \$1.00 net

A SELECTED LIST OF PLAYS PUBLISHED DURING THE SECOND QUARTER OF 1915.

Compiled by Frank Chouteau Brown.

The same method of indicating the character of publications as has been used for the preceding Selective Lists issued by the Drama League of America is continued for the titles that follow: (*) Plays professionally acted in English; (1) Representative modern plays for technical study and reading; (2) Plays typical of the author's methods; (3) Representative modern plays available for younger readers; (4) Plays possible for advanced amateur use; (5) Simple plays for amateur use; (6) Notable modern plays; (7) Notable modern poetic plays; (8) Closet or literary dramas; (9) Children's plays.

PLAYS.

ANDREYEV, LEONID (Russian).

(trans. by Thomas Seltzer.)

Love of One's Neighbor.

A. & C. Boni, New York \$0.35 net

The Sorrows of Belgium....Macmillan \$1.25 net

BENAVENTE, JACINTO (Spanish).

The Smile of Mona Lisa.....Badger \$.75 net

BOYD, JACKSON (American).

The Unveiling.....Putnam \$1.25 net

BRACKETT, CHARLES WILLIAM (American).

Jocelyn..... Badger \$1.00 net

DONNAY, MAURICE (French).

(Introduction by Barrett H. Clark.)

2. Lovers..... Kennerley \$1.50 net

The Free Woman.

They.

ELLIS, MRS. HAVELOCK (American).

Love in Danger.....Houghton Mifflin \$.75 net

The Subjection of Kezia.

The Pixy.

The Mothers.

FRANCE, ANATOLE (French).

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,

Lane \$.75 net

GATES, ELEANOR (American).

4. We Are Seven.....Arrow Pub. Co. \$.75 net

Swat the Fly.....Arrow Pub. Co. \$.25 net

JONES, HENRY ARTHUR (English).

The Lie.....Doran \$1.00 net

"K. P." (Grand Duke Constantin), (Russian).

The King of the Jews.Funk & Wagnalls \$1.00 net

LINDSEY, WILLIAM (American).

Red Wine of Rousillon,

Houghton, Mifflin \$1.00 net

LUTKENHAUS, ANNA K. (American).

9. Plays for School Children....Century \$1.50 net

MACKAY, CONSTANCE D'ARCY (American).

9. Plays of the Pioneers.....Harpers \$1.00 net

The Pioneers.

The Fountain of Youth.

May Day.

The Vanishing Race.

The Passing of Hiawatha.

Dame Creel o' Portland Town.

MURRAY, PROF. GILBERT (Translator) (English).

The Alcestis of Euripides,

Oxford University Press \$0.75 net

SARDOU, VICTORIEN (French).

2. Patrie (Drama League Series),

Doubleday, Page & Co. \$0.75 net

VERHAEREN, EMILE (Belgian).

7. The Dawn (Les Aubes),

Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00 net

UPWARD, ALLEN (American).

Paradise Found, or the Superhuman Found

Out.....Houghton, Mifflin \$1.25 net

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of The Drama, published quarterly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1914.

Editor—Theodore Ballou Hinckley, 6018 Jackson Park Blvd.

Managing Editor—Theodore Ballou Hinckley, 6018 Jackson Park Blvd.

Business Manager—Theodore Ballou Hinckley, 6018 Jackson Park Blvd.

Publisher—Drama League of America.

Owners (if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners): Drama League of America, Incorporated not for profit. No stockholders. President, Dr. Richard Burton, Minneapolis; First Vice-President, Mrs. A. Starr Best, Chicago; Treasurer, Wm. T. Abbott, Chicago.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: There are none.

THEODORE B. HINCKLEY.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of April, 1915.

[SEAL]

JOHN J. PHELAN.

(My commission expires September, 1918)

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet and lecturer, says: "POETRY is the best magazine, by far, in the English language. We have nothing in England or Ireland to compare with it."

William Marion Reedy, Editor of the St. Louis "Mirror," says: "POETRY has been responsible for the Renaissance in that art. You have done a great service to the children of light in this country."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT SO IMPORTANT A MAGAZINE?

POETRY publishes the best verse now being written in English, and its prose section contains brief articles on subjects connected with the art, also reviews of the new verse.

POETRY has introduced more new poets of importance than all the other American magazines combined, besides publishing the work of poets already distinguished.

THE ONLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THIS ART.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE. A subscription to POETRY is the best way of paying interest on your huge debt to the great poets of the past. It encourages living poets to do for the future what dead poets have done for modern civilization, for you.

One year—12 numbers—U. S. A., \$1.50; Canada, \$1.65; foreign, \$1.75 (7 shillings).

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) beginning

Name

Address

THE DRAMA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW



BEN JONSON ENTERTAINS A MAN FROM STRATFORD

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

Jacinto Benavente

By Julius Brouta

THE BONDS OF INTEREST

A Puppet Play in Three Acts By Jacinto Benavente

The Portmanteau Theatre By Grace Humphrey

The Evolution of the Actor

II. The Rise of the Modern Actor By Arthur Pollock

THE STAGE

By Rabindranath Tagore

The Case of American Drama

A Review

By Charlton Andrews

Playing Hamlet as Shakespeare Staged It, II

By Charlotte Porter

The Modern Stage Society

The Lover's Garden

A Shakespearean Flower Masque,

Arranged by Alice C. D. Riley

NOVEMBER

No. 20 1915

THE EGOIST

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW

Subscribe to **THE EGOIST** and hear what you
will get:

Editorials containing the most notable creative
and critical philosophic matter appearing in
England today.

Some of the newest and best experimental Eng-
lish and American poetry.

A page of current French poetry.

Reviews of only those books which are worth
praise.

News of modern music, of new painting, of
French literary and artistic life.

A series of impartial studies in modern German
poetry (begun June 1st, 1915).

Translations and parodies.

A series of translations of Greek and Latin
poetry and prose, done by young modern
poets (begun Sept. 1, 1915).

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price fifteen cents a number; yearly subscription one dollar
sixty cents.

Buy some of the back numbers still unsold.
They are literature, not journalism.

OAKLEY HOUSE, Bloomsbury St., London, W. C.

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

November, 1915

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

Editor, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

Advisory and Contributing Editors

BRANDER MATTHEWS, Columbia University.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON, University of Wisconsin.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON, College of Charleston.

GEORGE P. BAKER, Harvard University.

RICHARD BURTON, University of Minnesota.

STARK YOUNG, University of Texas.

S. H. CLARK, University of Chicago.

BENEDICT PAPOT, Chautauqua Institution.

Published by

The Drama League of America

736 Marquette Building

Chicago

75c A Number

\$3.00 A Year

Copyright, 1914, by Drama League of America

Entered as second-class matter February 25, 1911, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NOVEMBER CONTRIBUTORS.

Edwin Arlington Robinson is the author of three books of verse, *The Children of the Night*, *Captain Craig*, and *The Town Down the River*. Of plays he has written two which are published, *Van Zorn* and *The Porcupine*; they are in prose. The poem in the current number is Mr. Robinson's first contribution to **THE DRAMA**.

Arthur Pollock has been contributing to the magazines on subjects pertinent to the theatre for the last two years. Readers of **THE DRAMA** will remember him by his two papers, *Illumination and the Drama* and *The Evolution of the Actor*. Mr. Pollock was born in Brooklyn; he did his college work at Cornell and Columbia.

Charlotte Porter, whose previous contributions to this magazine have been *Civic Theatres* and a series of articles entitled, *The New Stage Art*, is favorably known as poet and as editor. Her authority regarding Shakespeare rests upon a work which occupied nine years, the editing of the *First Folio Edition* of the plays, in which a great step to an accurate knowledge of Shakespeare's staging was taken by reproducing the original stage-directions and pointing out late interpolations. For this work Maeterlinck expressed to Miss Porter profound gratitude.

Julius Brouta, editor and litterateur, was born in Brussels and spent his college years in Luxemburg and at Louvain, where he took the degree of Ph.D. in 1888. After extensive travel on the Continent, he settled in Spain as a translator into many languages of plays, and as a magazine contributor. Dr. Brouta is the scientific editor of the *Diario de Barcelona* and the author of dramas, poems, and historical and philosophical pamphlets.

NOVEMBER CONTRIBUTORS

"The States" may be proud of its earnest and able group of younger men who are bending their efforts to the discussion of the drama in all its phases. One of these is represented in this number, Mr. Charlton Andrews. Mr. Andrews is the author of *The Drama Today* which appeared a few years ago, of *His Majesty the Fool*, and of the very recent *Technique of Play Writing*, which will be reviewed in the February DRAMA.

Miss Grace Humphrey a few years ago left Springfield, Ill., to become an enthusiastic member of the "lower New York" colony of writers and artists in other fields. She is much interested in the many newer forms of drama production, and has made a special study of Miss Bentley's work in the dance.

Mr. Tagore is so well known to readers of THE DRAMA that discussion is superfluous. The magazine congratulates itself and its readers upon the opportunity afforded by the present article to understand more fully the principles underlying the writing of his dramas and the general canons of dramatic art.

The work of Jacinto Benavente is discussed in the article by Dr. Bronta.

Alice C. D. Riley, of Evanston, Illinois, has been known in the field of children's songs for the past twenty years, in collaboration with the composer, Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor. The Riley-Gaynor kindergarten songs, such as *Songs of the Child World*, the "Playtime Songs," and children's operas, such as *The House That Jack Built*, have long been popular. Many single songs, such as "The Slumber Boat" and "The Gingerbread Man," have made friends even across the water.

THE DRAMA

Number 20

NOVEMBER

1915

CONTENTS

BEN JONSON ENTERTAINS A MAN FROM STRATFORD, by <i>Edwin Arlington Robinson</i>	543
SPAIN'S GREATEST DRAMATIST, by <i>Ju- lius Brouta</i>	555
THE BONDS OF INTEREST, a Puppet Play, by <i>Jacinto Benavente</i>	568
THE PORTMANTEAU THEATRE, by <i>Grace Humphrey</i>	644
THE EVOLUTION OF THE ACTOR (II. THE RISE OF THE MODERN ACTOR), by <i>Arthur Pollock</i>	651
THE STAGE, by <i>Rabindranath Tagore</i>	664
THE CASE OF AMERICAN DRAMA, a re- view by <i>Charlton Andrews</i>	669
PLAYING HAMLET AS SHAKESPEARE STAGED IT. II.	675
THE MODERN STAGE SOCIETY, by <i>Grace Humphrey</i>	690
THE LOVER'S GARDEN, a Shakespeare Flower Masque, by <i>Alice C. D. Riley</i>	695
THE PRINTED PLAY, notes on recent pub- lications, by <i>A. K. E.</i>	715
OF THE NEW BOOKS	729
RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA	734

Among the many features of interest in the February number of *THE DRAMA* will be a recent war play which has aroused profound discussion in Russia. The author has already become deservedly esteemed by discriminating American readers through his novels. As none of his dramas, in which he is a recognized master at home, has hitherto been published in this country, the readers of *THE DRAMA* will welcome the appearance of this significant play. Mr. Thomas Seltzer, whose excellent critical work in connection with Andreyev will be remembered, is making the translation and the accompanying study of the playwright's place in dramatic literature.

Many other articles in the same number will include Mr. Arvold's own story of what, socially speaking, is the most important development in the drama world of recent years, *The Little Country Theatre out at Fargo, North Dakota*; *A Study of Eugene Walter, an American Dramatic Realist* by Francis Lamont Peirce; and a stimulating and amusing treatment of *The Folly of Theatrical Advertising* by Annie Nathan Meyer.

THE DRAMA


A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

No. 20

November

1915

BEN JONSON ENTERTAINS A MAN FROM STRATFORD

 YOU are a friend then, as I make it out,
Of our man Shakespeare, who alone of us
Will put an ass's head in Fairyland
As he would add a shilling to more shillings,
All most harmonious,—and out of his
Miraculous inviolable increase
Fills Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
Of olden time with timeless Englishmen;
And I must wonder what you think of him—
All you down there where your small Avon flows
By Stratford, and where you're an Alderman.
Some, for a guess, would have him riding back
To be a farrier there, or say a dyer;
Or maybe one of your supreme surveyors;
Or like enough the wizard of all tanners.
Not you—no fear of that; for I discern
In you a kindling of the flame that saves—
The nimble element, the true phlogiston;
I see it, and was told of it, moreover,
By our discriminate friend himself, no other.
Had you been one of the sad average,
As he would have it,—meaning, as I take it,
The sinew and the solvent of our Island,
You'd not be buying beer for this Terpander's
Approved and estimated friend Ben Jonson;
He'd never foist it as a part of his
Contingent entertainment of a townsman
While he goes off rehearsing, as he must,
If he shall ever be the Duke of Stratford;

And my words are no shadow on your town—
Far from it; for one town's as like another
As all are unlike London. Oh, he knows it,—
And there's the Stratford in him; he denies it,
And there's the Shakespeare in him. So, God
help him.

I tell him he needs Greek; but neither God
Nor Greek will help him. Nothing will help
that man.

You see the fates have given him so much,
He must have all or perish,—or look out
Of London, where he sees too many lords;
They're part of half what ails him: I suppose
There's nothing fouler down among the demons
Than what it is he feels when he remembers
The dust and sweat and ointment of his calling
With his lords looking on and laughing at him.
King as he is, he can't be king *de facto*,
And that's as well, because he wouldn't like it;
He'd frame a lower rating of men then
Than he has now; and after that would come
An abdication or an apoplexy.
He can't be king, not even king of Stratford,—
Though half the world, if not the whole of it,
May crown him with a crown that fits no king
Save Lord Apollo's homesick emissary;
Not there on Avon, or on any stream
Where Naiads and their white arms are no more,
Shall he find home again. It's all too bad.
But there's a comfort, for he'll have that House—
The best you ever saw; and he'll be there
Anon, as you're an Alderman. Good God!
He makes me lie awake o' nights and laugh.

And you have known him from his origin,
You tell me; and a most uncommon urchin
He must have been to the few seeing ones—
A trifle terrifying, I dare say,
Discovering a world with his man's eyes,

Quite as another lad might see some finches,
If he looked hard and had an eye for nature.
But this one had his eyes and their foretelling,
And he had you to fare with, and what else?
He must have had a father and a mother—
In fact I've heard him say so—and a dog,
As a boy should, I venture; and the dog,
Most likely, was the only man who knew him.
A dog, for all I know, is what he needs
As much as anything right here today,
To counsel him about his disillusiona,
Old aches, and parturitions of what's coming,—
A dog of orders, an emeritus,
To wag his tail at him when he comes home,
And then to put his paws up on his knees
And say, "For God's sake, what's it all about?"

I don't know whether he needs a dog or not—
Or what he needs. I tell him he needs Greek;
I'll talk of rules and Aristotle with him,
And if his tongue's at home he'll say to that,
"I have your word that Aristotle knows,
And you mine that I don't know Aristotle."
He's all at odds with all the unities,
And what's yet worse, it doesn't seem to matter;
He treads along through Time's old wilderness
As if the tramp of all the centuries
Had left no roads—and there are none, for him;
He doesn't see them, even with those eyes,—
And that's a pity, or I say it is.
Accordingly we have him as we have him—
Going his way, the way that he goes best,
A pleasant animal with no great noise
Or nonsense anywhere to set him off—
Save only divers and inclement devils
Have made of late his heart their dwelling-place.
A flame half ready to fly out sometimes
At some annoyance may be fanned up in him,
But soon it falls, and when it falls goes out;

He knows how little room there is in there
For crude and futile animosities,
And how much for the joy of being whole,
And how much for long sorrow and old pain.
On our side there are some who may be given
To grow old wondering what he thinks of us,
And some above us, who are, in his eyes,
Above himself,—and that's quite right and
English.

Yet here we smile, or disappoint the gods
Who made it so: the gods have always eyes
To see men scratch; and they see one down here
Who itches, manor-bitten to the bone,
Albeit he knows himself—yes, yes, he knows—
The lord of more than England and of more
Than all the seas of England in all time
Shall ever wash. D'ye wonder that I laugh?
He sees me, and he doesn't seem to care;
And why the devil should he? I can't tell you.

I'll meet him out alone of a bright Sunday,
Trim, rather spruce, and quite the gentleman.
"What ho, my lord!" say I. He doesn't hear me.
Wherefore I have to pause and look at him;
He's not enormous, but one looks at him.
A little on the round, if you insist,
For now, God save the mark, he's growing old;
He's five and forty, and to hear him talk
These days you'd call him eighty; then you'd add
More years to that. He's old enough to be
The father of a world, and so he is.
"Ben, you're a scholar, what's the time of day?"
Says he; and there shines out of him again
That aged light which has no age or station—
The mystery that's his—a mischievous
Half-mad serenity that laughs at fame
For being won so easy, and at friends
Who laugh at him for what he wants the most,
And for his dukedom down in Warwickshire,—

By which you see we're all a little jealous. . .
Poor Greene! I fear the color of his name
Was even as that of his ascending soul;
And he was one where there are many others,—
Some scrivening to the end against their fate,
Their puppets all in ink and all to die there;
And some with hands that once would shade an
eye

That scanned Euripides and Aeschylus
Will reach by this time for a pot-house mop
To slush their first and last of royalties.
Poor devils! and they all play to his hand;
For so it was in Athens and old Rome.
But that's not here or there; I've wandered off.
Greene does it, or I'm careful. Where's that boy?

Yes, he'll go back to Stratford. And we'll miss
him?

Dear sir, there'll be no London here without him.
We'll all be riding, one of these fine days,
Down there to see him—and his wife won't like
us;

And then we'll think of what he never said
Of women—which, if taken all in all
With what he did say, would buy many horses.
Though nowadays he's not so much for women:
"So few of them," he says, "are worth the
guessing."

But there's a worm at work when he says that,
And while he says it one feels in the air
A deal of circumambient hocus-pocus;
They've had him dancing till his toes were tender,
And he can feel 'em now, come chilly rains.
There's no long cry for going into it,
However, and we don't know much about it.
The Fitton thing was worst of all, I fancy;
And you in Stratford, like most here in London,
Have more now in the *Sonnets* than you paid for;
He's put her there with all her poison on,

To make a singing fiction of a shadow
That's in his life a fact, and always will be.
But she's no care of ours, though Time, I fear,
Will have a more reverberant ado
About her than about another one
Who seems to have decoyed him, married him,
And sent him scuttling on his way to London,—
With much already learned, and more to learn,
And more to follow. Lord! how I see him now,
Pretending, maybe trying, to be like us.
Whatever he may have meant, we never had him;
He failed us, or escaped, or what you will,—
And there was that about him (God knows
what,—

We'd flayed another had he tried it on us)
That made as many of us as had wits
More fond of all his easy distances
Than one another's noise and clap-your-shoulder.
But think you not, my friend, he'd never talk!
Talk? He was eldritch at it; and we listened—
Thereby acquiring much we knew before
About ourselves, and hitherto had held
Irrelevant, or not prime to the purpose.
And there were some, of course, and there be
now,—

Disordered and reduced amazedly
To resignation by the mystic seal
Of young finality the gods had laid
On everything that made him a young demon;
And one or two shot looks at him already
As he had been their executioner;
And once or twice he was, not knowing it,—
Or knowing, being sorry for poor clay
And saying nothing. . . . Yet, for all his engines,
You'll meet a thousand of an afternoon
Who strut and sun themselves and see around 'em
A world made out of more that has a reason
Than his, I swear, that he sees here to-day;
Though he may scarcely give a Fool an exit

But we see how he sees in everything
A law that, given we flout it once too often,
Brings fire and iron down on our naked heads.
To me it looks as if the power that made him,
For fear of giving all things to one creature,
Left out the first,—faith, innocence, illusion,
Whatever 'tis that keeps us out o' Bedlam,—
And thereby, for his too consuming vision,
Empowered him out of nature; though to see him,
You'd never guess what's going on inside him.
He'll break out someday like a keg of ale
With too much independent frenzy in it;
And all for cellaring what he knows won't keep,
And what he'd best forget—but that he can't.
You'll have it, and have more than I'm foretelling;
And there'll be such a roaring at the Globe
As never stunned the bleeding gladiators.
He'll have to change the color of its hair
A bit, for now he calls it Cleopatra.
Black hair would never do for Cleopatra.

But you and I are not yet two old women:
And you're a man of office. What he does
Is more to you than how it is he does it,—
And that is what the Lord God's never told him;
They work together, and the Devil helps 'em;
They do it of a morning, or if not,
They do it of a night; in which event
He's peevish of a morning. He seems old;
He's not the proper stomach or the sleep—
And they're two sovran agents to conserve him
Against the fiery art that has no mercy
But what's in that prodigious grand new House.
I gather something happening in his boyhood
Fulfilled him with a boy's determination
To make all Stratford 'ware of him. Well, well,
I hope at last he'll have his joy of it,
And all his pigs and sheep and bellowing beeves,
And frogs and owls and unicorns, moreover,

Be less than hell to his attendant ears.
Oh, past a doubt we'll all go down to see him.

He may be wise. With London two days off,
Down there some wind of heaven may yet revive
him;

But there's no quickening breath from anywhere
Shall make of him again the poised young faun
From Warwickshire, who'd made, it seems,
already

A legend of himself before I came
To blink before the last of his first lightning.
Whatever there be, they'll be no more of that;
The coming on of his old monster Time
Has made him a still man; and he has dreams
Were fair to think on once, and all found hollow.
He knows how much of what men paint them-
selves

Would blister in the light of what they are;
He sees how much of what was great now shares
An eminence transformed and ordinary;
He knows too much of what the world has hushed
In others, to be loud now for himself;
He knows now at what height low enemies
May reach his heart, and high friends let him fall;
But what not even such as he may know
Bedevils him the worst: his lark may sing
At heaven's gate how he will, and for as long
As joy may listen, but he sees no gate,
Save one whereat the spent clay waits a little
Before the churchyard has it, and the worm.
Not long ago, late in an afternoon,
I came on him unseen down Lambeth way,
And on my life I was afraid of him!
He gloomed and mumbled like a soul from
Tophet,

His hands behind him and his head bent solemn.
"What is it now," said I, — "another woman?"
That made him sorry for me, and he smiled.

"No, Ben," he mused, "it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.

We come, we go; and when we're done, we're done;

Spiders and flies—we're mostly one or t'other—
We come, we go; and when we're done, we're done."

"By God, you sing that song as if you knew it!"
Said I, by way of cheering him; "What ails ye?"

"I think I must have come down here to think,"
Says he to that, and pulls his little beard;

"Your fly will serve as well as anybody,
And what's his hour? He flies, and flies, and flies,

And in his fly's mind has a brave appearance;
And then your spider gets him in her net,
And eats him out, and hangs him up to dry.
That's Nature, the kind mother of us all.

And then your slattern housemaid swings her broom,

And where's your spider? And that's Nature, also.

It's Nature, and it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.

It's all a world where bugs and emperors
Go singularly back to the same dust,
Each to his time; and the old, ordered stars
That sang together, Ben, will sing the same
Old stave to-morrow."

When he talks like that,
There's nothing for a human man to do
But lead him to some grateful nook like this
Where we be now, and there to make him drink.
He'll drink, for love of me, and then be sick;
A sad sign always in a man of parts,
And always very ominous. The great
Should be as large in liquor as in love,
And our great friend is not so large in either:
One disaffects him, and the other fails him;
Whatso he drinks that has an antic in it,

He's wondering what's to pay in his insides;
And while his eyes are on the Cyprian
He's fribbling all the time with that damned
House.

But he's not of our time, or any time;
He's of all time. He needs Greek, even at that,—
And a little braver manner with a shilling
O' mornings for the more nefarious
And out o' nights, who are to be forgotten;
Though I'd assure ye—and I'm saying this—
The worthy, for a word, may have his breeches.
We laugh here at his thrift, but after all
It may be thrift that saves him from the devil;
God gave it, anyhow,— and we'll suppose
He knew the compound of his handiwork.
To-day the clouds are with him, but anon
He'll out of 'em enough to shake the Tree
Of Life itself and bring down fruit unheard-of,—
And, throwing in the bruised and whole together,
Prepare a wine to make us drunk with wonder;
And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
Thrown over him as over a glassed lake
That yesterday was all a black wild water.

God send he live to give us, if no more,
What now's a-rampage in him, and exhibit,
With a decent half-allegiance to the ages
An earnest of at least a casual eye
Turned once on what he owes to Gutenberg,
And to the fealty of more centuries
Then are as yet a picture in our vision.
"There's time enough,— I'll do it when I'm old,
And we're immortal men," he says to that;
And then he says to me, "Ben, what's 'immortal' ?
Think you by any force of ordination
It may be nothing of a sort more noisy
Than a small oblivion of component ashes
That of a dream-addicted world was once
A moving atomy much like your friend here?"

Nothing will help that man. To make him laugh,
I said then he was a mad mountebank,—
And by the Lord I nearer made him cry.
I could have eat an eft then, on my knees,
Tail, claws, and all of him; for I had stung
The King of men, who had no sting for me,
And I had hurt him in his memories;
And I say now, as I shall say again,
I love the man this side idolatry.

He'll do it when he's old, he says. I wonder.
He may not be so ancient as all that:
For such as he, the thing that is to do
Will do itself,— but there's a reckoning;
The sessions that are now too much his own,
The roiling inward of a stilled outside,
The churning out of all those blood-fed lines,
The nights of many schemes and little sleep,
The full brain hammered hot with too much
thinking,
The vexed heart over-worn with too much
aching,—
This weary jangling of conjoined affairs
Made out of elements that have no end,
And all confused at once, I understand,
Is not what makes a man to live forever.
O no, not now! He'll not be going now:
There'll be time yet for God knows what
explosions

Before he goes. He'll stay awhile. Just wait:
Just wait a year or two for Cleopatra,
For she's to be a balsam and a comfort;
And that's not all a jape of mine now, either.
For granted once the old way of Apollo
Sings in a man, he may then, if he's able,
Strike unafraid whatever strings he will
Upon the last and wildest of new lyres;
Nor out of his new magic, though it hymn
The shrieks of dungeoned hell, shall he create

A madness or a gloom to shut quite out
A cleaving daylight, and a last great calm
Triumphant over shipwreck and all storms.
He might have given Aristotle creeps,
But surely would have given him his *katharsis*.

He'll not be going yet. There's too much yet
Unsung within the man. But when he goes,
I'd stake ye coin o' the realm his only care
For a phantom world he sounded and found
wanting

Will be a portion here, a portion there,
Of this or that thing or some other thing
That has a patent and intrinsical
Equivalence in those egregious shillings.
And yet he knows, God help him! Tell me, now,
If there was ever anything let loose
On earth by gods or devils heretofore
Like this mad, careful, proud, indifferent Shake-
speare!

Where was it, if it ever was? By heaven,
'Twas never yet in Rhodes or Pergamon—
In Thebes or Nineveh, a thing like this!
No thing like this was ever out of England;
And that he knows. I wonder if he cares.
Perhaps he does. . . O Lord, that House in
Stratford!

—EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

SPAIN'S GREATEST DRAMATIST

Jacinto Benavente is without doubt the greatest living Spanish dramatist—it may properly be said that he is one of the greatest in the world, if the quality and facile nature of his work be considered. Up to the present date seventy-five of his plays have been published, all of which have been performed, and all of which are received with favor every time they are revived. Benavente possesses an astonishing richness in style, for he writes indiscriminately in verse and prose, treating tragedy and comedy with the same master hand; the flexibility of his genius lends itself equally to the deepest tenderness and emotion, to the most cruel irony and incisive sarcasm, and to the greatest poetry.

The reduced space at my disposal hardly permits of my entering into a detailed analysis of Benavente's monumental achievement, and I must perforce limit myself in these short lines to a tracery of the characteristics which determine its outline and general physiognomy.

Benavente was born in Madrid the 12th of August, 1866. He was the son of a doctor, to whom, in the double character of savant and philanthropist, his fellow citizens erected a statue in Madrid's park, the *Buen Retiro*. Physically and mentally Benavente is a Castilian. He belongs to that ancient race of *hidalgos* born in the rugged central table-land of the Iberian Peninsula, which imposed its hegemony first upon the warm regions situated upon the *littoral*, and afterwards upon the whole of Europe, employing its excess of vitality in discover-

ing and partly in colonizing a new world beyond the ocean. The craneologist Retzius would classify Benavente as a dolicocephalic type of the most marked nature. His face is long and narrow, but the frontal development is enormous. One instinctively thinks of Cervantes or any one of those poet-soldiers or poet-monks of the great Spanish epoch, as we know them in the old engravings and paintings. It is a curious coincidence that the head of the Marquis of Spinola, in the famous picture of Velasquez entitled "The Surrender of Breda," might very well pass for a faithful likeness of Benavente. We observe the same forehead, immeasurably broadened by a complete baldness of the arch of the skull, the same nose audaciously arched and prominent, the same black and penetrating eyes, the same wide mouth with its narrow lips, the vague expression of which is neither sorrowfully compassionate nor mischievously sardonic, the same obstinate chin terminating in a grayish imperial, and the same slightly curved mustache.

Benavente studied law at the University of Madrid, but he was not attracted by the subtleties of the *Corpus Puris* and read with preference philosophers and poets. As soon as his university studies were completed, he began to devote his attention to the native theatre as well as to the works of foreign dramatists both ancient and modern. He was not content, however, with acquiring only theoretical knowledge, but wished to master the practical side of the stage. He became an actor, and during several years was a member of one or other of those nomadic companies which travel from town to town with the car of Thespis. In this he merely followed, it may be said, in the footsteps of many authors who have been both writers and performers

of plays. Amongst them may be cited Shakespeare, Molière, Anzenberger, Raimund, Tieck and Goethe. Even today Benavente likes to appear from time to time on the boards, and more than once has played the part of Crispin in *Los Intereses Creados*, that delightful harlequinade published today in **THE DRAMA**.

Benavente was in no haste to make himself known as a playwright, and although he did not wait, as did Echegaray, until his forty-fourth year before producing his first work, he was over thirty when his first theatrical production, *Gente Conocida* (Familiar Faces), was presented. This is a biting satire upon the customs of the upper classes. The piece was well received by the critics, and from the first established its author's fame upon a solid basis. It was generally agreed that the new author was a revelation and represented a substantial addition to the treasury of Spanish literature. The play introduced an unprecedented note, rich, spontaneous, and of a poetic realism, without false pathos and melodramatic effect; it was potent with philosophic flashes which searched out the most obscure corners of conscience.

Avoiding excesses of artifice, Benavente aims at a simple structure, actions which are consequences of sentiments, education, *milieu*, and customs; neither more nor less poetic charm than life itself affords, for to reduce it is unhealthy pessimism, and to pretend to augment it is a task both useless and deceptive. He carefully avoids what is called dramatic conflict, complexity, intrigue, the so-called cumulative situation, scenic effect, and artificially sustained characters—which in reality are emptiness itself and dependent upon circumstances. He shuns all those elements which astonish and deceive and

are stimulants of childish curiosity, elements which, in defiance of truth, reach their highest grade of dismal completeness in the works of the French writer, Victorien Sardou.

If the first work published by Benavente bears all the marks of maturity and is therefore difficult to distinguish from those which follow, this is doubtless due to the fact that it was the fruit of a sustained preparation and self-criticism, such as was recommended by Horace in his *Ars Poetica*; it was merely the latest among a series of trials—the survival of the fittest.

For the rest, when I say that *Gente Conocida* placed Benavente in the first rank of Spanish playwrights, I don't mean to say that he was accepted from the beginning by the acclamations of public enthusiasm. On the contrary, it might be said that the first effect—startling or shocking, if you will—was like that which would be produced on a child accustomed to a milk diet on being obliged to change it suddenly to that of Malaga wine—*generoso*, for example.

In spite of what generally happens, it was professional criticism which divined the advent of the new star and chanted his rising with fervor. The wealthy classes, those which in Madrid rule the considerations of actors, box office and authors, reserved their opinion. This silent opposition was not exactly to the satire of Benavente—indeed a collectivity may be with impunity attacked in the most censorious terms, for each individual believes that criticism is directed against everybody excepting himself—but the son of the aristocracy rebelled against the social and philosophical ideas of the author.

Benavente is, in many respects, the Bernard Shaw of Spain. Like Shaw, he is a disciple of Ibsen; like

him, an iconoclast, a reformer, a teacher, a preacher, and his dialectics are hardly less efficient or his spirit less brilliant. If Shaw at first encountered opposition in an advanced England, it is not at all surprising that in conservative Spain, the home of misoneism, Benavente should have had to contend with defeat. In the first place, it must be taken into account that in general our public goes to the theatre purely for pleasure, *pour passer le temps*, and not to think or to be taught. Those young ladies who go to see and be seen, those gentlemen for whom the *entr'actes* and their visits to boxes or to the greenroom constitute the luminous points of the evening would open their eyes with stupefaction were they told that art is capable of making us better than we are, of elevating our moral nature, and arousing ideas and even sensations the existence of which we ourselves had hardly suspected.

To those who counselled his modifying his methods, thus endeavoring to bring himself more into line with the sentiments of the public, Benavente always answered with a smile of conviction: "I am trying to educate the public, and cannot allow it to educate me. I am writing for the public, not as it is at present, but as it will be when my object is achieved." And little by little, slowly and surely the public began to change its attitude, educating its taste, and as a result becoming more refined, until today Benavente's work is greatly liked—although with certain opposition, for his concise and substantial dialogue, his keen wit and his philosophical insight are sometimes too profound for his audience. Benavente depicts the world of elegance, not in a parody, as generally is the case in the majority of modern plays, but as a palpable reality, and his mordant observations are frequently of such a char-

acter as to make a great part of his audience most uneasy, for there are attitudes and postures in which nobody likes to be photographed.

Benavente, above all, is a serious writer, without any parade of bad taste, with no trace of crudeness, with an irony similar to that of Anatole France, and a comprehension of woman's heart (see his *Ladies' Letter Writer*) equalling that of de Maupassant and Prévost as novelists, that of Michel Provins as story-writer, and not unlike Henri Bernstein in the theatre, excelling Donnay, Mirbeau, Becque, Hervieu and even Curot, to mention only French authors.

But Benavente is not only an acute critic of feminine malice and subterfuge, he is also a great admirer and lover of woman in the most noble acceptance of the word. In many of his works he has stoutly espoused the rights of woman, the idea of the equality of the sexes, and pointed out the moral obligation which matrimony imposes upon man. Love stands forth prominently in Benavente as the principal dynamic factor, love toward every cause of human freedom and justice, love towards those who are deprived of the pleasure of life and to whom entrance into the Synagogue of Gold is proscribed; he lends enthusiastic adherence to any cause which protects the poor mother in distress, or the children and women expelled from the temple where justice and opportunity should be the heritage of all. Such is the pious ideal around which centres his work of twenty years.

You have only to hear or read him in order to love him. His great and serene soul, a treasure-house of inexhaustible tenderness, sensitive to all noble impulses, reflects its life and fragrance in its naturally rich style, caressing and sonorous like the arpeggios of an aeolian harp, limpid and shining

as rock crystal, carved as by a magic chisel into beauty.

The stores of his bounty have more than once been opened prodigally and benevolently to relieve indigence and suffering, and his apostle's pen has continually clamored for laws which should reëstablish rights lost through disuse, and favor the very poor and help the needy.

It is not sufficient to censure and deplore the vices and cruelties of society, which are not, as many believe, inevitable but the effect of human imperfection; it is necessary to labor with perseverance in order to uproot and destroy them. Here we find the tenacious purpose which is both glorious and edifying. Benavente, like Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Shaw, has made good, in a sense, a religion, and if, in sympathy with Lacordaire, he pardons everything because he understands everything, he believes that it is not sufficient to understand and pardon, but it is necessary to act in order to render difficult and even impossible a reversion to evil.

Benavente does not forget, when he is writing for the theatre, what he represents as a man or the motives which give impulse to his pen. He is not one of those artful dodgers or opportunists, one of those who compose their theatrical works in a more or less pecuniary attitude towards the generality of playgoers. He writes with the object of exposing sham and wickedness in any shape or form, and of attacking those whom he considers responsible for the general unhappiness in society, as at present constituted.

He is aware that the theatre is a most powerful forum, and there he does not hesitate to present himself, bearing on his lips not words of general

adulation but those of satire and invective. We know of authors posing in private life as of advanced thought, we know of statesmen who, when the moment arrives for discharging their office as leaders and shepherds of public opinion, yet yield to the popular current and think more of possible pecuniary advantages than of their ideals. Benavente is no deserter from life's battlefield; he neither cowers nor surrenders, nor does he allow interest to influence him. His fame, his literary position, does not serve as a pretext for avoiding literary adventures in which immediate gains may be sacrificed. Instead of asking himself: "What is most agreeable to the masses?" he inquires: "What influences are most necessary in order to contribute to the betterment of social surroundings?" And thus the orator, the journalist and the man of advanced thought melt into the dramatist and work in conjunction from behind the footlights.

Benavente marches in the first line among anti-clerical authors. His *Los Malhechores del Bien* (Evil-doers of Good) and many of his other plays directly attack hypocrisy and sanctimoniousness in all shapes and forms. Just at this moment there is a recrudescence in Spain of the ancient infirmity of ultramontaniam. It is a form of disease which pervades everything, choking society with its parasitic growth. Its uprooting is a most meritorious but ungrateful task. In 1905, when the comedy *Los Malhechores del Bien* was produced in the Lara Theatre, the favorite house of the rich middle class, ladies were seen to leave the boxes in sign of protest, and even to-day demonstrations of this sort are repeated from time to time. The fact is that such women do not like to see themselves portrayed by a Benavente, because they are fanatics without any

real faith, moved by a false piety which reduces itself to outward show. Genuine faith, faith which springs from the depths of the soul and fills it with a noble ecstasy, is worthy of the greatest respect. Religious sentiment, that sentiment which extinguishes hate, awakens an altruistic love and keeps alive fraternal impulses, creates huge nations and maintains powerful institutions, is a social force among the first, but hollow and arid mysticism is a pretense, the parody of sane faith and the caricature of sincere religion.

Alfred de Vigny once said: "There is nothing more admirable than a youthful ideal realized by a man of mature age." This glory belongs to Benavente, whose ideals have been fulfilled or are on their way to realization. That bitterness so general amongst the weak and pusillanimous is not known to him; he pursues with unruffled spirit the way which his triumphs have rendered smooth, and appreciates life at its true value, without cherishing exaggerated ambitions, above all, as one who has had the moral strength to reach the goal of his desires.

We have considered Benavente as an actor and playwright; it remains for us to add a few words regarding his work as translator, journalist, orator and lecturer, as a member of the Spanish Academy and, last but not least, as a practical philanthropist.

During the earlier days of his career already referred to, Benavente, who commands English, French, and Italian, translated a number of works from those languages, and later on, when an enviable position of undisputed authority had been attained, he began to translate into Spanish plays of the foreign contemporary stage in order to contribute to the widening of the point of view of the Spanish public, and he finished an excellent translation of

the works of Shakespeare, of which several volumes have been published.

Benavente does not dwell exclusively in ethereal spheres of pure art. He likes to take a direct part in the diverse questions which agitate public opinion, and he expresses his ideas in important reviews and periodicals. In the Madrid *Imparcial*, he contributes every Monday a *causerie* entitled *De Sobre-mesa* (Table Talk) in which he comments with infinite grace and acumen upon the most remarkable events of the week.

As Benavente is an actor of no mean order, with a brain rich in ideas, it is not surprising that he should be an orator of quality. His incisive and persuasive speech is heard with frequency, not only in the *Juegos Florales* (poetic fêtes or courts of love) and in learned and academic reunions, but also in popular lecture halls, schools and workmen's clubs. His lectures, delivered in 1913 in the Madrid Conservatory, on the Theatre in Spain, attracted wide attention and contained censures of such a severe nature upon stage art as at present practiced in the country of Calderón and Lope de Vega that managers and actors have hardly yet forgiven him.

His literary work has met with the highest recognition possible in Spain, for the illustrious playwright has been admitted as one of the thirty-six members of the Royal Academy, taking his chair in 1913.

On that occasion the new "Immortal" penned a few lines affirming his past principles and ideas. "Those who may be anxious regarding my future"—he wrote in an article in *El Imparcial*—"those who consider my entrance into the Academy as an abdication of my independence, may rest assured that it does not signify, now or ever, repudiation of my past

works. They represent my life, and, whether good, bad or indifferent, correspond to a spiritual state. Nor should one be ashamed of faults and errors which, after all, were committed in sincerity; they have served as guides for the future. Our life is not governed by ideas, but by emotions. No one assimilates ideas that do not seem to be good to him, as no one eats things he does not like, except in cases of extreme necessity. Fortunately, I have not been obliged to live on ideas which seemed to me repugnant. It is more dangerous to speak for our stomach than our conscience, but I consider myself capable of allowing my body to die of hunger. Perhaps, if ever I had found myself in that extremity, like the poor apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, I should have said: 'My necessity is the delinquent and not my conscience.' "

His admirers clamored to erect a statue to him, but he declined the honor promptly for motives worthy of the highest praise. The letter which he wrote explaining his refusal deserves reproduction. It is as follows: "The idea of erecting a statue to me, however simple, would always have my most decided opposition. I am an enemy of such an homage in life, especially if the life, whether unhappily or by good fortune, is still far from being near to its close. I cannot say whether I have written my best works, but I know that I may still write my worst. These sculptural homages, which possess something of a funereal character, can only be viewed impartially by succeeding generations. How do we know what they who follow us will think of our works? The weight of much literature bears Humanity down, and a refining process of selection becomes every day more imperative. These memorials require, moreover, dispassionate judgment, for

while we are alive, surrounded by friends and enemies, who is capable of determining where bias ends and judgment begins?"

Benavente likewise refused a demonstration to celebrate his admission to the Academy. He succeeded in arranging that all the sums subscribed for such honors and fêtes should be invested in a benevolent fund entitled *El Desayuno Escolar* (The School Breakfast Fund), whose object is to provide proper food for public school children parents of whom cannot afford such provision. Our author's father, as I have stated at the beginning of this article, was a child's specialist, and thus the great playwright has a special predilection for the little ones and always takes an active part in any movement organized for their benefit. In fêtes taking place about Christmas time, he frequently distributes toys and clothing among the children, and has written expressly for child audiences a series of exquisite pieces. In general, every beneficent and philanthropic enterprise finds at its disposal the heart, the voice and the pen of Benavente, his purse and his person contributing as well.

He is a good man, not only in theory but in practice. We might say of him that he makes of goodness a passion—that real goodness by which, more even than by genius, man ascends to the superman and approaches Divinity.

DR. JULIUS BROUTA.

The drama of the near future, the realization of the new art of the theatre and of the drama working in conjunction, gives promise of being a new species of symbolic poetry. It bids fair to be dynamically emotive, vast in scope, cosmic in conception, universal in appeal.

FROM **THE CHANGING DRAMA** by Archibald Henderson.

Note to subscribers:

Several issues of *The Drama* are exhausted. There is a heavy demand for numbers 1, 4, and 14. Anyone willing to sell copies so numbered will confer a favor upon the magazine by addressing the office.

THE BONDS OF INTEREST

A Comedy in a Prologue and Three Acts, from the
Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, by
John Garrett Underhill

PERSONS REPRESENTED

DONNA SIRENA.
SILVIA.
THE WIFE OF POLICHINELLE.
COLUMBINE.
LAURA.
RISELA.
LEANDER.
CRISPIN.
THE DOCTOR.
POLICHINELLE.
HARLEQUIN.
THE CAPTAIN.
PANTALON.
THE INN KEEPER.
THE SECRETARY.
1st and 2nd SERVANTS AT THE INN.
1st and 2nd CONSTABLES.

*The action takes place in an imaginary country at
the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.*

*First presented at the Teatro Lara, Madrid, on
the evening of the 9th of December, 1907.*

Copyright 1915, by John Garrett Underhill. Author-
ized translation. All rights reserved.

THE BONDS OF INTEREST

By JACINTO BENAVENTE

PROLOGUE

Spoken by CRISPIN.

A curtain dividing in the middle, or a door, centre, curtained.

Here you have the tumbler of the antique farce—him who enlivened in the country inns the hard-earned leisure of the carter, who made the simple rustics gape with wonder in the squares of every rural town and village, who in the populous cities drew about him great bewildering assemblages, as in Paris where Tabarin set up his scaffold on the *Pont Neuf* and challenged the attention of the passers-by, from the learned doctor pausing a moment on his solemn errand to smoothe out the wrinkles on his brow at some merry quip of old-time farce, to the light-hearted cutpurse who there whiled away his hours of ease as he cheated his hunger with a smile, to prelate and noble dame and great grandee in stately carriages, soldier and merchant and student and maid. Men of every rank and condition shared in the rejoicing,—men who were never brought together in any other way,—the grave laughing to see the laughter of the gay rather than at the wit of the farce, the wise with the foolish, the poor with the rich, so staid and formal in their ordinary aspect, and the rich to see the poor laugh, their consciences a little easier at the thought: “Even the poor can smile.” For nothing is so contagious as the sympathy of a smile. Sometimes our humble farce mounted up to Prince’s Palaces on the whims of the mighty and the great; yet there its rogueries

were not less free. It was the common heritage of great and small. Its rude jests, its sharp and biting sentences it took from the people, from that lowly wisdom of the poor which knows how to suffer and bear all, and which was softened in those days by resignation in men who did not expect too much of the world and so were able to laugh at the world without bitterness and without hate. From its humble origins Lope de Rueda and Shakespere and Molière lifted it up, bestowing upon it high patents of nobility, and like enamored princes of the fairy tales, elevated poor Cinderella to the topmost thrones of Poetry and of Art. But our farce tonight can not claim such distinguished parentage, contrived for your amusement by the inquiring spirit of a restless poet of today. This is a little play of puppets, impossible in theme, without any reality at all. You will soon see how everything happens in it that could never happen, how its personages are not real men and women, nor the shadows of them, but dolls or marionettes of paste and cardboard, moving upon wires which are visible even in a little light and to the dimmest eye. They are the grotesque masks of the Italian Comedy of Art, not as boisterous as they once were, because they have aged with the years and have been able to think much in so long a time. The author is aware that so primitive a spectacle is unworthy of the culture of these days; he throws himself upon your courtesy and upon your goodness of heart. He only asks that you should make yourselves as young as possible. The world has grown old, but art never can reconcile itself to growing old, and so, to seem young again, it descends to these fripperies. And that is the reason that these outworn puppets have presumed to come to amuse you to-night with their child's play.

.

ACT I

A plaza in a city. The façade of an Inn is at the right, having a practicable door, with a knocker upon it. Above the door a sign reads Inn.

LEANDER and CRISPIN enter from the left.

LEANDER. This must be a very great city, Crispin. Its riches and its power appear in everything.

CRISPIN. Yes; there are two cities. Pray God that we have chanced upon the better one!

LEANDER. Two cities do you say, Crispin? Ah! Now I understand—an old city and a new city, one on either side of the river.

CRISPIN. What has the river to do with it, or newness or age? I say two cities just as there are in every city in the world; one for people who arrive with money and the other for persons who arrive like us.

LEANDER. We are lucky to have arrived at all without falling into the hands of Justice. And I should be heartily glad to stop here awhile and rest myself, for I am tired of this running about the world so continually.

CRISPIN. Not I! No, it is the natural condition of the free-born subjects of the Kingdom of Roguery, of whom am I, not to remain seated long in any one place, unless it be through compulsion, as to say in the galleys, where, believe me, they are very hard seats. But now since we have happened upon this city, and to all appearances it is a well fortified and provisioned one, let us like prudent captains map out our plan of battle beforehand, if we are to conquer it with any advantage to ourselves.

LEANDER. A pretty army we shall make to besiege it!

CRISPIN. We are men and we have to do with men.

LEANDER. All our wealth is on our backs. You were not willing to take off these clothes and sell them, when by doing so we could easily have obtained money.

CRISPIN. I would sooner take off my skin than my good clothes. As the world goes nothing is so important as appearances, and the clothes, as you must admit, are the first things to appear.

LEANDER. What are we going to do, Crispin? Hunger and fatigue have been too much for me. I am overcome; I cannot talk.

CRISPIN. There is nothing for us to do but to take advantage of our talents and our effrontery, for without effrontery talents are of no use. The best thing, as it seems to me, will be for you to talk as little as possible, but be very impressive when you do and put on the airs of a gentleman of quality. From time to time then I will permit you to strike me across the back. When anybody asks you a question, reply mysteriously and if you open your mouth on your own account, be sure that it is with dignity, as if you were pronouncing sentence. You are young; you have a fine presence. Until now you have only known how to dissipate your resources; this is the time for you to begin to profit by them. Put yourself in my hands. There is nothing so useful to a man as to have someone always at his heels to point out his merits, for modesty in one's self is imbecility, while self-praise is madness, and so between the two we come into disfavor with the world. Men are like merchandise; they are worth more or less according to the skill of the salesman who markets them. I tell you, though you were but

muddy glass, I will so contrive that in my hands you shall pass for pure diamond. And now let us knock at the door of this inn, for surely it is the proper thing to have lodgings on the main square.

LEANDER. You say at this inn? But how are we going to pay?

CRISPIN. If you are to be stopped by a little thing like that then we had better search out an asylum or an almshouse or else beg on the streets, if so be that you incline to virtue. Or if to force, then back to the highway and cut the throat of the first passer-by. If we are to live upon our means, strictly speaking, we have no other means to live.

LEANDER. I have letters of introduction to persons of importance in this city, who will be able to lend us aid.

CRISPIN. Then tear those letters up; never think of such baseness again! Introduce yourself to no man when you are in need. Those would be pretty letters of credit indeed! To-day you will be received with the greatest courtesy; they will tell you that their houses and their persons are to be considered as yours. The next time you call, the servant will tell you that his master is not at home. No, he is not expected soon . . . and at the next visit nobody will trouble so much as to open the door. This is a world of giving and taking; a shop, a mart, a place of exchange, and before you ask you have to offer.

LEANDER. And what can I offer when I have nothing?

CRISPIN. How low an opinion you must have of yourself? Is a man in himself, then, worth nothing? A man may be a soldier, and by his valor win great victories. He may be a husband or a lover, and with sweet, soothing medicine, restore some noble dame to health, or some damsel of high degree, who has

been pining away through melancholy. He may be the servant of some mighty and powerful lord, who becomes attached to him and raises him up through his favor, and he may be so many other things besides that I have not the breath even to begin to run them over. When one wants to climb, why any stair will do.

LEANDER. But if I have not even that stair?

CRISPIN. Then accept my shoulders, and I will lift you up. I offer you the top.

LEANDER. And if we both fall down upon the ground?

CRISPIN. God grant that it may be soft! [*Knocking at the inn-door.*] Hello! Ho within there! Hello, I say, in the inn! Devil of an innkeeper! Does no one answer? What sort of a tavern is this?

LEANDER. Why are you making all this noise when as yet you have scarcely begun to call?

CRISPIN. Because it is monstrous that they should make us wait like this! [*Calling again more loudly.*] Hello within! Who's there, I say? Hello in the house! Hello, you thousand devils! . . .

INNKEEPER. [*Within.*] Who's there? What knocking and what shouting at my door! Is this the way to stand and wait? Out, I say!

CRISPIN. It is too much! And now he will tell us that this dilapidated old tavern is a fit lodging for a gentleman.

[*The INNKEEPER and TWO SERVANTS come out of the Inn.*]

INNKEEPER. Softly, sirs, softly; for this is not a tavern but an inn and great gentlemen have been lodged in this house.

CRISPIN. I would like to have seen those same great gentlemen—gentle, a little more or less.

What? It is easy enough to see by these rascals that they are not accustomed to waiting on persons of quality. They stand there like blockheads without running to do our service.

INNKEEPER. My life! But you are impertinent!

LEANDER. My servant is a little forward, perhaps. You will find him somewhat hasty in his temper. However, your inn will be good enough for the brief time we shall be able to remain in it. Prepare an apartment for me and another for my servant, and let us spare these idle words.

INNKEEPER. I beg your pardon, sir. If you had only spoken before. . . . I don't know how it is, but somehow gentlemen are always so much more polite than their servants.

CRISPIN. The fact is my master is so good natured that he will put up with anything. But I know what is proper for his service, and I have no mind to wink at villainy. Lead us to our apartments.

INNKEEPER. But where is your luggage?

CRISPIN. Do you suppose that we are carrying our luggage with us on our backs, like a soldier's knapsack, or trundling it like student's bundles in our hands? Know that my master has eight carts coming after him, which will arrive if he stays here long enough, and at that he will only remain for the time which is absolutely necessary to conclude the secret mission with which he has been entrusted in this city.

LEANDER. Will you be silent and hold your tongue? What secret is it possible to keep with you? If I am discovered through your impudence, through your misguided talk . . . [*He threatens and strikes CRISPIN with his sword.*]

CRISPIN. Help! He is killing me! [*Running.*]

INNKEEPER. [*Interposing between LEANDER and CRISPIN.*] Hold, sir!

LEANDER. Let me chastise him! The most intolerable of vices is this desire to talk.

INNKEEPER. Do not beat him, sir!

LEANDER. Let me at him! Let me at him! Will the slave never learn? [*As he is about to strike CRISPIN, CRISPIN runs and hides himself behind the INNKEEPER, who receives all the blows.*]

CRISPIN. [*Crying out.*] Ay! Ay! Ay!

INNKEEPER. Ay, say I! For I got all the blows!

LEANDER. [*To CRISPIN.*] Now you see what you have done. This poor man has received all the blows. Down! Down! Beg his pardon!

INNKEEPER. It will not be necessary, sir. I pardon him willingly. [*To the servants.*] What are you doing standing there? Prepare the rooms in which the Emperor of Mantua is accustomed to reside when he is stopping in this house, and let dinner be made ready for these gentlemen.

CRISPIN. Perhaps it would be as well if I saw to that myself, otherwise they may delay and spoil everything, and commit a thousand blunders for which I should be made to answer, for my master, as you see, is not a man to submit to insult. . . . I am with you, sirrahs—and remember who it is you serve, for the greatest good fortune or the direst calamity in the world enters at this moment behind you through these doors.

[*The servants, followed by CRISPIN, re-enter the Inn.*]

INNKEEPER. [*To LEANDER.*] Will you be good enough to let me have your name, where you come from, and the business which brings you to this city? . . .

LEANDER. [*Seeing CRISPIN re-enter from the Inn.*] My servant will let you have them. . . . Learn not to bother me with foolish questions. . . . [*He goes into the Inn.*]

CRISPIN. What have you done now? You have not dared to question my master? If you want to keep him so much as another hour in your house, never speak to him again! No! Not one word!

INNKEEPER. But the laws are very strict. It is absolutely necessary that the questions should be answered. The law in this city . . .

CRISPIN. Never mention the law to my master! Silence! Silence! And for shame! You do not know whom you have in your house; no, and if you did you would not be wasting your time on these impertinences.

INNKEEPER. But am I not to be told at least . . .

CRISPIN. Bolt of Heaven! Silence! . . . Or I will call my master, and he will tell you whatever he sees fit; and then you will not understand! Take care! Look to it that he wants for nothing! Wait on him with every one of your five senses, or you will have good reason to regret it! Have you no knowledge of men? Can't you read character? Don't you see who my master is? What? How is that? What do you say? No reply! . . . Come! Come! . . . In! . . .

[*He goes into the Inn, pushing the INNKEEPER before him. The CAPTAIN and HARLEQUIN enter from the left.*]

HARLEQUIN. As we wander back from the fields which surround this city,—and beyond a doubt they are the best part of it,—it seems that without intending it, we have happened upon this Inn. What a creature of habit is man! And surely it is a vile habit, this being obliged to eat every day.

CAPTAIN. The sweet music of your verses had quite deprived me of all thought. Delightful privilege of the poet!

HARLEQUIN. Which does not prevent him from being equally lacking upon his own part. The poet wants everything. I approach this Inn with fear. Will they consent to trust us to-day? If not, we must rely upon your sword.

CAPTAIN. My sword? The soldier's sword, like the poet's lyre, is little valued in this city of merchants and traders. . . . We have fallen upon evil days.

HARLEQUIN. We have. Sublime poesy which sings of great and glorious exploits is no more. It is equally profitless to offer your genius to the great to praise or to lampoon them. Flattery and satire are both alike to them. They neither thank you for the one nor fear the other, nor do they read them. Aretino himself would have starved to death in these days.

CAPTAIN. But tell me, how is it with us? What is the position of the soldier? Because we were defeated in the late wars—more through these base traffickers who govern us and send us to defend their interests without enthusiasm and without arms, than through any power of the enemy, as if a man could fight with his whole heart for what he did not love—defeated by these traffickers who did not contribute so much as a single soldier to our ranks or lend one single penny to the cause but upon good interest and yet better security; who, as soon as they scented danger and saw their pockets in jeopardy, threatened to make common cause with the enemy,—now they blame us, they abuse us and despise us, and seek to economize out of our martial misery, which is the little pay that they give us, and would dismiss

us if they dared if they were not afraid that some day all those whom they have oppressed by their tyranny and their greed would rise up and turn against them. And woe to them when they do, if we remember that day on which side lie duty and justice!

HARLEQUIN. When that day comes you will find us at your side.

CAPTAIN. Poets cannot be depended upon for anything. Your spirits are like the opal, which looks different in every light. You are in an ecstasy to-day over what is about to be born and to-morrow over what is in the last stages of dissolution. You have a special weakness for falling in love with ruins, which to my mind is a melancholy thing. And since as a rule you sit up all night, you more often see the sun set than the day break; you know more about going down than you do of rising.

HARLEQUIN. That cannot truthfully be said of me. I have often seen the sun rise when I had no place to lay my head. Besides, how can you expect a man to hail the day as blithely as a lark when it always breaks so unfortunately for him? What say you? Shall we try our fate?

CAPTAIN. It cannot be avoided. Be seated, and let us await what our good host has in store.

HARLEQUIN. [*Calling into the Inn.*] Hello, there! Ho! Who serves to-day?

[*The INNKEEPER enters.*]

INNKEEPER. Ah, gentlemen! Is it you? I am sorry, but there is no entertainment in the Inn to-day.

CAPTAIN. And for what reason, if it is proper to ask the question?

INNKEEPER. A proper question for you to ask. You don't suppose that I trust nobody for what is consumed in this house?

CAPTAIN. Ah! Is that the reason? And are we not persons of credit, who are to be trusted?

INNKEEPER. No; not by me. And as I never expect to collect anything, you have had all that courtesy requires out of me already. This being the case, you will be so kind as to remove yourselves from my door.

HARLEQUIN. Do you imply that there is nothing to be counted between us but money? Are all the praises that we have lavished upon your house in all parts of the country to go for nothing? I have even composed a sonnet in your honor, in which I celebrate the virtues of your stewed partridges and hare pie! . . . And as for my friend, the Captain, you may rest assured that he alone would uphold the reputation of your hostelry against an army. Is that a feat which is worth nothing? Is there nothing but clinking of coins in your ears?

INNKEEPER. I am not in a jesting mood; it does not suit my humor. I want none of your sonnets, nor the Captain's sword either, which might better be employed in other business.

CAPTAIN. Name of Mars! . . . You are right. Better employed upon an impudent rascal's back, flaying off his hide! [*Threatening him and striking him with his sword.*]

INNKEEPER [*Crying out.*] What? How is this? You strike me? Help! Justice!

HARLEQUIN. [*Restraining the CAPTAIN.*] Don't run your head into a noose on account of such a worthless scamp.

CAPTAIN. I shall kill him. [*Striking him.*]

INNKEEPER. Help! Justice!

[*The Two SERVANTS enter, running, from the Inn.*]

SERVANTS. They are killing our master!

INNKEEPER. Save me!

CAPTAIN. Not one of them shall remain alive!

INNKEEPER. Will no one come?

[CRISPIN and LEANDER enter.]

LEANDER. What is this brawl?

CRISPIN. In the presence of my master? Before the house where he resides? Is there no rest possible, nor quiet! Hold! Or I shall summon Justice. Order! Quiet!

INNKEEPER. This will be the ruin of me! With such a dignitary stopping in my house. . . .

HARLEQUIN. Who is he?

INNKEEPER. Never dare to ask me his name!

CAPTAIN. Your pardon, sir, if we have disturbed your rest; but this rascally villain . . .

INNKEEPER. It wasn't my fault, my lord. These unblushing scoundrels . . .

CAPTAIN. What? I? Unblushing—I? I can bear no more! . . .

CRISPIN. Hold, sir Captain, for one is here who is able to redress your wrongs, if so be you have had them of this man.

INNKEEPER. Consider, sir, that for more than a month these fellows have eaten at my expense without the payment of one penny . . . without so much as the thought of payment; and now because I refuse to serve them to-day, they turn upon me.

HARLEQUIN. I do not turn because I am accustomed to face that which is unpleasant.

CAPTAIN. Is it reasonable that a soldier should not be given credit?

HARLEQUIN. Is it reasonable that a sonnet should be allowed to pass for nothing, although it is written with the best of flourishes in praise of his stewed partridges and hare pies? . . . And all this upon

credit on my part, for I have never tasted one of them, but only his eternal mutton and potatoes.

CRISPIN. These two noble gentlemen are right. It is infamous that a poet and a soldier should be denied in this manner.

HARLEQUIN. Ah, sir! You have a great soul!

CRISPIN. No, I have not—but my master, who is here present. Being a grand gentleman, there is nothing which appeals to him so much in the world as a poet or a soldier.

LEANDER. To be sure. I agree with you.

CRISPIN. You need have no doubt but that while he remains in this city you will be treated with the consideration you deserve. You shall want for nothing. Whatever expense you may be at in this Inn, is to be placed upon his account.

LEANDER. To be sure. I agree with you.

CRISPIN. And let the landlord look to it that you get your deserts!

INNKEEPER. Sir! . . .

CRISPIN. And don't be so stingy with those partridges and hairy pies. It is not proper that a poet like Signor Harlequin should be obliged to draw upon his imagination for his descriptions of such material things.

HARLEQUIN. What? Do you know my name?

CRISPIN. No, I do not; but my master, being such a great gentleman, knows all the poets who exist or who ever did exist in the world, provided always that they were worthy of the name. .

LEANDER. To be sure. I agree with you.

CRISPIN. And none of them is more famous than you, Signor Harlequin. Whenever I consider that you have not been treated here with the respect which is your due . . .

INNKEEPER. Your pardon, sir. They shall be made welcome as you desire. It is sufficient that you should be their security.

CAPTAIN. Sir, if I can be of service to you in any way . . .

CRISPIN. What? Is it a small service to be permitted to know you? O glorious Captain, worthy only to be sung by this immortal poet!

HARLEQUIN. Sir!

CAPTAIN. Sir!

HARLEQUIN. So my verses are known to you?

CRISPIN. How? . . . Known? And if known, would it ever be possible to forget them? Is not that wonderful sonnet yours, which begins:

“The soft hand which caresses and which slays . . .”

HARLEQUIN. What?

CRISPIN. What? “The soft hand which caresses and which slays” . . . It does not say what.

HARLEQUIN. Nonsense! No, that is not my sonnet.

CRISPIN. Then it is worthy of being yours. And you, Captain! Who is not familiar with your marvelous exploits? Was it not you who, alone, with twenty men, assaulted the Castle of the Red Rock in the famous battle of the Black Field?

CAPTAIN. You know, then?

CRISPIN. How? . . . Do I know? Oh! Many a time, transported, I have listened to my master recount the story of your prowess! Twenty men, twenty, and you in front of them, and in front of you the castle. . . . Boom! Boom! Boom! from the castle, shots and bombards, darts and flaming squibs and boiling oil. . . . And the twenty men all there standing like one man, and you in front of them! And from above . . . Boom! Boom! Boom! And the roll of the drums . . . Rum-a-tum-tum! . . .

And the blare of the trumpets . . . Tara! Tara-ra!
And you all the while there alone with your sword
. . . Swish! Swish! Swish! A blow here, a blow
there. Or without your sword . . . Above, below
. . . A head, an arm . . .

[*He begins to rain blows about him right and left,
and to kick, using his fists, his feet, and the flat
side of his sword, indifferently.*]

SERVANTS. Ay! Ay! Oh! Oh!

INNKEEPER. Hold! Hold! Restrain yourself!
You don't know what you are doing. You are all
excited . . . It is as if the battle were really taking
place . . .

CRISPIN. How? I am excited? Know that I al-
ways feel in my breast the *animus belli* . . . the
thirst for war!

CAPTAIN. It seems almost as if you must have
been there.

CRISPIN. To hear my master describe it is the
same as being there. No, it is preferable to it. And
is such a soldier, the hero of the Red Rocks in the
Black Fields, to be insulted thus? Ah! How fortu-
nate it is that my master was present, and that im-
portant business had brought him to this city, for he
will see to it that you are accorded the considera-
tion you deserve. . . . So sublime a poet, so great a
captain! . . . [*To the servants.*] Quick! What are
you doing there? Bring the best food that you have
in the house and set it before these gentlemen. And
first of all get a bottle of good wine; it will be a
rare pleasure to my master to drink with them. He
will esteem himself indeed fortunate. . . . Don't
stand there and stare! Quick! Bestir yourselves!

INNKEEPER. Run, run! I go. . . . We are getting
something out of this after all.

[*The INNKEEPER and the Two SERVANTS run into the Inn.*]

HARLEQUIN. Ah sir! How can we ever repay you?

CAPTAIN. How? We certainly never shall . . .

CRISPIN. Let nobody speak of payment before my master. The very thought gives offense. Be seated, be seated. My master, who has wine and dined so many princes, so many noblemen at his table, will deem this an even greater pleasure.

LEANDER. To be sure. I agree with you.

CRISPIN. My master is not a man of many words; but, as you see, the few that he does speak, are, as it were, fraught with wisdom.

HARLEQUIN. His grandeur appears in everything.

CAPTAIN. You have no idea what a comfort it is to our drooping spirits to find a noble gentleman like you who condescends to treat us with such consideration.

CRISPIN. Why, this is nothing to what he will condescend to do! I know that my master will never rest satisfied to stop at such a trifle. He will elevate you to his own level and then hold you up beside him on the same exalted plane. . . . He is just that sort of man.

LEANDER. [*To CRISPIN.*] Don't let your tongue run away with you, Crispin. . . .

CRISPIN. My master is averse to foolish talk; but you will soon know him by his deeds.

[*The INNKEEPER and the SERVANTS re-enter, bringing wine and provisions which they place upon the table.*]

INNKEEPER. Here is the wine—and the dinner.

CRISPIN. Drink, drink and eat. . . . See that they want for nothing; my master is agreeable. He will

be responsible. His responsibility is fortunately not in question. If you would like anything you don't see, don't hesitate to ask for it. My master will order it. And let the landlord look to it that it is brought promptly, for verily at this business, he is the sorriest kind of knave.

INNKEEPER. To be sure . . . I don't agree with you.

CRISPIN. Not another word! You insult my master.

CAPTAIN. Your very good health!

LEANDER. Your good healths, gentlemen! To the health of the greatest poet and the best soldier in the world!

HARLEQUIN. To the health of the noblest gentleman. . . .

CAPTAIN. The most liberal and the most generous . . .

CRISPIN. In the world! Excuse me, but I must drink too, though it may seem presumptuous. But on a day like this, this day of days which has brought together the sublimest poet, the bravest captain, the noblest gentleman, and the most faithful servant . . . in the universe . . . [*They drink.*] Now you will permit my master to retire. The important business which brings him to the city admits of no further delay.

LEANDER. To be sure.

CRISPIN. You will not fail to return every day and present your respects to him?

HARLEQUIN. Every hour! And I am going to bring with me all the poets and all the musicians of my acquaintance, to serenade him with music and songs.

CAPTAIN. I shall bring my whole company with me with torches and banners.

LEANDER. You will offend my modesty.

CRISPIN. And now eat, drink. . . . Mind you, sirrahs! About it! Quick! Serve these gentlemen. [*To the CAPTAIN.*] A word in your ear. . . . Are you out of money?

CAPTAIN. What shall I say?

CRISPIN. Say no more. [*To the INNKEEPER.*] Eh! This way! Let these gentlemen have forty or fifty crowns on my master's account, as a present from him. . . . Omit nothing! See that they are satisfied!

INNKEEPER. Don't worry, sir. Forty or fifty, did you say?

CRISPIN. While you are about it, better make it sixty. . . . Your health, gentlemen!

CAPTAIN. Long life to the noblest gentleman in the world!

HARLEQUIN. Long life!

CRISPIN. Shout long life, too, you uncivil people!

INNKEEPER AND SERVANTS. Long life! Long life!

CRISPIN. Long life to the sublimest poet and the best soldier in the world!

ALL. Long life!

LEANDER. [*To CRISPIN.*] Are you mad, Crispin? What are you doing? How are we ever going to get out of this?

CRISPIN. The same way that we got in. You see now poesy and arms are ours. . . . On! We shall achieve the conquest of the world!

[*All exchange bows and salutations, after which LEANDER and CRISPIN go out upon the left, as they came in. The CAPTAIN and HARLEQUIN attack the dinner which is set before them by the INNKEEPER and the SERVANTS, who wait upon them assiduously with anticipation of their every want.*]

CURTAIN

ACT II

A garden with the façade of a pavilion opening upon it.

DONNA SIRENA and COLUMBINE enter from the pavilion.

SIRENA. Is it not enough to deprive a woman of her five senses, Columbine? Can it be possible that a lady should see herself placed in so embarrassing a position and by low unfeeling people? How did you ever dare to show yourself in my presence with such a tale?

COLUMBINE. But sooner or later wouldn't you have had to know it?

SIRENA. I had rather have died first. But did they all say the same?

COLUMBINE. All . . . one after the other, exactly as I have told it to you. The tailor absolutely refuses to send you the gown until you have paid him everything you owe.

SIRENA. Impudent rascal! Everything I owe *him*. The barefaced highwayman! And does he not stand indebted for his reputation and his very credit in this city to me? Until I employed him in the decoration of my person he did not know, so to speak, what it was to dress a lady.

COLUMBINE. All the cooks and musicians and servants say the same. They refuse to play to-night or to appear at the fête unless they are all paid beforehand.

SIRENA. The rogues! The brood of vipers! Whence does such insolence spring? Were these

people not born to serve? Are they to be paid nowadays in nothing but money? Is money the only thing which has value in the world? Woe unto her who is left without a husband to look after her as I am . . . without male relatives, alas, without any masculine connection! . . . A woman by herself is worth nothing in the world, be she never so noble or virtuous. O day foretold of the Apocalypse! Surely anti-Christ has come!

COLUMBINE. I never saw you so put out before. I hardly know you. You have always been able to rise above these calamities.

SIRENA. Those were other days, Columbine. Then I had my youth to count on, and my beauty, as powerful allies. Princes and great grandees cast themselves at my feet.

COLUMBINE. But on the other hand you did not have the experience and knowledge of the world which you have now. And as far as beauty is concerned, surely you never shone with such refulgence as to-day—that is, if you will listen to me.

SIRENA. Don't attempt to flatter me. Do you suppose that I should ever have got myself into such a fix if I had been the Donna Sirena of my twenties?

COLUMBINE. Your twenty suitors?

SIRENA. What do you think? I had no end of suitors. And you who have not yet begun upon twenty, you have not the sense to perceive what that means and to profit by it. I would never have believed it possible. Otherwise would I have adopted you for my niece if I had, though I saw myself abandoned by every man in the world and reduced to live alone with a maid-servant? If instead of wasting your youth on this impecunious Harlequin, this poet who can bring you nothing but ballads and

verses, you had had the sense to make a proper use of your time, we should not be languishing now in this humiliating dilemma.

COLUMBINE. What do you expect? I am too young to resign myself yet to being loved without loving. If I am to become skilful in making others suffer for love of me, surely I must learn first what it is one suffers when one loves. And when I do, I am positive I shall be able to profit by it. I have not yet turned twenty, but you must not think because of that I have so little sense as to mean to marry Harlequin.

SIRENA. I would not trust you. You are capricious, flighty . . . and allow yourself to be run away with by your imagination. But first let us consider what is to be done. How are we to extricate ourselves from this horrible dilemma? In a short time the guests will arrive—all persons of quality and importance, and among them Signor Polichinelle and his wife and daughter, who, for various reasons, are of more account to me than the rest. You know my house has been frequented of late by several noble gentlemen, somewhat frayed in their nobility, it is true, as I am, through want of means. For any one of them, the daughter of Signor Polichinelle, with her rich dowry and the priceless sum which she will inherit upon her father's death, would be an untold treasure. She has many suitors, but I interpose my influence with Signor Polichinelle and with his wife in favor of them all. Whichever one should be fortunate I know that he will requite my good offices with his bounty, because I have made them all sign an agreement which assures me of it. I have no other means than this to repair my state. If now some rich merchant or some trader by some lucky chance would fall in love with you. . . . Ah, who can

say? This house might become again what it was in other days. But if the insolence of these people breaks out to-night, if I cannot give the fête . . . No! I cannot think of it. . . . It would be the death of me!

COLUMBINE. Do not trouble yourself, Donna Sirena. We have enough in the house to provide the entertainment. As for the music and the servants, Signor Harlequin will be able to supply them—he is not a poet and in love with me for nothing. Many singers and choice spirits of his acquaintance will willingly lend themselves to any adventure. You will see that nothing will be lacking, and your guests will all say that they have never been present at so marvelous a fête in their lives.

SIRENA. Ah, Columbine! If that could only be, how greatly you would rise in my estimation! Run, run and seek out your poet. . . . There is no time to lose.

COLUMBINE. My poet? Surely he is walking up and down now on the other side of the garden, waiting for a sign. . . .

SIRENA. I fear it would not be proper for me to be present at your interview. I ought not to demean myself by soliciting such favors. I leave all that to you. Let nothing be wanting to the fête and you shall be well repaid, for these terrible straits through which we are passing to-night cannot continue forever . . . or else I am not Donna Sirena!

COLUMBINE. All will be well. Have no fear.

[DONNA SIRENA goes out through the pavilion.]

COLUMBINE. [Stepping towards the right and calling.] Harlequin! Harlequin! [CRISPIN enters.] It isn't he!

CRISPIN. Be not afraid, beautiful Columbine, mistress of the mightiest poet, who yet has not been

able to heighten in his verses the splendors of your charm. If the picture must always be different from reality, the advantage in this case is all on the side of reality. You can imagine no doubt what the picture must have been.

COLUMBINE. Are you a poet, too, or only a courtier and a flatterer?

CRISPIN. I am the best friend of your lover Harlequin, although I only met him to-day; but he has had ample proof of my friendship in this short time. My greatest desire has been to salute you, and Signor Harlequin would not have been the poet that I take him for, had he not trusted to my friendship implicitly. But for his confidence I should have been in danger of falling in love with you simply upon the opportunity which he has afforded me of seeing you.

COLUMBINE. Signor Harlequin trusted as much in my love as he did to your friendship. Don't take so much credit to yourself. It is as foolish to trust a man while he lives as a woman while she loves.

CRISPIN. Now I see that you are not so fatal to the sight as to the ear.

COLUMBINE. Pardon me. . . . Before the fête to-night I must speak with Signor Harlequin, and . . .

CRISPIN. It will not be necessary. That is why I have come, a poor ambassador from him and from my master, who stoops to kiss your hand.

COLUMBINE. Who is your master, if I may ask that question?

CRISPIN. The noblest and most powerful gentleman in the world. . . . Permit me for the present not to mention his name. Soon it will be known. My master desires to salute Donna Sirena and to be present at her fête to-night.

COLUMBINE. At her fête? Don't you know . . .

CRISPIN. I know everything. That is my business

—to investigate. I know that there were certain inconveniences which threatened to becloud it; but there will be none. . Everything is provided for.

COLUMBINE. What! Then you do know? . . .

CRISPIN. I assure you everything is provided for—a sumptuous reception, lights and fireworks, musicians and sweet song. It will be the most brilliant fête which ever was in the world.

COLUMBINE. Ah, then you are an enchanter?

CRISPIN. Now you begin to know me. But I shall only tell you that I do not bring good fortune with me for nothing. The people of this city are so intelligent that I am sure they will be incapable of frowning upon it and discouraging it with foolish scruples when they see it arrive. My master knows that Signor Polichinelle and his only daughter, the beautiful Silvia, the richest heiress in the city, are to be present at the fête to-night. My master has to fall in love with her, my master has to marry her; and my master will know how to requite in fitting fashion the good offices of Donna Sirena and of yourself, in the matter, if so be that you do him the honor to assist in his suit.

COLUMBINE. Your speech is impertinent. Such boldness gives offense.

CRISPIN. Time presses and I have no leisure to pay compliments.

COLUMBINE. If the master is to be judged by the man . . .

CRISPIN. Reassure yourself. You will find my master the most courteous, the most affable gentleman in the world. My effrontery permits him to be modest. The hard necessities of life sometimes compel the noblest cavalier to descend to the devices of the ruffian, just as sometimes they oblige the noblest ladies, in order to maintain their state, to stoop to

menial tricks, and this mixture of ruin and nobility in one person is out of harmony with nature. It is better to divide among two persons that which is usually found clumsily confused and joined in one. My master and myself, as being one person, are each a part of the other. Would it could be always so! We all have within ourselves a great and splendid gentleman of lofty hopes and towering ideals, capable of everything that is noble and everything that is good—and by his side, a humble servant born to forlorn hopes and miserable and hidden things, who employs himself in the base actions to which we are enforced by life. The art of living is so to separate the two that when we fall into any ignominy we can always say: "It was not my fault; it was not I. It was my servant." In the greatest misery to which we sink there is always something in us which rises superior to ourselves. We should despise ourselves too much if we did not believe that we are better than our lives. . . . Of course you know who my master is: He is the one of the towering thoughts, of the lofty, beautiful ideals. Of course you know who I am: I am the one of the forlorn and hidden things, the one who always grovels and toils on the ground, delving among falsehood and humiliation and lies. Only there is something in me which redeems me and elevates me in my own eyes. It is the loyalty of my service, this loyalty which humiliates and abases itself that another may fly, that he may always be the lord of the towering thoughts, of the lofty, beautiful ideals.

[*Music is heard.*]

COLUMBINE. What is this music?

CRISPIN. The music which my master is bringing with him to the fête with all his pages and all the attendants of his train, accompanied by a great court

of poets and singers presided over by Signor Harlequin, and an entire legion of soldiers with the Captain at their head, illuminating his coming with torches, with rockets and red fire.

COLUMBINE. Who is your master, that he is able to do so much? I run to tell my lady . . .

CRISPIN. It will not be necessary. She is here.

[DONNA SIRENA enters from the pavilion.]

SIRENA. What is this? Who has prepared this music? What troop of people is arriving at my door?

COLUMBINE. Ask no questions. Know that to-day a great gentleman has arrived in this city, and it is he who offers you this fête to-night. His servant will tell you everything. I hardly know myself whether I have been talking to a great rogue or a great madman. Whichever it is, I assure you that he is a most extraordinary man.

SIRENA. Then it is not Harlequin? . . .

COLUMBINE. Ask no questions. . . . It is all like a work of magic.

CRISPIN. Donna Sirena, my master begs permission to kiss your hand. So great a lady and so noble a gentleman ought not, when they meet, to be obliged to descend to indignities inappropriate to their state. That is why, before he arrives, I have come to tell you everything. I am acquainted with a thousand notable exploits of your history, which should I but refer to them, would alone be sufficient to assure me of your attention. . . . But it would be an impertinence to mention them. [*Handing her a paper.*] My master acknowledges in this paper over his signature the great sum which he will be in your debt if you are able to fulfill upon your part that which he has here the honor to propose.

SIRENA. What paper and what debt is this?

[*Reading the paper to herself.*] How? A hundred thousand crowns at once and an equal quantity upon the death of Signor Polichinelle, if your master succeeds in marrying his daughter? What insolence and what infamy have we here? And to a lady! Do you know to whom you are speaking? Do you know what house this is?

CRISPIN. Donna Sirena! . . . Forego your wrath. There is nobody present for whom you need care. Put that paper away with the others, and let us not refer to the matter again. My master proposes nothing which is improper to you nor would you consent that he should do so. Whatever may happen hereafter will be the work of chance and of love. I, the servant, was the one who set this unworthy snare. You are ever the noble dame, my master the virtuous cavalier, and as you meet in this festival to-night, you will talk of a thousand gallant and priceless things, as your guests stroll by and whisper enviously in praise of the ladies' beauty and the exquisite artfulness of their dress, the splendour and magnificence of the entertainment, the sweetness of the music, the nimble grace of the dancers' feet. . . . And who is to say that this is not the whole story? Is not life just this—a fête in which the music serves to cover up the words, the words to cover up the thoughts? Then let the music sound, let conversation flash and sparkle with its smiles, let the supper be well served . . . this is all that concerns the guests. See, here is my master, who comes to salute you in all courtesy.

[*LEANDER, HARLEQUIN, and the CAPTAIN enter from the right.*]

LEANDER. Donna Sirena, I kiss your hand.

SIRENA. Sir . . .

LEANDER. My servant has already told you in my name much more than I myself could say.

CRISPIN. Being a gentleman of discretion, my master is a man of few words. His admiration is mute.

HARLEQUIN. He wisely knows how to admire.

CAPTAIN. True merit.

HARLEQUIN. True valor.

CAPTAIN. The divine art of poesy.

HARLEQUIN. The incomparable science of war.

CAPTAIN. His greatness appears in everything.

HARLEQUIN. He is the noblest gentleman in the world.

CAPTAIN. My sword shall always be at his service.

HARLEQUIN. I shall dedicate my greatest poem to his glory.

CRISPIN. Enough! Enough! You will offend his native modesty. See how he tries to hide himself and slip away. He is a violet.

SIRENA. Surely he has no need to speak for himself who can make others talk like this in his praise.

[After bows and salutations the men all withdraw upon the right, DONNA SIRENA and COLUMBINE remaining alone.]

SIRENA. What do you think of this, Columbine?

COLUMBINE. I think that the master is most attractive in his figure and the servant most captivating in his impertinence.

SIRENA. We shall take advantage of them both. For either I know nothing of the world or about men, or else fortune this day has set her foot within my doors.

COLUMBINE. Surely then it must be fortune, for you do know something of the world, and about men . . . what don't you know?

SIRENA. Here are Risela and Laura, the first to arrive. . . .

COLUMBINE. When were they the last at anything? I leave them to you; I must not lose sight of our cavalier.

[*She goes out to the right. LAURA and RISELA enter.*]

SIRENA. My dears! Do you know I was beginning to worry already for fear you would not come?

LAURA. What? Is it really so late?

SIRENA. Naturally it is late before I worry about you.

RISELA. We have disappointed at two other fêtes so as not to miss yours.

LAURA. Though we understood that you might not be able to give it to-night. We heard that you were indisposed.

SIRENA. If only to rebuke gossipers I should have given it though I died.

RISELA. And we should have been present at it even though we had died.

LAURA. But of course you have not heard the news?

RISELA. Nobody is talking of anything else.

LAURA. A mysterious personage has arrived in the city. Some say that he is a secret ambassador from Venice or from France.

RISELA. Others say that he has come to seek a wife for the Grand Turk.

LAURA. They say he is beautiful as an Adonis.

RISELA. If we could only manage to meet him. . . . What a pity! You ought to have invited him to your fête.

SIRENA. It was not necessary, my dears. He himself sent an ambassador begging permission to come. He is now in my house, and I have not the slightest doubt but that you will be talking to him soon.

LAURA. What is that? I told you that we were making no mistake when we came. Something was sure to happen. . . .

RISELA. How we shall be envied to-night!

LAURA. Everybody is mad to know him!

SIRENA. It was no effort for me. It was sufficient for him to hear that I was receiving in my house.

RISELA. Of course . . . the old story. No person of importance ever arrives in the city, but it seems he runs at once and pays his attentions to you.

LAURA. I am impatient to see him. . . . Lead us to him, on your life!

RISELA. Yes. Take us where he is.

SIRENA. I beg your pardons: Signor Polichinelle arriving with his family. . . . But, my dears, you will not wait. . . . You need no introductions.

RISELA. Certainly not. Come, Laura.

LAURA. Come, Risela, before the crowd grows too great and it is impossible to get near.

[LAURA and RISELA go out to the right. POLICHINELLE, the WIFE OF POLICHINELLE, and SILVIA enter.]

SIRENA. O, Signor Polichinelle! I was afraid you were not coming. Until now I really did not know whether or not I was to have a fete.

POLICHINELLE. It was not my fault; it was my wife's. With forty gowns to select from, she can never make up her mind which to put on.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Yes, if I were to please him I should make an exhibition of myself. . . . Why, any suggestion will do. . . . You see, as it is, I have really not had time to put on anything.

SIRENA. But you never were more beautiful.

POLICHINELLE. Well, she is not displaying one-

half of her jewels. If she did she could not support the weight of the treasure.

SIRENA. Who has a better right to be proud than you have, Signor Polichinelle? What your wife displays are the riches which you have acquired by your labor.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. I tell him this is the time for us to enjoy them. He ought to be ambitious and rise in the world. . . . Instead, all he thinks of is how he can marry his daughter to some trader.

SIRENA. O, Signor Polichinelle! Your daughter deserves a great deal better than a trader. You ought to hold your daughter far too high for trade. Such a thing is not to be thought of for one moment. You have no right to sacrifice her heart to a bargain. What do you say, Silvia?

POLICHINELLE. She would prefer some waxed-up dandy. Instead of listening to my advice, she will go on reading novels and poetry. It disgusts me.

SILVIA. I always do as my father says, unless it is displeasing to my mother or distasteful to me.

SIRENA. You speak very sensibly.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Your father has an idea that there is nothing but money to be had in the world.

POLICHINELLE. I have an idea that without money there is nothing to be had out of the world. Money is the one thing which counts. It buys everything.

SIRENA. Oh, I cannot hear you talk like that! What of virtue, what of intelligence, what of noble blood?

POLICHINELLE. They all have their price. You know it. And nobody knows it better than I do, for I have bought heavily in those lines and found them reasonable.

SIRENA. O, Signor Polichinelle! You are in a

playful humor this evening. You know very well that money will not buy everything, and if your daughter should fall in love with some noble gentleman, you would not dream of attempting to oppose her. I can see that you have a father's tender heart.

POLICHINELLE. I have. I would do anything for my daughter.

SIRENA. Even ruin yourself?

POLICHINELLE. That would not be anything for my daughter. Why, I would steal first, rob, murder . . . anything. . . .

SIRENA. I felt sure that you would know some way to recoup yourself. But the fete is crowded already. Come with me, Silvia. I have picked out a handsome gentleman to dance with you. You will make a striking couple . . . ideal!

[*All go out upon the right except SIGNOR POLICHINELLE, who is detained as he is about to do so by CRISPIN, who enters and accosts him.*]

CRISPIN. Signor Polichinelle! With your permission. . . . A word with you. . . .

POLICHINELLE. Who calls me? What do you want?

CRISPIN. You don't remember me? It is not surprising. Time blots out everything, and when what has been blotted out was unpleasant, after a while we do not remember even the blot, but hurry and paint over it with bright colors, like these with which you now hide your capers from the world. Why, when I knew you, Signor Polichinelle, you had hard work to cover your nakedness with a couple of muddy rags.

POLICHINELLE. Who are you and where did you know me?

CRISPIN. I was a mere boy then; you were a grown man. But you cannot have forgotten so soon all those glorious exploits on the high seas, all those victories gained over the Turks, to which we contributed not a little with our heroic strength, both pulling chained at the same noble oar in the same victorious galley?

POLICHINELLE. Impudent scoundrel! Silence, or . . .

CRISPIN. Or you will do with me as you did with your first master in Naples, and with your first wife in Bologna, and with that usurious Jew in Venice . . .

POLICHINELLE. Silence! Who are you who know so much and talk so freely?

CRISPIN. I am . . . what you were. One who will come to be what you are . . . as you have done. Not with the same violence as you, for these are other days and only madmen commit murder now, and lovers, and poor ignorant wretches who fall armed upon the wayfarer in dark alleys or along the solitary highway. Despicable gallows-birds! Negligible!

POLICHINELLE. What do you want of me? Money, is it not? Well, we can meet again; this is not the place. . . .

CRISPIN. Do not trouble yourself about your money. I only want to be your friend, your ally, as in those days.

POLICHINELLE. What can I do for you?

CRISPIN. Nothing; for to-day I am the one who is going to do for you, and oblige you with a warning. . . . [*Directing him to look off at the right.*] Do you see your daughter there—how she is dancing with that young gentleman? How coyly she blushes at his gallant compliments? Well, that gentleman is my master.

POLICHINELLE. Your master? Then he must be an adventurer, a rogue, a blackguard, like . . .

CRISPIN. Like us . . . you were going to say? No, he is more dangerous than we, because, as you see, he has a fine figure, and there is a mystery and an enchantment in his glance and a sweetness in his voice which go straight to the heart and which stir it as at the recital of some sad tale. Is not this enough to make any woman fall in love? Never say that I did not warn you. Run and separate your daughter from this man and never permit her to dance with him again, no, nor to speak to him, so long as she shall live.

POLICHINELLE. Do you mean to say that he is your master and this the way you serve him?

CRISPIN. Are you surprised? Have you forgotten already how it was when you were a servant? And I have not planned to assassinate him yet.

POLICHINELLE. You are right. A master is always despicable. But what interest have you in serving me?

CRISPIN. To come safe into some good port, as we often did when we rowed together at the oar. Then sometimes you used to say to me: "You are stronger than I, row for me." . . . In this galley in which we are to-day, you are stronger than I. Row for me, for your faithful friend of other days, for life is a horrible vile galley and I have rowed so long.

[*He goes out by the way he came in.* DONNA SIRENA,
the WIFE OF POLICHINELLE, RISELA, and

LAURA *re-enter.*]

LAURA. Only Donna Sirena could have given such a fête!

RISELA. To-night she has outstripped all the others.

SIRENA. The presence of so distinguished a gentleman was an added attraction.

POLICHINELLE. But Silvia? Where is Silvia? What have you done with my daughter?

SIRENA. Do not disturb yourself, Signor Polichinelle. Your daughter is in excellent hands, and you may be assured that she will remain in them as long as she is in my house.

RISELA. There were no attentions for anyone but her.

LAURA. All the smiles were for her.

RISELA. And all the sighs.

POLICHINELLE. Whose? This mysterious gentleman's? I do not like it. This must stop. . . .

SIRENA. But Signor Polichinelle!

POLICHINELLE. Away! Let me be! I know what I am doing. [*He rushes out.*]

SIRENA. What is the matter? What infatuation is this?

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Now you see what sort of man he is. He is going to commit an outrage on that gentleman. He wants to marry his daughter to a trader, does he—a clinker of worthless coin? He wants to make her unhappy for the rest of her life.

SIRENA. No, anything rather than that! Remember—you are her mother and this is the time for you to interpose your authority. . . .

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Look! He has spoken to him and the cavalier drops Silvia's hand and retires, hanging his head.

LAURA. And now Signor Polichinelle is attacking your daughter. . . .

SIRENA. Come! Come! Such conduct cannot be tolerated in my house.

RISELA. Signora Polichinelle, in spite of your riches we see that you are an unfortunate woman.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Would you believe it, he even goes so far sometimes as to turn upon me?

LAURA. Is it possible? And are you a woman to submit to that?

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. He makes it up afterwards by giving me a handsome present.

SIRENA. Well, there are husbands of my acquaintance who would never even think of making up. . . .

[*They all go out. LEANDER and CRISPIN enter.*]

CRISPIN. What is this sadness, this dejection? I expected to find you in better spirits.

LEANDER. I was never unfortunate till now; at least it never mattered to me whether or not I was unfortunate. Let us fly, Crispin, let us fly from this city before anyone can discover us and find out who we are.

CRISPIN. If we fly it will be after everyone has discovered us and they are running after us to detain us and bring us back in spite of ourselves. It would be most discourteous to depart with such scant ceremony without bidding our attentive friends good-bye.

LEANDER. Do not jest, Crispin; I am in despair.

CRISPIN. So you are. . . . And just when our hopes are under fullest sail.

LEANDER. What could you expect? You wanted me to pretend to be in love, but I have not been able to pretend it.

CRISPIN. Why not?

LEANDER. Because I love—I love in spirit and in truth!

CRISPIN. Silvia? Is that what you are complaining about?

LEANDER. I never believed it possible a man could love like this. I never believed that I could ever

love. Through all my wandering life along the dusty roads, I was not only the one who passed, I was the one who fled, the enemy of the harvest and the field, the enemy of man, enemy of sunshine and the day. Sometimes the fruit of the wayside tree, stolen, not given, left some savor of joy on my parched lips, and sometimes, after many a bitter day, resting at night beneath the stars, the calm repose of heaven would invite and soothe me to a dream of something that might be in my life like that calm night sky, brooding infinite over my soul—serene! And so to-night, in the enchantment of this fête . . . it seemed to me as if there had come a calm, a peace into my life . . . and I was dreaming. . . . Ah! How I did dream! But to-morrow it will be again the bitter flight with justice at our heels . . . and I cannot bear that they should take me here where she is, and where she may ever have cause to be ashamed at having known me.

CRISPIN. Why, I thought that you had been received with favor. . . . And I was not the only one who noticed it. Donna Sirena and our good friends, the Captain and the poet, have been most eloquent in your praises. To that rare excellent mother, the wife of Polichinelle, who thinks of nothing but how she can relate herself by marriage to some nobleman, you have seemed the son-in-law of her dreams. As for Signor Polichinelle . . .

LEANDER. He knows . . . he suspects . . .

CRISPIN. Naturally. It is not so easy to deceive Signor Polichinelle as it is an ordinary man. An old fox like him has to be cheated truthfully. I decided that the best thing for us to do was to tell him everything.

LEANDER. How so?

CRISPIN. Obviously. He knows me of old. When I told him that you were my master, he rightly sup-

posed that the master must be worthy of the man. And upon my part in appreciation of his confidence I warned him not to permit you under any circumstances to come near to or speak to his daughter.

LEANDER. You did? Then what have I to hope?

CRISPIN. You are a fool! Why, that Signor Polichinelle will exert all his authority to prevent you from seeing her.

LEANDER. I do not understand.

CRISPIN. In that way he will become our most powerful ally, for if he opposes it, that will be enough to make his wife take the opposite side, and the daughter will fall in love with you madly. You have no idea what a young and beautiful daughter of a rich father, who has been brought up to the gratification of her every whim, can do when she finds out that for the first time in her life somebody is opposing her wishes. I am certain that this very night, before the fête is over, she will find some way of eluding the vigilance of her father at whatever cost, and return to speak with you.

LEANDER. But can't you see that Signor Polichinelle is nothing to me; no, nor the wide world, either? It is she, only she . . . it is to her that I am unwilling to appear unworthy or mean . . . it is to her—to her that I cannot lie.

CRISPIN. Bah! Enough of this nonsense! Don't tell me that. It is too late to draw back. Think what will happen if we vacillate now and hesitate in going on. You say that you have fallen in love? Well, this real love will do us better than if it were put on. Otherwise you would have wanted to get through with it too quickly. If insolence and effrontery are the only qualities which are of use elsewhere, in love a faint suggestion of timidity is of advantage to a man. Timidity in a man always makes the woman

bolder. If you don't believe it, here is the innocent Silvia now, skulking in the shadows and only waiting for a chance to come near until I retire or am concealed.

LEANDER. Silvia, do you say?

CRISPIN. Hush! You may frighten her. When she is with you, remember, discretion. . . . only a few words, very few. . . . Adore her, admire her, contemplate her, and let the enchantment of this night of pallid blue speak for you, propitious as it is to love, and whisper to her in the music whose soft notes die away amid the foliage and fall upon our ears like sad overtones of this festival of joy.

LEANDER. Do not trifle, Crispin. Do not trifle with my love. It will be my death.

CRISPIN. Why should I trifle with it? I know, too, it is not always well to grovel on the ground. Sometimes we must soar and mount up into the sky better to dominate the earth. Mount now and soar . . . and I will grovel still. The world lies in our hands.

[He goes out to the right. SILVIA enters.]

LEANDER. Silvia!

SILVIA. Is it you? You must pardon me. I did not expect to find you here.

LEANDER. I fly from the festival. I am saddened by this joy.

SILVIA. What? You, too?

LEANDER. Too, you say? Does joy sadden you, too? . . .

SILVIA. My father is angry with me. He never spoke to me like this before. And he was discourteous to you. Will you forgive him?

LEANDER. Yes. I forgive him everything. But you must not make him angry on my account. Re-

turn to the company. They will be looking for you. If they find you here with me. . . .

SILVIA. You are right. But you must come, too. Why should you be so sad?

LEANDER. No, I must slip away without anybody's seeing me, without their knowing I am gone. . . . I must go far away.

SILVIA. What? But you have important business in the city. . . . I know you have. . . . You will have to stay a long, long time.

LEANDER. No, no. Not another day, not another hour.

SILVIA. But then. . . . You have not lied to me?

LEANDER. Lied? No! . . . Don't say that I have lied. . . . No; this is the one truth of my whole life, —this dream from which there should be no awakening.

[The music of a song heard in the distance continues until the curtain falls.]

SILVIA. It is Harlequin, singing. . . . What is the matter? You are crying. Is it the music which makes you cry? Why will you not tell me what it is that makes you cry?

LEANDER. What makes me cry? The song will tell you. Listen to the song.

SILVIA. We can hear only the music; the words are lost, it is so far away. But don't you know it? It is a song to the silence of the night. It is called the "Kingdom of the Soul." You must know it.

LEANDER. Say it over to me. . . .

SILVIA. The amorous night above the silent lover
Across the blue heaven spreads a nuptial veil.
The night has strewn its diamonds on the cover
Of a moonlit sky in drowsy August pale.
The garden in the shade now knows no color,

Deep in the shades of its obscurity
 Lightly the leaflets flutter, sweetly smells the flower,
 And love broods there in silent sympathy.
 You voices which sigh, you voices which sing,
 You voices which whisper sweet phrases of love,
 Intruders you are and a blasphemous thing,
 Like an oath at night-tide in a prayer sped above.
 Great Spirit of Silence, whom I adore,
 There is in your silence the ineffable voice
 Of those who died loving in silence of yore,
 Of those who were silent and died of their love;
 Of those in their lives whose great love was such
 They were unable to tell it, their love was so much!
 Yours are the voices which nightly I hear,
 Whispers of love and eternity near.

Mother of my soul, the light of this star,
 Is it not the light of your eyes,
 Which, like a drop of God's blood,
 Trembles in the night
 And fades at sunrise?

Tell him whom I love, I never shall love
 More than him on the earth,
 And when he fades away, light of my eyes,
 I shall kiss at sunrise
 But the light of thy star!

LEANDER. Mother of my soul, I never have loved
 More than you on the earth.
 And when you fade away, light of my eyes,
 I shall kiss at sunrise
 The light of thy star.

[They remain in silence, embracing and gazing into each other's eyes.]

CRISPIN. *[Who appears at the right—to himself.]*
 Poesy and night and madness of the lover . . .
 All has to serve us that to our net shall come.

The victory is sure! Courage, charge and over!

Who shall overcome us when love beats the drum?

[SILVIA and LEANDER move slowly off to the right,
locked in each other's arms. CRISPIN follows them
in silence without being seen. Slowly the

CURTAIN DESCENDS.

ACT III

A room in LEANDER'S house.

CRISPIN, the CAPTAIN and HARLEQUIN *enter from the right.*

CRISPIN. Enter, gentlemen, and be seated. You will take something? I will give orders to have it brought. Hello there! Ho!

CAPTAIN. No. By no means. We can accept nothing.

HARLEQUIN. We came merely to offer our services to your master after what we have just heard.

CRISPIN. Incredible treachery, which, believe me, shall not be suffered to remain unpunished. I promise you if Signor Polichinelle ever puts himself within the reach of my hands—

HARLEQUIN. Ah! Now you see what an advantage is possessed by us poets! I have him always within the reach of my verses. . . . Oh! The terrible satire I am thinking of writing against him! . . . The cut-throat! Old reprobate!

CAPTAIN. But you say your master was not so much as even wounded?

CRISPIN. But it might have killed him just the same. Imagine! Set upon by a dozen ruffians absolutely without warning. . . . Thanks, though, to his bravery, to his skill, to my cries. . . .

HARLEQUIN. You say that it happened at night as your master was talking to Silvia over the wall of her garden?

CRISPIN. Naturally, my master had already been advised of what might happen. . . . But you know

what sort of man he is. He is not a person to be frightened at anything.

CAPTAIN. He ought to have notified us.

HARLEQUIN. He ought, certainly, to have notified the Captain. He would have been delighted to have gone with him.

CRISPIN. You know what my master is. He is a host in himself.

CAPTAIN. But you say that he caught one of the ruffians by the nape of the neck, and the rascal confessed that it had all been planned and arranged by Signor Polichinelle beforehand so as to rid himself of your master? . . .

CRISPIN. Who else could have had any interest in it? His daughter is in love with my master; her father wants to marry her to suit himself. My master is opposing his plans, and Signor Polichinelle has known all his life how to get rid of disturbances. Didn't he become a widower twice in a very short time? Hasn't he inherited all that his relatives had, irrespective of age, whether they were older or younger than he? Everybody knows it; nobody will say that I do him injustice. . . . Ah! the riches of Signor Polichinelle are an affront to our intelligence, a discouragement to honest labor. A man like Signor Polichinelle could remain rich only among a base and degenerate people.

HARLEQUIN. I agree with you. I mean to say all this in my satire—of course, without mentioning his name. Poetry does not admit of such license.

CRISPIN. Much good, then, your satire will do!

CAPTAIN. Leave him to me! Leave him to me! I promise you if he once puts himself within the reach of my sword—ah! But I am confident he never will.

CRISPIN. My master would never consent to have

an insult offered to Signor Polichinelle. After all, he is Silvia's father. The point is to have people in the city understand that an attempt has been made to assassinate my master. Is that old fox to be allowed to stifle the honest affection, the generous passion of his daughter? It is impossible.

HARLEQUIN. It is impossible. Love will find a way.

CRISPIN. If my master had been some impecunious beggar. . . . Tell me, isn't Signor Polichinelle the one who ought to be congratulated that my master has condescended to fall in love with his daughter, and is willing to accept him for his father-in-law? My master, who has rejected the advances of so many damsels of high decree; my master, for whom over four princesses have committed I know not how many absurdities. . . . But who is here? [*Looking towards the right.*] Ah, Columbine! Come, in, my beautiful Columbine! Do not be afraid. [*COLUMBINE enters from the right.*] We are all your friends, and our mutual friendship will protect you from our mutual admiration.

COLUMBINE. Donna Sirena has sent me for news of your master. It was scarcely day when Silvia came to our house and confided everything that had happened to my mistress. She says that she will never return to her father, nor leave my mistress, unless it is to become the bride of Signor Leander.

CRISPIN. Does she say that? Oh, noble girl! Oh, constant, true-hearted lover!

HARLEQUIN. What an epithalamium I intend to write for their wedding!

COLUMBINE. Silvia is positive that Leander is wounded. . . . She heard the clash of swords beneath the balcony, your cries for help; then she fell senseless and they found her in a swoon at day-

break. Tell me how Signor Leander is, for she is beside herself with anxiety to hear and my lady also is much distressed.

CRISPIN. Tell her that my master escaped with his life only through the unutterable power of love. Tell her that he is dying now only from the incurable wounds of love. Tell her that to the last. . . . [*Seeing LEANDER approach.*] Ah, but here he is himself, and he will be able to give you later news than I.

[LEANDER enters.]

CAPTAIN. [*Embracing him.*] My dear, good friend!

HARLEQUIN. [*Embracing him.*] My friend, and master!

COLUMBINE. Ah, Signor Leander, what happiness! You are safe!

LEANDER. What? How did you know? . . .

CRISPIN. Nothing else is talked about in the city. People gather in groups in the squares murmuring vengeance and venting imprecations upon Signor Polichinelle.

LEANDER. What is this?

CAPTAIN. He had better not dare to attempt your life a second time.

HARLEQUIN. He had better not dare to attempt to arrest the true course of your love.

COLUMBINE. It would be useless. Silvia is in my mistress' house and she swears she will leave it only to become your bride.

LEANDER. Silvia in your house? But her father . . .

COLUMBINE. Signor Polichinelle has all he can do to take care of himself.

CAPTAIN. What? I knew that man would be up to something. Oh, of what base uses money is capable!

HARLEQUIN. It is capable of everything but love; of that it is incapable.

COLUMBINE. He tried to have you assassinated dishonorably in the dark.

CRISPIN. By twelve cut-throats. Twelve. . . . I counted them.

LEANDER. I made out only three or four.

CRISPIN. My master will end by telling you that there was no danger so as not to receive credit for his coolness and his bravery—but I saw it. There were twelve; twelve armed to the teeth, prepared to do murder. . . . It seemed impossible that he could escape with his life.

COLUMBINE. I must run and calm Silvia and my mistress.

CRISPIN. Listen, Columbine. As to Silvia . . . wouldn't it be as well, perhaps, not to calm her?

COLUMBINE. Leave that to my mistress. Silvia is convinced that your master is dead, and although Donna Sirena is making the most unheard of efforts to console her, it will not be long before she is here in spite of the consequences.

CRISPIN. I ought to have known of what your mistress was capable.

CAPTAIN. We must be going, too; there is nothing here that we can do. The point is to arouse the indignation of the people against Signor Polichinelle.

HARLEQUIN. We shall stone his house; we shall raise the whole city. . . . Until today not a single man has dared to lift his hand against him; today, then, we will all dare to do it together. There is an uplift, a moral earnestness in a crowd.

COLUMBINE. He will come creeping on his knees and beg you to accept his daughter as your wife.

CRISPIN. Yes, yes, he will indeed! . . . Run, friends, run; the life of my master is not secure—a man who has once made up his mind to assassinate him is not likely to be turned aside for a trifle.

CAPTAIN. Have no fear . . . my good friend.

HARLEQUIN. My friend and master!

COLUMBINE. Signor Leander.

LEANDER. Thanks to you all, my friends . . . my loyal friends.

[*All go out but LEANDER and CRISPIN.*]

LEANDER. What is this, now, Crispin? What are you trying to do? Where do you expect to come out with all your lies? Do you know what I believe? You paid those fellows yourself; it was your idea. I should have got off badly enough among so many if they had been in earnest.

CRISPIN. Have you the temerity to reproach me when I precipitate the fulfilment of your desires so skilfully?

LEANDER. No, Crispin, no. You know you do not. I love Silvia. I am resolved: I shall never win her love through deception, come what may.

CRISPIN. You know very well, then, what will come. . . . Do you call it love to sit down and resign yourself to losing what you love for the sake of these quibbles of conscience? . . . Silvia herself would not thank you for it.

LEANDER. What do you mean? If she once learns who I am. . . .

CRISPIN. By the time she finds out you will no longer be the one that you are. You will be her husband then, her beloved husband, who is everything that is noble and faithful and true and whatever else you like besides, or that her heart desires.

Once you are master of her heart . . . and her fortune . . . will you not be a complete and perfect gentleman? You will not be like Signor Polichinelle, who, with all his wealth which permits him so many luxuries, has not yet been able to permit himself the luxury of being honest. . . . Deceit is natural to him, but with you it was only necessity. . . . If you hadn't had me at your side you would have starved yourself to death before this out of pure conscientiousness. Ah, do you suppose that if I had thought for a moment that you were a man of another sort, I would have been satisfied to devote your abilities to love? . . . No, I would have put you into politics, and not merely the fortune of Signor Polichinelle would have been ours, but a chastened and admiring world. . . . But you are not ambitious. You will be satisfied to be happy.

LEANDER. But can't you see that no good, no happiness, can come out of this? If I could lie so as to make her love me and in that way become rich, then it could only be because I did not love. And if I did not love, then how could I be happy? And if I love, how can I lie?

CRISPIN. Don't lie, then. Love, love passionately, entirely with your whole heart and soul. Put your love before everything else upon earth. Guard and protect it. A lover does not lie when he keeps to himself what he thinks might prejudice the blind affection of his mistress.

LEANDER. These are subtleties, Crispin.

CRISPIN. Which you would have known all about before if you had really been in love. Love is all subtleties and the greatest subtlety of them all is not that lovers deceive others—it is that they can so easily deceive themselves.

LEANDER. I do not deceive myself, Crispin. I am

not one of those men who, when they have sold their conscience, think that they have also been able to dispose of their intelligence as well.

CRISPIN. That is the reason I said you would never make a good politician. You are right. For the intelligence is the conscience of truth, and the man who parts with that among the lies of this life is as one who has lost himself. He is without compass or sail. He will never be able to find himself again nor know himself, but become in all his being just one more living lie.

LEANDER. Where did you learn all these things, Crispin?

CRISPIN. I meditated a little while in the galleys, where this conscience of my intelligence accused me of having been more of a fool than a knave. If I had had more knavery and less stupidity, instead of rowing I might have commanded the ship. So I swore never again to return to the oar. You can see now what I am willing to do for your sake since I am on the point of breaking my oath.

LEANDER. In what way?

CRISPIN. Our situation has become desperate; we have exhausted our credit, and our dupes begin to demand something more substantial than talk: the innkeeper who entertained us so long with such munificence, expecting that you would receive your remittances; Signor Pantaloon, who, hearing of the credit extended by the innkeeper, advanced us whatever was necessary to install us sumptuously in this house—tradesmen of every description, who did not hesitate to provide us with every luxury, dazzled by such display; Donna Sirena herself, who has lent us her invaluable good offices in your love affair . . . they have all only asked what was reasonable; it would be unjust to expect more of them or to com-

plain of such delightful people. . . . The name of this fair city shall ever be engraven upon my heart in letters of gold; from this hour I claim it as my adopted mother! But more than this, have you forgotten that they have been searching for us in other parts and following on our trail? Can it be that all those glorious exploits of Mantua and Florence have been forgotten? Don't you recall that famous lawsuit in Bologna? Three thousand two hundred pages of testimony taken against us already before we withdrew in alarm at the sight of such prodigious, expansive ability! Do you imagine that it has not continued to grow under the pen of that learned doctor and jurist, who has taken it under his wing? How many whereases and therefore must there now be therefore, whereas they are all there for no good? Do you still doubt? Do you still hesitate and reprove me because I give the battle today which is to decide our fate forever at a single blow?

LEANDER. Let us fly!

CRISPIN. No! Let the despairing fly! This day decides. We challenge fortune. . . . I have given you love; give me life!

LEANDER. But how can we save ourselves? What can I do? Tell me.

CRISPIN. Nothing yet. It will be enough to accept what others offer. . . . We have intertwined ourselves with the interests of many, and the bonds of interest will prove our salvation.

[DONNA SIRENA enters.]

SIRENA. Have I your permission, Signor Leander?

LEANDER. Donna Sirena! What? You in my house?

SIRENA. I am conscious of the risk I am running

—the gossip of evil tongues. What? Donna Sirena in the house of a young and gallant gentleman? . . .

CRISPIN. My master will know how to avoid all cause of scandal, if any indeed could attach to your name.

SIRENA. Your master? I would not trust him. Men are so boastful! But it is useless to complain. What, sir, is this talk about an attempt to kill you last night? I haven't heard another thing since I got up in the morning. . . . And Silvia! The poor child! How she loves you! I would give a great deal to know what it was that you ever did to make her fall in love with you like that.

CRISPIN. My master feels that it was what you did. He owes it all to you. . . .

SIRENA. I should be the last one to deny that he owes me anything; I have always tried to speak well of him, a thing I had no right to do, not knowing him sufficiently. I have gone to great lengths in his service. Now if you are false to your promise. . . .

CRISPIN. You do not doubt my master? Have you not the papers signed in his own hand?

SIRENA. The hand is a good one and so is the name. I don't bother about them. I know what it is to trust and I know that Signor Leander will pay me what he owes. But to-day has been a bitter day for me and if you could let me have today one-half of what you have promised, I would willingly forego the other half.

CRISPIN. To-day, you say?

SIRENA. A day of tribulations! And what makes it worse it is twenty years ago to-day that my second husband died, who was my first—yes, my only love.

CRISPIN. May he rest in peace with all the honors of the first!

SIRENA. The first was forced on me by my father. I never loved him, but in spite of it he insisted upon being faithful to me.

CRISPIN. What knowledge you have of men, Donna Sirena!

SIRENA. But let us leave these recollections, which are depressing, and turn to hope. Would you believe it? Silvia insisted upon coming here with me.

LEANDER. Here? To this house?

SIRENA. Where do you suppose it was that she wanted to come? What do you say to that? What would Signor Polichinelle say? With all the city roused against him, there would be nothing for him to do but to get you married.

LEANDER. No, no; don't let her come. . . .

CRISPIN. Hush! You know my master has a way of not saying what he means.

SIRENA. I know. . . . What would he give to see Silvia at his side, never to be separated from him more?

CRISPIN. What would he give? You don't know what he would give!

SIRENA. That is the reason I ask.

CRISPIN. Ah! Donna Sirena. . . . If my master becomes the husband of Silvia to-day, to-day he will pay you everything that he has promised you.

SIRENA. And if he does not?

CRISPIN. Then . . . you lose everything. Suit yourself.

LEANDER. Silence, Crispin, silence! Enough! I cannot submit to have my love treated as a bargain. Go, Donna Sirena! Say to Silvia that she must return to her father's house, that under no circumstances is she ever to enter mine; that she must forget me forever. I shall fly and hide myself in the

desert places of the earth, where no man shall see me, no, nor so much as know my name. . . . My name? I wonder—have I a name? .

CRISPIN. Will you be silent?

SIRENA. What is the matter with him? What paroxysm is this? Return to your senses. Come to your proper mind? How? Renounce so glorious an enterprise for nothing? You are not the only person who is to be considered. Remember that there are others who have put their confidence in you. A lady of quality who has exposed herself for your sake is not to be betrayed with impunity. You cannot do such a thing. You will not be so foolish. You will marry Silvia or there will be one who will find a way to bring you to a reckoning for all your impostures. I am not so defenceless in the world as you may think, Signor Leander.

CRISPIN. Donna Sirena is right. But believe me, this fit of my master's—he is offended by your reproaches, your want of confidence.

SIRENA. I don't want confidence in your master. And I might as well say it—I don't want confidence in Signor Polichinelle. He is not a man to be trifled with, either. After the outcry which you raised against him by your stratagem of last night. . . .

CRISPIN. Stratagem, did you say?

SIRENA. Bah! Everybody knows it. One of the rascals was a relative of mine, and among the others I had connections. . . . Very well, sirs, very well! Signor Polichinelle has not been asleep. It is said in the city that he has given information as to who you are to Justice, and on what grounds you may be apprehended. It is said that a process has arrived to-day from Bologna. . . .

CRISPIN. And a devil of a doctor with it? Three thousand nine hundred folios. . . .

SIRENA. So it is said and on good authority—you see that there is no time to lose.

CRISPIN. Who is losing and who is wasting time but you? Return, return at once to your house! Say to Silvia—

SIRENA. Silvia? Silvia is here. She came along with me and Columbine as one of the attendants in my train. She is waiting in the antechamber. I told her that you were wounded horribly. . . .

LEANDER. Oh, my Silvia!

SIRENA. She has reconciled herself to your death. . . . She hopes for nothing else. . . . She expects nothing else. . . . She thinks nothing of what she risks in coming here to see you. Well? Are we friends?

CRISPIN. You are adorable. [*To LEANDER.*] Quick! Lie down here. Stretch yourself out in this chair. Seem sick . . . suffer . . . faint. . . . Be down-hearted. And remember, if I am not satisfied with the appearance, I will substitute the reality. [*Threatening him and forcing him into a chair.*]

LEANDER. Yes, I am in your power. I see it; I know it. . . . But Silvia shall never be! . . . Yes, let me see her. Tell her to come in. I shall save her in spite of you, in spite of everything, in spite even of herself!

CRISPIN. You know my master has a way of not meaning what he says.

SIRENA. I never thought him such a fool. Come with me. [*She goes out with CRISPIN. SILVIA enters.*]

LEANDER. Silvia! My Silvia!

SILVIA. But, aren't you wounded?

LEANDER. No, don't you see? . . . It was a lie, another lie to bring you here. But don't be afraid. Your father will come soon; soon you will leave this

house with him without having any cause to reproach me. . . . Ah! None but that I have disturbed the serenity of your soul with an illusion of love which will be to you in the future no more than the remembrance of a dark and evil dream!

SILVIA. But Leander? Then your love was not real?

LEANDER. My love was, yes. . . . That is why I could not deceive you. Leave this place at once . . . before anybody but those who brought you here discovers that you came.

SILVIA. What are you afraid of? Am I not safe in your house? I was not afraid to come. . . . What harm can happen to me at your side?

LEANDER. You are right. None. My love will protect you even from your innocence.

SILVIA. I can never go back to my father's house—not after the horrible thing which he did last night.

LEANDER. No, Silvia, do not blame your father. It was not his fault; it was another deception, another lie. . . . Fly from me; forget this miserable adventurer, this nameless outcast, a fugitive from justice. . . .

SILVIA. No, it isn't true. No. It is the conduct of my father which makes me unworthy of your love. That is what it is. I see it all now. I understand you. . . . Ay, for me!

LEANDER. Silvia! My Silvia! How cruel your sweet words are! How cruel this noble confidence of your heart, so innocent of evil and of life!

[CRISPIN enters, running.]

CRISPIN. Master! Master! Signor Polichinelle is coming!

SILVIA. My father!

LEANDER. It doesn't matter. I shall lead you to him with my own hand.

CRISPIN. But he is not coming alone. There is a great crowd with him; the officers of justice . . .

LEANDER. What? Ah! If they should find you here? In my house! [*To CRISPIN.*] I see it all now. You have told them. . . . But you shall not succeed in your design.

CRISPIN. I? No. Certainly not! For this time this is in earnest and nothing can save us now.

LEANDER. No, not us. Nor shall I try. . . . But her. . . . Yes! Hide her, conceal her. . . . We must secrete her here.

SILVIA. But you?

LEANDER. Have no fear. Quick! They are on the stair. [*He hides SILVIA in a room at the rear, meanwhile saying to CRISPIN.*] See what these fellows want. On your life let no man set his foot within this room after I am gone! . . . The game is up! . . . It is the end for me. [*He runs to the window.*]

CRISPIN. [*holding him back.*] Master! Master! Hold! Control yourself. Come to your senses. Don't throw your life away!

LEANDER. I am not throwing my life away. . . . There is no escape. . . . I am saving her. . . . [*He climbs through the window and rapidly up outside and disappears.*]

CRISPIN. Master! Master! H'm! Not so bad after all. I thought he was going to dash himself to pieces on the ground. Instead he has climbed higher . . . there is hope yet . . . he may yet learn to fly. . . . It is his region, the clouds. . . . Now I to mine, the firm ground. And more need than ever that I should make certain that it is solid beneath my feet. [*He seats himself complacently in an armchair.*]

POLICHINELLE. [*Without, to those who are with*

him.] Guard the doors! Let no man escape! No, nor woman either. . . . Nor dog nor cat!

INNKEEPER. Where are they? Where are these bandits? These assassins?

PANTALOOK. Justice! Justice! My money! My money!

[SIGNOR POLICHINELLE, the INNKEEPER, SIGNOR PANTALOOK, the CAPTAIN, HARLEQUIN, the DOCTOR, the SECRETARY, and two CONSTABLES enter, bearing in their hands enormous scrolls and protocols, or papers of the suit. All enter from the right in the order named. The DOCTOR and the SECRETARY pass at once to the table and prepare to take testimony. The scrolls when unrolled at full length stretch out interminably upon the floor. A mass of papers covers the table. Upon these the DOCTOR and SECRETARY write with prodigious zeal and rapidity, except at such times as the actions are suspended or as may be indicated otherwise during the progress of the scene. Such rolls and papers as cannot be accommodated upon the table or on the floor the two CONSTABLES retain in their hands, remaining standing for that purpose at the rear.]

CAPTAIN. But can this be possible, Crispin?

HARLEQUIN. Is it possible that such a thing can be?

PANTALOOK. Justice! Justice! My money! My money!

INNKEEPER. Seize them. . . . Put them in irons.

PANTALOOK. Don't let them escape! Don't let them escape!

CRISPIN. What? How is this? Who dares to desecrate with impious clamor the house of a gentleman and a cavalier? Oh, you may congratulate yourselves that my master is not at home!

PANTALOON. Silence! Silence! For you are his accomplice and you will be held to answer to the same reckoning as he.

INNKEEPER. Accomplice, did you say? As guilty as his pretended master . . . for he was the one who deceived me.

CAPTAIN. What is the meaning of this, Crispin?

HARLEQUIN. Is there any truth in what these people say?

POLICHINELLE. What have you to say for yourself now, Crispin? You thought you were a clever rogue to cut up your capers with me? I tried to murder your master, did I? I am an old miser who is battenning on his daughter's heart? All the city is stirred up against me, is it, heaping me with insults? Well, we shall see.

PANTALOON. Leave him to us, Signor Polichinelle, for this is our affair. After all, you have lost nothing. But I—all my wealth which I lent him without security. I am ruined for the rest of my life! What will become of me?

INNKEEPER. What will become of me, tell me that, when I spent what I never had and even ran into debt so that he might be served—as I thought—in a manner befitting his station? It was my destruction—my ruin.

CAPTAIN. We too were horribly deceived. What will be said of me when it is known that I have put my sword at the disposition of an adventurer?

HARLEQUIN. And of me, when I have dedicated sonnet after sonnet to his praise, just as if he had been any ordinary gentleman?

POLICHINELLE. Ha! Ha! Ha!

PANTALOON. Yes, laugh, laugh, that is right. . . . You have lost nothing.

INNKEEPER. Nobody robbed you . . .

PANTALOOK. To work! To work! Where is the other villain?

INNKEEPER. Better see what there is in the house first. . . .

CRISPIN. Slowly, slowly, gentlemen. . . . If you advance one other step . . . [*Threatening them with his sword.*]

PANTALOOK. What? You threaten us? Again? Is such a thing to be endured? Justice! Justice!

INNKEEPER. Yes, justice!

DOCTOR. Gentlemen—unless you listen to me we shall get nowhere. . . . No man may take justice into his own hands, inasmuch as justice is not haste nor oppression nor vengeance, nor act of malice. *Summum jus, summum injuria*; the more wrong, the more justice. Justice is all wisdom and wisdom is all order, and order is all reason, and reason is all procedure, and procedure is all logic. Barbara, Celarent, Darri, Ferio, Baralipon, deposit all your wrongs and all your disputations with me, for if they are to be of any validity they must all form a part of this process which I have brought in these protocols with me.

CRISPIN. The devil, you say! Hasn't it grown enough already?

DOCTOR. Herein are set down and inscribed divers other offenses of these defendants, whereunto must be added and conjoined each and every one of those of which you may accuse them now. And I must be the advocate in all of them, for that is the only way in which it will be possible for you to obtain satisfaction and justice. Write, Signor Secretary, and let the said complainants depose.

PANTALOOK. It would be better to settle our differences among ourselves. You know what justice is.

INNKEEPER. Write nothing. It will only be mak-

ing the white black, and in the end we shall be left without our money and these rogues without punishment.

PANTALON. Exactly. . . . My money! My money! And justice afterwards.

DOCTOR. You unlearned, you uncivil, you ignorant generation! What do you know of justice? It is not enough for you to say that you have suffered a wrong, unless there be plainly apparent therein an intention to make you suffer that wrong; that is to say, fraud or deceit, which are not the same, although they are confounded in the popular acceptance. But I say unto you that only in the single case . . .

PANTALON. Enough! Enough! You will end by telling us that we are the guilty ones.

DOCTOR. What else am I to think when you will persist in denying such a plain and obvious fact?

INNKEEPER. I like that. Good! We were robbed. Do you want any plainer or more obvious fact?

DOCTOR. Know, then, that robbery is not the same as theft, much less is it the same as fraud or deceit, which again are not the same as aforesaid. From the laws of the Twelve Tables down to Justinian, to Tribonian, to Emilian, to Tribonian . . .

PANTALON. We shall be cheated out of our money. . . . There is no one who can reason me out of that.

POLICHINELLE. The Signor Doctor is right. We can safely leave the matter to him and everything will be attended to in the process.

DOCTOR. Then write, Signor Secretary, write.

CRISPIN. Who wants to listen to me?

PANTALON. No one, no one. Let that rascal be quiet. . . . Silence for that villain!

INNKEEPER. You will have a chance to talk soon enough when you don't want to.

DOCTOR. He will speak at the proper moment, for justice requires that everybody should be afforded an opportunity to talk. . . . Write, write. In the city of . . . in the matter of. . . . But it would certainly not be amiss if we proceeded first to an inventory of whatever there is in the house.

CRISPIN. [*Before the door.*] It certainly would be a miss. . . .

DOCTOR. Thence to progress to the deposit of security on the part of the complainants, so that there may be no question as to their good faith when they assert that they have suffered a loss. Two thousand crowns will be sufficient from each of you to be secured by guarantees upon all your goods and chattels.

PANTALOOM. What is that? Two thousand crowns from us?

DOCTOR. I ought to make it eight; however, as you are persons of responsibility, I take that fact into account. I allow nothing to escape me.

INNKEEPER. Hold! And write no more! We cannot submit to this.

DOCTOR. What? Do you threaten justice? Open a separate process for battery and the hand of violence raised against an officer of the law in full performance of his duties.

PANTALOOM. This man will be the ruin of us.

INNKEEPER. He is mad.

DOCTOR. What? Do you call me a man and mad? Speak with more respect. Write! Write! Open two more counts. There was also an assault by word of mouth. . . .

CRISPIN. Now see what you have done through not listening to me.

PANTALOOM. Talk, talk, for heaven's sake! Talk!

Anything would be better than what is happening to us now.

CRISPIN. Then shut off this fellow, for the love of mercy. He is raising up a mountain with his protocols.

PANTALOO. Stop! Stop, I say!

INNKEEPER. Put down that pen. . . .

DOCTOR. Let no man dare to raise his hand. . . .

CRISPIN. Signor Captain, then lend us your sword. It also is the instrument of justice.

CAPTAIN. [*Going up to the table and delivering a tremendous blow with his sword upon the papers which the Doctor is writing.*] Have the kindness to desist. . . .

DOCTOR. You see how ready I am to comply with a reasonable request. Suspend the actions. [*They stop writing.*] There is a previous question to be adjudged. . . . The parties dispute among themselves. Nevertheless it will be proper to proceed with the inventory. . . .

PANTALOO. No! No!

DOCTOR. It is a formality which cannot be waived.

CRISPIN. I don't think it would be proper. When the proper time comes you can write as much as you like. But let me have permission first to speak for a moment with these honorable gentlemen.

DOCTOR. If you wish to have what you are about to say recorded as testimony . . .

CRISPIN. No! By no means. Not a single word, or I shall not open my mouth.

CAPTAIN. Better let the fellow talk.

CRISPIN. What shall I say? What are you complaining about? That you have lost your money? What do you want? To get it back?

PANTALOO. Exactly! Exactly! My money.

INNKEEPER. Our money!

CRISPIN. Then listen to me. . . . Where do you suppose that it is going to come from when you insist upon destroying the credit of my master in this fashion and so make his marriage with the daughter of Signor Polichinelle impossible? . . . Name of Mars! . . . I had rather deal with a thousand knaves than one fool. See what you have done now and how you will be obliged to compound with justice for a half share of what we owe you. I say *owe* you. . . . How will you be any better off if you succeed in sending us to the galleys or to some worse place? Will it put money in your pockets to collect the welts on our skins? Will you be richer or nobler, or more powerful because we are ruined? On the other hand, if you had not interrupted us at such an inopportune moment, to-day, this very day, you would have received your money with interest . . . which God knows is enough to send you all to hang on the gallows to remain suspended forever, if justice were not in these hands—and these pens. . . . Now do as you see fit, for I have told you what you ought to . . .

DOCTOR. They will remain suspended. . . . [*Tapping on the table and pointing to the protocols.*]

CAPTAIN. I would never have believed it possible that their crimes could have been so great.

POLICHINELLE. That Crispin. . . . He will be capable of convincing them. . . .

PANTALOOON. [*To the INNKEEPER.*] What do you think of this? . . . Looking at it calmly . . .

INNKEEPER. What do you think?

PANTALOOON. You say that your master was to have married the daughter of Signor Polichinelle to-day? But suppose he refuses to give his consent?

CRISPIN. What good would that do him? His daughter has run away with my master . . . all the

world will soon know it. . . . It is more important to him than it is to anyone else not to have it known that his daughter has thrown herself away upon a rascal, a man without character, a fugitive from justice.

PANTALON. If this should turn out to be true . . . What do you think?

INNKEEPER. Better not weaken. The rogue breathes deceit. He is a master.

PANTALON. You are right. No one can tell how far to believe him. Justice! Justice!

CRISPIN. I warn you . . . you lose everything!

PANTALON. Wait . . . just a moment. . . . We will see. . . . A word with you, Signor Polichinelle.

POLICHINELLE. What do you want with me?

PANTALON. Suppose that we had made a mistake in this complaint. Suppose that Signor Leander should turn out to be, after all, a noble, virtuous gentleman . . . incapable of the slightest dishonest thought . . .

POLICHINELLE. What is that? Say that again.

PANTALON. Suppose that your daughter was in love with him madly, passionately, even to the point where she had run away with him from your house! . . .

POLICHINELLE. My daughter run away from my house with that man? Who says so? Show me the villain. . . . Where is he?

PANTALON. Don't get excited. It is only in supposition.

POLICHINELLE. Well, sir, I shall not tolerate it even in supposition.

PANTALON. Try to listen more calmly. Suppose all this should have happened. Wouldn't the best thing for you to do be to get them married?

POLICHINELLE. Married? I would see them dead

first. But it is useless to consider it. I see what you want. . . . You are scheming to recoup yourselves at my expense, you are such rogues. But it shall not be. It shall not be. . . .

PANTALON. Take care. We had better not talk about rogues while you are present.

INNKEEPER. Hear! Hear!

POLICHINELLE. Rogues, rogues . . . conspiring to impoverish me. But it shall not be! It shall not be!

DOCTOR. Have no fear, Signor Polichinelle. Even though they should be dissuaded and abandon their design, do you suppose that this process will amount to nothing? Do you imagine that one line of what is written in it can ever be blotted out, though two and fifty crimes be alleged therein and proved against them, besides as many more which require no proof?

PANTALON. What do you say now, Crispin?

CRISPIN. That though all those crimes were proved three times and those that require no proof yet three times more than the others, you would still be losing your money and wasting your time, for we cannot pay what we do not have.

DOCTOR. Not at all. That is not good law. For I have to be paid, whatever happens.

CRISPIN. Then the complainants will have to pay you. We shall have more than we can do to pay our offenses with our backs.

DOCTOR. The rights of justice are inviolable, and the first of them is to attach in its interest whatever there is in this house.

PANTALON. But what good will that do us? How shall we ever get anything?

INNKEEPER. Of course not. Don't you see? . . .

DOCTOR. Write, write, for if we were to talk for-

ever we could never arrive at a conclusion which would be more satisfactory.

PANTALOON AND INNKEEPER. No! No! Not a word! Not a word!

CRISPIN. Hear me, first, Signor Doctor. In your ear . . . suppose you were to be paid at once, on the spot and without the trouble of all this writing . . . your . . . what is it that you call them?—scraps of justice?

DOCTOR. Perquisites of the law.

CRISPIN. Have it your own way. What would you say to that?

DOCTOR. Why, in that case . . .

CRISPIN. Then listen:—my master will be rich to-day, influential, if Signor Polichinelle consents to his marrying his daughter. Remember that the young lady is the only child of Signor Polichinelle; remember that my master will be master indeed not only of her. . . . Remember . . .

DOCTOR. H'm. . . . It certainly does deserve to be remembered. . . .

PANTALOON. [*To CRISPIN.*] What did he say?

INNKEEPER. What are you going to do?

DOCTOR. Let me consider. That fellow clearly is not thick-witted. It is easy to see that he is acquainted with legal precedent. For if we remember that the wrong which has been done was purely a pecuniary one, and that every wrong which can be redressed in kind suffers in the reparation the most fitting punishment; if we reflect that in the barbaric and primitive law of vengeance it was written: an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but not a tooth for an eye nor an eye for a tooth. . . . So in the present instance it might be argued a crown for a crown and money for money. He has not taken your lives. Why not? The fact is sufficient evi-

dence that he did not wish you to take his in return. He has not insulted your persons, impugned your honor, your reputations. Why not? Plainly because he was not willing to submit to a like indignity from you. Equity is the supremest justice. *Equitas iusticiam magna est*. And from the Pandects to Tribonian, including Emilianus Tribonianus . . .

PANTALOON. Include him. So long as we get our money . . .

INNKEEPER. So long as he pays us . . .

POLICHINELLE. What is this nonsense? How can he pay? What is the use of all this talk?

CRISPIN. A great deal of use. As I was saying, you all seem to be deeply interested in saving my master, in saving both of us, for your own advantage, for the common good of all. You, so as not to lose your money; the Signor Doctor so as not to see all this vast store of doctrine go for nothing, which he is heaping up in that sarcophagus of learning; the Signor Captain because everybody knows that he was the friend of my master, and it would not be creditable to his valor to have it said that he had been the dupe of an adventurer; you, Signor Harlequin, because your poetic dithyrambs would lose all their merit as soon as it became known with what little sense you composed them; you, Signor Polichinelle, my dear old friend, because your daughter is now, in the sight of God and before man, Signor Leander's wife.

POLICHINELLE. You lie! You lie! Impudent rascal! Cut-throat!

CRISPIN. I think then we had better proceed with the inventory of what there is in the house. Write, write, and let all these gentlemen be our witnesses. We can begin with this apartment. [*He throws back the tapestry from the door at the rear, and* SILVIA,

LEANDER, DONNA SIRENA, COLUMBINE and the WIFE OF POLICHINELLE appear, forming a group.]

PANTALOOON AND THE INNKEEPER. Sylvia!

CAPTAIN AND HARLEQUIN. Together! Both of them!

POLICHINELLE. Is it possible? What? Are they all against me? My wife and daughter, too? All, all, for my ruin? Seize that man, these women, this impostor, or I with my own hand . . .

PANTALOOON. Signor Polichinelle, are you out of your head?

LEANDER. [*Advancing toward the proscenium, accompanied by the others.*] Your daughter came to my house under the protection of Donna Sirena, believing that I was wounded; and I ran immediately in search of your wife, so that she too might be present with her and protect her. Silvia knows who I am, she knows the whole story of my life of misery and wandering, of cheats and deceptions and lies . . . how it has been utterly vile; and I am sure that no vestige of our dream of love any longer remains in her heart. . . . Take her away from this place, take her away; that is my only request before I deliver myself up into the hands of justice.

POLICHINELLE. The punishment of my daughter shall be my affair, but as for this villain. . . . Seize him, I say!

SILVIA. Father! If you do not save him it will be my death. I love him, I shall love him always; I love him now more than I ever did, because his heart is noble. He has been cruelly unfortunate; and he might have made me his by a lie, and he would not lie.

POLICHINELLE. Silence! Silence, foolish, unhappy girl! This is the result of the bringing up by your mother . . . of her vanity, her hallucinations, of all

your romantic reading, your music to the light of the moon.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. Anything would be preferable to having my daughter married to a man like you, to be unhappy afterwards all the rest of her life, like her mother. Of what use are my riches to me?

SIRENA. You are right, Signora Polichinelle. Of what use are riches without love?

COLUMBINE. The same use as love without riches.

DOCTOR. Signor Polichinelle, under the circumstances, the only thing for you to do is to get them married.

PANTALOOON. Or it will create a scandal in the city.

INNKEEPER. And everybody will be on his side.

CAPTAIN. And we can never consent to have you use force against your daughter.

DOCTOR. It will have to stand in the process that they were surprised here together.

CRISPIN. And after all, the only trouble with my master was that he had no money; no one could outdo him in nobility of character; your grandchildren will be gentlemen . . . even if that quality does not extend up to the grandfather.

ALL. Get them married! Get them married!

PANTALOOON. Or we will all turn upon you.

INNKEEPER. And your history will be brought to light . . . the secret story of your life. . . .

HARLEQUIN. And you will gain nothing by that.

SIRENA. A lady begs it of you on her knees, moved to tears by the spectacle of a love so unusual in these days.

COLUMBINE. Which seems more like love in a story.

ALL. Get them married! Get them married!

POLICHINELLE. Yes; let them be married in an evil hour. My daughter shall be cut off without dowry and without inheritance. . . . I will ruin my estate rather than that this reprobate . . .

DOCTOR. You certainly will not do anything of the kind, Signor Polichinelle.

PANTALOOM. Who ever heard of such nonsense?

INNKEEPER. I shouldn't think of it for a moment.

HARLEQUIN. What would people say?

CAPTAIN. We could never consent to it.

SILVIA. No, my dear father, I am the one who cannot accept anything. I am the one who must share the poverty of his fate. I love him so.

LEANDER. That is the only condition upon which I can accept your love.

[*All run toward SILVIA and LEANDER.*]

DOCTOR. What do you say? Are you crazy?

PANTALOOM. Preposterous! Absurd!

INNKEEPER. You are going to accept everything.

HARLEQUIN. You will be happy and you will be rich.

WIFE OF POLICHINELLE. What? My daughter in poverty? Is this wretch the hangman?

SIRENA. Remember that love is a delicate babe and able to endure but few privations.

DOCTOR. It is clearly illegal. Signor Polichinelle, you will sign a munificent donation immediately as befits a person of your dignity and importance, who is a kind and loving father. Write, write, Signor Secretary, for this is something which nobody will object to.

ALL. [*Except POLICHINELLE.*] Write! Write!

DOCTOR. And you, my dear, my innocent young lovers . . . resign yourselves to riches. You have

no right to carry your prejudices to an extreme at which they become offensive to others.

PANTALOON. [*To CRISPIN.*] Now will you pay us?

CRISPIN. Who doubts it? But you will have to swear first that Signor Leander never owed you anything. . . . See how he is sacrificing himself upon your account, accepting this money which is repugnant to him. . . .

PANTALOON. We always knew that he was a perfect gentleman.

INNKEEPER. Always.

HARLEQUIN. We all believed it.

CAPTAIN. And we shall continue to maintain our belief.

CRISPIN. Now, Doctor, this process. . . . Do you suppose there is waste space enough anywhere in the world for it to be thrown away upon?

DOCTOR. My foresight has provided for everything. All that will be necessary is to change the punctuation. . . . For example, here where it says: "Whereas I depose and declare, not without due sanction of law" . . . take out the comma and it reads: "Whereas I depose and declare not without due sanction of law." And here: "Wherefore he is not without due judgment condemned" . . . put in a comma and it reads: "Wherefore, he is not, without due judgment condemned" . . .

CRISPIN. Oh excellent comma! Oh wonderful, oh marvelous comma! Stupendous Genius and Miracle of Justice! Oracle of the Law! Thou Monster of Jurisprudence! . . .

DOCTOR. Now I can rely upon the generosity of your master.

CRISPIN. You can. Nobody knows better than you do how money will change a man.

SECRETARY. I was the one who put in and took out the commas. . . .

CRISPIN. While you are waiting for something better, pray accept this chain. . . . It is of gold.

SECRETARY. H'm! How many carats fine?

CRISPIN. You ought to know. You understand commas and carats. . . .

POLICHINELLE. I impose only one condition:—that this rogue leaves your service forever.

CRISPIN. That will not be necessary, Signor Polichinelle. Do you suppose that I am so poor in ambition as my master?

LEANDER. What? You are not going to leave me, Crispin? It will not be without sorrow on my part.

CRISPIN. It will not last long. I can be of no further use to you. With me you will be able to lay aside your lion's skin and your old man's wisdom. . . . What did I tell you, sir? Between them all we were sure to be saved. . . . And believe me now, when you are getting on in the world, the ties of love are as nothing to the bonds of interest.

LEANDER. You are wrong. For without the love of Silvia I should never have been saved.

CRISPIN. And is love a slight interest? I have always given due credit to the ideal and I count upon it always. With this the farce ends.

SILVIA. [*To the audience.*] You have seen in it how these puppets have been moved by plain and obvious strings, like men and women in the farces of our lives—strings which were their interests, their passions, and all the illusions and petty miseries of their state. Some are pulled by the feet to lives of restless and weary wandering; some by the hands, to toil with pain, to struggle with bitterness, to strike with cunning, to slay with violence and rage. But into the hearts of all there descends sometimes from

heaven an invisible thread, as if it were woven out of the sunlight and the moonbeams, the invisible thread of love, which makes these men and women, as it does these puppets which seem like men, almost divine, and brings to our foreheads the smile and splendors of the dawn, lends wings to our drooping spirits, and whispers to us still that this farce is not all a farce, that there is something noble, something divine in our lives which is true and which is eternal, and which shall not close when the farce of life shall close.

THE END OF THE COMEDY

THE PORTMANTEAU THEATRE



F all the "Little Theatres," the concrete expressions of dissatisfaction and protest against the ordinary play, none is more unique, more all-embracing in its aims, more sound in its psychology, than the Portmanteau Theatre, the creation of Mr. Stuart Walker.

It is the reaction against the illusions which appeal to the eyes only. It makes use of no mechanical contrivances of setting, of no elaborate lighting effects, of no extravagances of costuming,—that over-attention to detail on which the ultra-modern play has hung itself.

From both sides Mr. Walker has attacked the problem, the stage and the acting. And so thoroughly has each detail, of scenery, lighting, costumes, actors, been considered and its needs met so adequately, that on no one can you put your finger and say, "The unique quality is due to this alone." No one is so emphasized as to be unpleasantly prominent. Rather, the ensemble is satisfying, so that you don't reason out why or how—the highest praise!

Behind the undecorated blue curtains, the stage of the Portmanteau shows only one wall of a room. The two side walls you think of as starting from this background and running right past the audience, making one the entire space of stage and seats. And the fourth, if the room must be logically completed, is not a barrier of footlights, but the rear wall of the auditorium itself.

The whole represents, in a peculiar degree, the architectural union of stage and seats, offering a basis for that intimate union of audience and actors for which many producers of to-day are striving. This is heightened by the three levels of the stage—the first, one step above the audience, then the apron level, and the stage proper. The action of the play avails itself of one, or two, or all of these. The actors are equally at home on any level. Using those closer to the audience makes the listeners much more a part of the play.

Occasionally, indeed, an actor sits with the spectators until his cue is given, and then walks up the aisle and on to the stage, talking as he goes. In one play of Mr. Walker's, the Boy does this, then chuckles, and says to the audience, "Well, this can't be much of a play, if I can get into it! Now, can it?"

The color scheme of the stage is a delight,—gray floor covering, the wall a restful blue, the woodwork black with a trim of gold. Across the blue background runs the narrow beautifully curved line of the milky way, with its gold and silver stars, broken in the center with the little semi-circular device of the theatre. A striking combination? No, but pleasing, restful, readily adapted to the special setting used with each play.

These "sets" are not planned to be exceptionally unique. They are not Reinhardt, not Leon Bakst, not Granville Barker, not Belasco. They are the Portmanteau; and the whole aim is that the background may serve, with the costumes and lighting, to establish the atmosphere, to give the spirit of the play.

"A lonely place," for example, the setting of *The Trimplet*, written by Mr. Walker, shows in the

painted scene a very lovely spot, cool with greens and blues and grays. No horizontals, but the long vertical lines of the tall trees, and their curve against the sky, really give a sense of isolation—not of shivery lonesomeness, but aloneness, a separation from the everyday world. The spirit of a dream play, partly then and partly nowadays, where the actors are looking for the secret of living happily forever, is thus suggested, not actually and tangibly given.

One of the plays already produced, *A Fan and Two Candlesticks*, by Mary MacMillan, makes no use at all of stage and setting, but is given before the curtain. Such a play is rare, for it must be simple in form, with two or three characters. It requires a clever situation plus charm, of which the Austin Dobson type is an illustration.

The costumes are almost entirely hand work. They are marked by simplicity of line, and beauty of color and of texture. By a wide use of blue, black, and cloth of gold, they repeat the color scheme of the background.

The lighting makes no attempt at illusion. It does not say, "This is real sunshine; so cleverly and skillfully is it managed, the illusion is a complete success," but, "We give you the feeling of sunshine, the feeling of gloom and mist." The realest realism is the imagination; and if the audience lacks this, and is not willing to play, even the most perfect illusion cannot succeed.

The training of the actors is as fundamentally different as is the theatre itself. They are not drilled in diction and enunciation. There is never a center of the stage whence all important lines must be spoken at the audience. Instead they are trained, first to get, and then to give, the spirit of the play.

There is a story to tell. The actors love the story. As a result, they tell it well; and the audience, happy, pleasantly stimulated, falls into the play. To secure this ensemble result, some sacrifice of the individual is at times necessary.

At each performance there are four actors who bridge over the gulf between stage and audience. *Memory*, a pale figure, coming from among the spectators, leads the guests with him, inviting them to come behind the blue curtain, to play, not to look at the scene, but to live it. Then the *Prologue*, who explains the play, till everything is as clear as a summer morning coming over the sea. Next appears the *Device-Bearer*, who carries in all the setting. In one play, his eight trips made the *Prologue* (and some of the audience!) restless and impatient to begin. Another character, recurring in several of the plays, is the *Person-Passing-By*, his costume suggesting the oriental, absorbed in his search for the hidden things, sharing his comments on the play with the friendly audience.

Every detail about the stage and all "business" in the acting, Mr. Walker subjects to this one question: Will it help to give the spirit of the play? And in giving this, the Portmanteau Theatre gives a still greater thing—the play spirit, that something compounded of youth and imagination, which to-day has gone out of people's lives,—out of their homes, out of their reading, out of their everyday existence, most of all out of the ordinary theatre.

The plays in the repertory of the Portmanteau present a great variety. But they have one characteristic in common, they all have this spirit of play. Short most of them are, given two or three in an evening. Gay little plays, filled with the joy and fineness of life, must be brief, and this is good psy-

chology which the author-producer so well understands.

A peace play that never mentions war, but treats this serious subject whimsically; *Nevertheless*, a bit of nonsense where all the actors are obsessed by this word; *The Window Garden*, the story of a cripple living in a tenement room; a comedy, *Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*, wherein the blind man teaches the boy to see; a Pierrot play; *The Road*, personifying Dusk, Shadows, and the Wind; *The Folding Play*, just whimsies well fitting this theatre—these are some of the pleasures awaiting the spectators from seven to seventy, who come to play at the Portmanteau.

Yet not every performance will be a group, for the plans include three mystery plays; *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, announced as "a coarse comedy" to forestall criticism; and *Love's Labor's Lost*, Shakespeare's first writing after he went up to London, full of delightful nonsense and wonderful poetry.

Another plan, in decided contrast to these, is for an occasional performance of gloomy plays, for people who think they want them. They will be given in the afternoon, so that women may go, without unwilling escorts, and be depressed to their hearts' content.

The significant thing about this theatre is, that having something different to offer in setting and acting, it does actually offer it, to discontented playgoers, no matter where they live. For the Portmanteau is appropriately named. Every part of it has been planned with the idea of carrying it from place to place. It fits compactly into cases weighing only fifteen hundred pounds. It is easily set up in two and a half hours, and readily taken down in an hour less. And its size permits its being used on

any stage, in a school auditorium, in a gymnasium, in a hall or ballroom, or out of doors.

To local managers it offers not only plays, with the needed costumes and scenery—for even the regulation producer does that; but what is necessary to give the atmosphere, the stage itself, with the curtain and lighting. And all of this, for a repertoire of sixteen unique plays, requires no greater impedimenta than the ordinary company carries for one production.

While it is planned to take the Portmanteau Theatre on the road, until now it has been used only at a settlement house in New York City. Mr. Walker's plans here are two-fold: for his sixteen professionals to give plays which shall serve as a model to the settlement; and for the boys and girls of the community to use his theatre for the exhibition of their work.

Designing and building the scene, weaving the cloth and making the costumes, selling tickets, managing the lights and the stage, as well as the acting, must be done by the community. Not to encourage dramatic clubs, that their members may give performances to paying spectators, but to prove that the individual-best added together makes the community-best, and to show this community expression to the very best advantage, to invited friends, the theatre serving as a beautiful show-window, is the ultimate aim.

The theatre is not endowed. It is not the plaything of a millionaire. It is not the experiment of a group who share its financial support. With all its possibilities, and the ideals and dreams of its creator, it must pay its way. It must provide an income for producer and actors, and unite the joy of the work with the joy of working for a living.

Five hundred dollars must be charged for a single evening. A week in one place, eight performances, can be given for twenty-five hundred. And no larger a sum than seventy-five thousand would insure invitation performances for a whole year.

The theatre is not a philanthropy, to uplift the settlement neighborhood. It is to give to them, and to other neighborhoods, what they are hungry for—the spirit of play.

“I haven’t been to the theatre,” said a guest at a recent performance; “I’ve been curled up in a big chair, all one rainy afternoon, with a new volume of Grimm’s fairy tales!”

GRACE HUMPHREY.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ACTOR

II. THE RISE OF THE MODERN ACTOR

BY ARTHUR POLLOCK



It was some six centuries after all semblance of dramatic art had disappeared with the passing of the Roman theatres, that a new drama began to burgeon in the Middle Ages. And at its beginning began again the art of acting. The men whose task it was to devise the earliest dramatic representations, and those who were called upon to present them, had no choice but to grope blindly about in the darkness of ignorance, with the knowledge of no drama of the past to make their labors lighter, to lead or to mislead them. The growth of the renascent drama was consequently slow. The growth of the art of those who acted it was no more rapid, for their progress could but keep pace with the evolution of the drama. But by the end of the sixteenth century, from a tangle of inchoate tendencies many threads had woven themselves into a new dramatic fabric, and acting had once more acquired the dignity of an art and the position of a recognized, remunerative and, despite the frequent defamatory outbreaks of its enemies, a fairly reputable profession.

The forces which combined to bring about this consummation, though not in all respects the same in Germany and Spain, England, France and Italy, were in those countries very similar. Throughout Europe a drama born in the church and a drama of

secular origin gave the budding actor material in which to work. It was by the merging of the elements of these two types of play that a definite dramatic form was fixed upon. And it was from among the men who, in their feeble, artless, half-inarticulate fashion took part in the religious and the lay drama that there were evolved those who established the profession, the advantages of which actors were able to enjoy by the dawn of the seventeenth century.

If there exists any evidence of a connecting link between modern acting and the histrionic art of the ancients, it is to be found in the methods of the strolling vagabond-performers, who were the earliest professional entertainers. When the Roman theatres were closed to him, the actor found his occupation gone. He had either to seek other means of livelihood or, pocketing the little pride vouchsafed men of his profession in the latter days of Rome, to mingle with the jugglers and the tumblers and the clowns, adopt their nomadic mode of life and make a living by their methods. The latter course, no doubt, the Roman *mimus* found the more practicable and attractive. It is likely that in time his talents, added to those of the Teuton *scop*, produced the type of entertainer known in the Middle Ages as the minstrel.

For a time the minstrel class was most creditably represented by the poet-musicians about whom so many threads of romance cling, the troubadours who reached the height of their achievement during the eleventh century and were popular and important figures in the life of the towns for the next two hundred years. But these bards were not entirely typical of the strolling class. The majority of their companions of the road had in them more of the mountebank than of the bard. They were a

varied and versatile lot, some of them acrobats, others singers, tricksters, instrumentalists, jesters, quacks—all snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, who wandered from place to place, keeping money in their purses and a roof over their heads on winter nights by making themselves objects of amusement to all who were willing to pay to be amused. A few performed singly, others, like our vaudeville teams and troupes, travelled together and together offered their "act"—a bit of humorous dialogue or merely feats of strength and agility or exhibitions of sleight-of-hand. Sometimes they had a simple little repertoire of crude and formless farces of the slapstick kind which, in their development, were destined to be influenced by the more ambitious forms of drama growing up about them; forms which they in their turn must have had some effect upon.

Protective guilds were formed by the minstrels, as they had been formed by the Greek actor before them. And to some of the cleverest and more fortunate among the minstrels a fixed yearly salary—counted though it was in shillings rather than in pounds—was paid by the king who kept them as retainers, or by the corporation of the town that employed them and the livery of which they often wore. They were smiled upon and protected by an indulgent court, glowered at and damned by a hostile clergy, and by an eager populace no less beloved than is the moving picture actor of the present century.

These minstrels, though not actors, properly speaking, were always professionals. The first professional actors were either minstrels turned actor or amateur actors turned professional. The development of the amateurs began with the advent of the religious drama.

Arising as it did in the church, somewhere about the tenth century, the religious drama had for its first actors members of the clergy. They played their parts as devout men employing their persons to make the teachings of the Bible more intelligible and impressive to inattentive and untutored worshippers, by appealing to the eye. At first it was with a few bits of dumb show that they did this. But as their primitive pantomimic action grew more elaborate, dialogue was evolved to accompany it, and the two combined to make drama of the Bible stories. Thus began the religious drama that was known as the Mysteries in France, as the *Geistliche Schauspiel* in Germany, the *Auto Sacramental* in Spain, the *Sacra Rappresentazione* in Italy, and as the Miracles in England, where it reached its climax in the great town cycles of the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries.

When this drama had outgrown the church and the clergy, townsmen were called upon to produce it and to be impersonators. The responsibility of the production of the English liturgical plays was put upon the guilds of artisans, each guild staging one of the simple dramas of the cycle and supplying from among its members actors to impersonate the biblical characters. In France, where, it is said, very often two hundred, and sometimes as many as five hundred, people took part in the earlier presentations, all classes of the community were included, nobles acting parts as well as workmen, and occasionally even women being allowed to have a hand in the work.

The acting of these untrained citizens, "craftes men and meane men," as the English artisans described themselves, was a simple, homely, artless endeavor, much like childish make-believe, and not-

able more for enthusiasm, vigor and innate liking for rant than for discernment or skill. Though some of them were spoken of by their contemporaries as "connyng, discrete and able players," the level of their ability in England is probably not inadequately nor unjustly represented by the work of Bottom and his band in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In France, if we may judge from extant stage directions, there was, perhaps, a demand for greater competency on the part of the chief performers, whose rôles sometimes presented at least the difficulty of great length, and occasionally called for no little physical endurance. Among these amateurs, however, it is quite possible that there may have been men as capable as the modern amateurs at Oberammergau.

But, generally speaking, they were called upon to do little more in the way of acting than had been done by the leader of the Greek chorus. The workmen actors merely recited simple bits of narrative in the form of dialogue and, for the rest, walked or romped through their parts. Their actions were described in words rather than made eloquent by "speaking gestures" or carefully thought-out business. Except in a few isolated instances, little attempt was made at consistent characterization, little differentiation of types or individuals was demanded of the actor by the author. Herod ranted, Noah's wife scolded, the devil roared; and in this way they distinguished themselves from the rest. Otherwise the different personages in a play were made recognizable more by some striking feature of their dress or make-up than by distinctive habits of speech, traits of character or qualities of mind. It is, perhaps, significant in this connection, that the few pence with which the actors were rewarded for their

efforts were in amount proportionate not so much to the length and difficulty of the part as to its religious significance. God, for example, was usually the highest priced player, whereas the souls he saved, regardless of the problems they presented to the player, did not demand so high a payment. But if at any time an actor knew his part imperfectly, he was fined without consideration for the character of the rôle allotted him.

But despite their simple crudeness and admitted lack of "lyttural scyens," these performers of the miracles were actors in intent at least; and with them acting tradition, if it were only the traditional ranting of Herod, began.

While the drama emanating from the church was being developed to its fullest and undergoing changes to suit the proclivities of its actors and the predilections of its audiences, from school and university and from the village green, as well as from church and monastery, came other types of secular drama more or less indebted to the liturgical plays. As the religious drama gradually spent itself after the fourteenth century, these newer types gained strength enough to carry on the work of shaping the mould in which such early masters as Marlowe, Kyd and Shakespeare were soon to cast their works.

The actor they also shaped. The moral plays required of him a little more action and a little less talk, and with their personified abstractions they must have set him to work thinking out and putting into practice methods of revealing the various traits of character and peculiarities of appearance that distinguished different types of men. The drama, originating in the folk-festivals, gave him free rein to use his ingenuity in creating comic effects and humorous characterizations. Meanwhile in the halls

of school and college youthful novices were being carefully educated, and painstakingly coached in the art of impersonation.

But as early as the fifteenth century acting as an art could hardly have reached any great degree of advancement. Yet it began about that time to be taken up as a profession as there gradually arose a class of men who were content to live by what they could earn by acting alone. No doubt the fact that the strolling minstrels were able to make a living with their buffooneries and their repertoire of primitive farces, emboldened the cleverest and most adventurous of the amateurs to join forces with them and try their luck upon the road with bits of drama chipped from the block of the miracles or the morals. It is equally probable that many of the minstrels were at the same time learning from the amateurs that it was possible to entertain by depending less than had been their custom upon mere acrobatics and more upon histrionic ability.

At any rate, with the appearance of the interlude there sprang up the first English professional actors. Indeed, the interlude seems to have been at first hardly more than a professional adaptation of the moral play; the morality, that is, arranged for performance by a few persons on the road and suited for popular consumption by being stripped of much of its didacticism and seasoned with humor. In the latter part of the fifteenth century innumerable companies of these professionals, consisting in most cases of three or four men, with a boy to do the women's parts, had equipped themselves with a collection of some four or so of their demoralized and diverting moralities and were to be found travelling "upon the hard hoofe from village to village for cheese and buttermilke," acting their interludes in

the banquet halls of nobles for whatever the nobles would give them, or in the streets and at the inns for as much as they could entice from the pockets of the appreciative populace. Before the end of the century many of the nobles, well pleased with these entertaining fellows, had taken the cleverest of them under their protection. Henry VII himself, in 1494, had attached to his court four players whom he accorded a regular salary.

The following century found them playing a great part in the life of the people. The amateurs, however, had not yet had their last fling at acting. Artisan-actors the professionals easily outshone. But with the Children of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul's, with the school and college students who had long been acting saints' plays, moralities and interludes written for them by their erudite masters, the men who gave the English drama its first comedy and farce, and with the maturer amateurs of the Inns of Court, to whom England owes her first tragedy, the professional players had still to carry on a struggle for supremacy that lasted throughout the greater part of the sixteenth century.

But so indispensable had they made themselves that, on the occasion of their being expelled from London as a result of the enmity of the Puritans, the continued demand for amusement led them to erect outside the city, in 1576, the first of England's theatres. The Theatre, as it was called, built by James Burbage, actor, joiner and man of brains, was soon followed by another playhouse, The Curtain, also erected by successful professionals. And in 1577 Harrison made their prosperity a reproach by saying it was "an evident token of a wicked time when plaiers were so riche that they can build suche houses." If the theatres were not an indication of

so wicked a time as Harrison supposed, they were at least an evident token of the establishment in England of acting as an attractive and profitable profession.

A profitable profession acting had undoubtedly now become. As an art it was also developing. In its evolution, the interlude, gradually discarding the abstractions of the moral play and filling their places with contemporary characters of greater individuality, required its actors to impersonate such men and women as they mingled with each day upon the streets; a fact which must have made them strive to increase the naturalness of their representations. The school plays, though they seem to have offered no difficulties that could not be met by the boisterous good spirits of the youths who acted them, also contained some very definite and complete characterizations, the author's admitted aim being "to frame each that by his common talk you may his nature know." Thus the actor's talents for character interpretation were being exercised and consequently increased.

Marlowe has hinted that the plays these petted and well-fed players were performing when acting became a firmly established profession, were composed largely of the "jigging veins of rhyming mother wits." Their acting, too, still smacked of "such conceits as clownage keeps in pay." But they were now trained in most of the essentials of their art and wanted only the opportunity to work in better dramatic material to become more nearly perfect histrions. When that material was at hand, they suddenly ceased to be clever nondescripts and blossomed into artists of great accomplishment.

Elsewhere than in England the evolution of the actor was proceeding also. Though the drama de-

veloped differently in the various countries of Europe after the fourteenth century, by the sixteenth, histrionic talent had everywhere ripened to the point that leads to professionalism. In 1554 Lope de Rueda, actor-manager-playmaker, appeared in Spain with his troupe of professionals. In Germany the work of the amateurs culminated with Hans Sachs, the shoemaker-mastersinger, who had evolved for himself and his skilful company of artisans a very creditable technique. Sachs died in 1576 and the professionals were not long in succeeding him. It was in the latter part of the same century that a class of paid performers also sprang up in France. While the miracles were losing their vigor in the hands of the Passion Brothers, upon whom had devolved the privilege of producing them at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, energetic young amateurs had formed merry fool companies such as the *Enfants sans souci* and *la Bazoche*, which, with their performances of gay farces, were attracting and meriting much attention. These companies developed many famous players of farce. From among their number and from the ranks of the mountebanks of the road must have come the professionals that in the latter half of the century were roving in companies through the towns, waiting for an opportunity to enter Paris. And before the close of the century the Passion Brothers, unable themselves to compete successfully with the adept Italians who had come to France and were drawing crowds to the Petit Bourbon, were willing to rent the Hôtel de Bourgogne to one of these eager strolling troupes. Thus the French professional was afforded a foothold in his own country.

It was the sixteenth century, too, that saw the maturing and the spread of the Italian Improvised Comedy, or the *Commedia dell' arte*, as it was also

called, Italy's greatest contribution to the acting art and the inspiration of much in the modern drama.

When and where and how the *Commedia dell' arte* originated, and by whom it was first performed, it is impossible to say with any degree of finality. There are those who, without getting their theories generally accepted, claim for it a direct descent from the Atellan comedy of the Romans. But that masked actors were presenting improvised comedies in the first quarter of the sixteenth century is a fact well known. By the second part of the century these actors were presenting improvised comedies in many countries; and for the better part of the next two hundred years the *Commedia dell' arte* flourished without a serious rival in Italy.

The actor of the Improvised Comedy, unlike the average performer in the religious drama, was not content to do no more than stalk about, stolid of mien and stiff of form, and mouth monotonously a stream of words set down for him by others. The Italian author, who was in most cases the leader of the troupe, simply supplied the actor with a scenario of the play, for perusal beforehand; a stage-manager made a few suggestions; and the rest was left to each individual member of the company. The scenario sketched the story of the play and gave him a brief outline of the scenes in which he was expected to appear. When the proper moment came he entered in his best manner, improvised diverting dialogue to fit the situations in which he found himself, and accompanied his speeches with sprightly business of his own devising. Since the same sort of situations were constantly recurring in the comedies, and since the *Commedia dell' arte* was a drama of types almost entirely, each actor usually making a specialty of one type, he was able to work up a

stock of effective bits of business and striking speeches which he could draw upon for play after play. Action became a very important part of his performance; stage business he developed to a high degree of perfection. And many were the tricks he taught the clumsy amateurs with whom he came into contact in the course of his roving.

Improvisation demanded of him a ready tongue, a quick wit, and great poise and self-control. For an actor to achieve success in the Improvised Comedy, "face, memory, voice, and sentiment," so says Luigi Riccoboni, himself an actor, "are not enough. If he would distinguish himself, he must possess a lively and fertile imagination, a great facility in expression; he must master the subtleties of the language, too, and have at his disposal a full knowledge of all that is required for the different situations in which his rôle places him." And if we may judge from the fame achieved by many of the actors of the day and the honors and rewards bestowed upon them, all these qualities were not scarce in Italy.

It was the actors of the *Commedia dell' arte* who, instead of following the prevalent custom of having all women's parts performed by boys or men, used women to fill the female rôles, and thereby introduced the professional actress in the theatre. But to them the theatre owes infinitely more than that. The art of the actors and the dramatists of Spain and France, Germany, England and Austria, throughout which countries troupes of Italian actors traveled, was influenced and fertilized by their highly developed technique. Especially was this true in France, where the permanently established companies proved a source of great inspiration to the native actors who, at the beginning of the seven-

teenth century, were still comparatively crude. Even Molière, it is said, found much to learn about acting from a study of their methods, and his plays indicate that the Italians too taught him a great deal about playmaking also. Elsewhere their influence, though evident, was not so great; for England, Germany and Austria were not favored with so frequent visits by the Italian touring companies. However, they helped to add a needed polish to the actors of all the countries that they covered in their wanderings.

It was only polish that was needed. For everywhere the actor had now acquired sufficient skill to earn a good living, and to enable him presently to rise to a position of no little importance.

ARTHUR POLLOCK.

THE STAGE



IN the *Natyashastra* of Bharata, a work on the drama, there is a description of the stage, but no mention of scenes. It does not seem to me that this absence of concrete scenery can have been much of a loss.

In spite of Wagner and his idea of the combined arts, it may be argued that any one of the arts is only to be seen in her full glory when she is sole mistress; it hurts her dignity and degrades her if she is called upon to share her household with a rival,—the more so, if that rival happen to be the favorite of the moment. If we have to sing an epic, the tune needs to become a chant, and to give up all hopes of rising to melodic heights. The true poem, on the one hand, furnishes its own music from within itself and rejects with disdain all outside help. On the other hand, the true song tells its own story in its own way, and waits for no Kalidas or Milton,—often doing quite well, as far as words are concerned, with a Hey-non-nonny or a tra-la-la. A sort of artistic pageant may, no doubt, be got up with a mixture of word and tune and picture; but that would be common or market art, not of the royal variety.

It may seem that dramatic art must needs be less independent than other forms; that the drama is created with the direct object in view of attaining its fulfillment by means of outside help, and therefore awaits the acting, scenery, music and other accessories of the stage.

I cannot agree with this opinion. Like the true

wife, who wants none other than her husband, the true poem, dramatic or otherwise, wants none other than the understanding mind. We all act to ourselves as we read a play; and the play which cannot be sufficiently interpreted by such invisible acting, has never yet gained the laurel for its author.

So far as acting goes, it would be more correct to say that it has forlornly to await the coming of the drama; since only in its company can it display its charms. But the drama, which cramps and curtails itself to fit in with the actor's skill, becomes, like the hen-pecked husband, an object of scorn. The attitude of the drama should be: "If I can be acted, well and good; if not, so much the worse for the acting."

But because the art of acting is necessarily dependent on the drama, it need not therefore be the slave of every other art as well. If the art of acting would keep up its true dignity, let it not accept any bonds other than those which are absolutely requisite for its own self-expression.

It is superfluous to state, for instance, that the actor is dependent on the words of the drama; he must smile or weep, and make his audience smile or weep, with the words of joy or scorn which the author puts into his mouth. But why pictures,—pictures which hang about the actor, and are not, even in part, his own creation?

To my mind it shows only faint-heartedness on the actor's part to seek their help. The relief from responsibility which he gains by their illusion is one which is begged of the painter. Besides, it pays the spectators the very poor compliment of ascribing to them an utter poverty of imagination.

Why, then, should the actor regard himself as in the witness-box of a court-of-law where his every

word must be supported by an oath? Why all this illusory paraphernalia to bewilder the poor trusting audience, which has come to the play with the deliberate intention of believing and being happy? These good people have surely not left their imaginations at home under lock and key. They have come to coöperate, not to quarrel, with the interpretation of the drama.

King Dushyanta hidden behind the trunk of a tree is listening to the talk of the Sakuntala and her companions. We, for our part, feel our creative faculty quite equal to the task of imagining the tree trunk, even though its image be not bodily present. The complex of the emotions appropriate to the different characters is doubtless difficult to conjure up and retain in its exactitude, and we are grateful for corresponding emotions in ourselves; but where is the difficulty in imagining a few trees, a cottage, or a bit of a river? To attempt to assist us, even in regard to these, with paintings of canvas hangings, is only to betray a woeful mistrust in our capacity.

That is why I like the popular village plays in India. There is not so much of a gulf separating the stage from the audience. The business of interpretation and enjoyment is carried out by both in hearty coöperation, and the spirit of the play, which is the real thing, is showered from spectator to player, and from player to spectator, in a very carnival of delight. When the flower-girl is gathering her flowers on the empty stage, how would the importation of artificial plants help the situation? Must not the flowers blossom at her every motion? If not, why need an artist play the flower-girl at all? Why not have stocks and stones for spectators?

If the poet who created Sakuntala had been obliged at every turn to think of bringing concrete

scenes on the stage, then at the very outset he would have had to stop the chariot from pursuing the flying deer. I do not mean to suggest that the pen of the master-poet would have had to stop along with the chariot; but what I want to ask is, Why should the great be required to curb itself for the sake of the petty? The stage that is in the poet's mind has no lack of space or appurtenance. There, scene follows scene at the touch of his magic wand. The play is written for such a stage and for such scenes. The artificial platform with its hanging canvas is not worthy of the poet.

So, while Dushyanta and his charioteer, standing in their respective places, are representing the very spirit of a moving chariot by word and act, is it too much to expect the audience to realize the elementary truth that, though the stage has its limits, the poem has not? No! For so easily do they forgive the poor material stage its shortcomings, that they lend to it the glory of the stage of their hearts. But how hard would it have been to forgive the wretched wooden platform, if it had compelled the poem to narrow itself down to its own limitations!

It is, I repeat, because the drama of *Sakuntala* had not to depend on artificial scenes, that the poet found it possible to create his own scenes. The hermitage, the cloud-path on the way to heaven, the woodland retreat,—in these scenes of nature, as in the portrayal of the various characters, the poet was free to draw gold from his own creative treasure-house.

The danger of the West, in modern times, appears to me to consist in the spectator wishing his truth to be too concrete. He would have imaginative treats; but he must be deluded by these imaginings being made exact imitations of actual things. He is too afraid of being cheated; and before accepting

with some amount of enjoyment any representation of imaginative truth, he must have a sworn testimony of its reality. He will not trust the flower, until he has seen the earth of the mountain top in which it has its roots. The modern age is, with him, the Age of Science; and mere faith will no longer remove mountains. That requires engineering skill,—it is also costly. The expense which is incurred on the European stage for mere accessories would swamp the whole of the actor's art in poverty-stricken India.

In the East, pomp and ceremony, play and rejoicing, are all easy and simple. It is because we serve our feasts on plaintain leaves that it becomes possible to attain the real object of a feast—to invite the whole world into our little home. This true end could never have been gained, had the means been too complex and extravagant.

The theatres which we have set up in India to-day, in imitation of the West, are too elaborate to be brought to the door of all. In them the creative richness of the poet and the player is overshadowed by the mechanical wealth of the capitalist. If the Hindu spectator has not been too far infected with the greed for realism; if the Hindu artist has any respect left for his own craft and skill; the best thing they can do for themselves is to regain their freedom by making a clean sweep of the costly rubbish that has accumulated and is now clogging the stage.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

* In the letter which accompanied this article Mr. Tagore wrote: "I send you a copy of a translation from a Bengali paper of mine. It is about the stage—it may interest you. The original was written about fifteen years ago and my opinion has not altered."

ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

THE CASE OF AMERICAN DRAMA

The Case of American Drama. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Houghton Mifflin Company. 1915.



THOROUGHLY sound, but singularly uninteresting, volume is Professor Thomas H. Dickinson's *The Case of American Drama*. Foregoing radical and extremist views of every sort, the author steers a safe and sane middle course through all his theorizing. Necessarily he repeats much that is commonplace, and he is never startling; but the things he reiterates are for the most part worth while and authoritatively uttered.

The reason for the book's dullness lies chiefly in its almost complete lack of the concrete. Rarely does one run across a work in which so little has been done to win the reader's attention. Throughout its 223 pages, for example, no American author or play is mentioned; in fact, I believe, the name of no living English-speaking dramatist occurs, with the single exception of Pinero. Generality prevails, from cover to cover. Furthermore, the categorical style of composition adds to the impression of the college lecturer absorbed in his abstractions.

More than a quarter of the volume is given over to a discussion of "The Theatre in the Open" and "Festivals and Pageantry," which has little enough to do with the case of American drama. The title of the book, indeed, is virtually a misnomer, since the author's concern is primarily with the modern

drama in general, and only secondarily with that of the United States. The first chapter sums up the all too slight achievements of the New Theatre and compares them with those of national dramatic institutions abroad. Chapter II, which is by far the best, deals with "The Social Sanction of Dramatic Art" and has but little peculiarly American application. In the third chapter we find a valuable discussion of "The Present Situation of the Stage in America"; and Chapter VI—the last—is the inevitable, and as usual futile, forecast of the great things to come.

The chief value of Professor Dickinson's book lies in the stress it places upon matters which, if obvious, are yet too often ignored, and in the defense he sets up for other factors in the drama which have been much misunderstood and frequently distorted. The essential social principle of the drama and the peculiar democratic quality of this art, by virtue of which the audience becomes as essential to consummation as is the playwright, the actor, or the producer—are the author's fundamental tenets. These favorite ideas of Sarcey have been much repeated by his many followers in this country, but they well deserve the scholarly elaboration Professor Dickinson here accords them.

"Drama shall not only be natural," he writes, "but it shall itself be socially constructive. We have a right to demand of our drama that it shall conduce to upbuilding and social health. It is laid upon drama by the conditions of its substance that it shall promote that social solidarity of which it is itself the outgrowth and the completest expression in art. A play which by conception or influence is anti-social is an anomaly and a perversity."

This is obviously sound doctrine, as is also the

author's defence of dramatic technique, that object of so many recent violent onslaughts. "Technique is not mere journeyman craftsmanship. It is the expert manipulation of all the expedients of the art to the end of the completest expression of truth through a substantial medium. So far from being tricky and oversubtle, the first and greatest requirement of technique is directness and sincerity."

Similarly one's admiration is aroused by Professor Dickinson's sane attitude toward such various subjects as the importance of the repertory theatre, the need of standards in judging the drama, the true function of constructive criticism, the sad results of modern naturalistic acting and of the lack of a conservatory for the training of young players, the real relation of the drama to literature, the limitations as well as the potentialities of the amateur as against the professional actor, and the experimental theatre of to-day, which has produced so much hubbub and so few vital results.

As everyone knows, nearly all these topics have lately been centers of much extravagant and sometimes harmful debate. However, the wise conservatism of Professor Dickinson is manifest in his handling of them all.

Better acting will not come under the present system of traveling companies. The repertory theatre provides an excellent training-school for actors. As for our modern standards, though the rules of the old order do not satisfy us, the new régime has not yet supplied its rules. A widely diffused constructive criticism is even more necessary in the case of drama than of other arts, since drama depends on the suffrage of the many for its existence. The modern decline of acting is admitted in the growing use of "actor-proof" plays. Amenability to pro-

duction makes a play a play. To the professional player we are obliged for the existence of the theatre to-day with such glories as still attach to it.

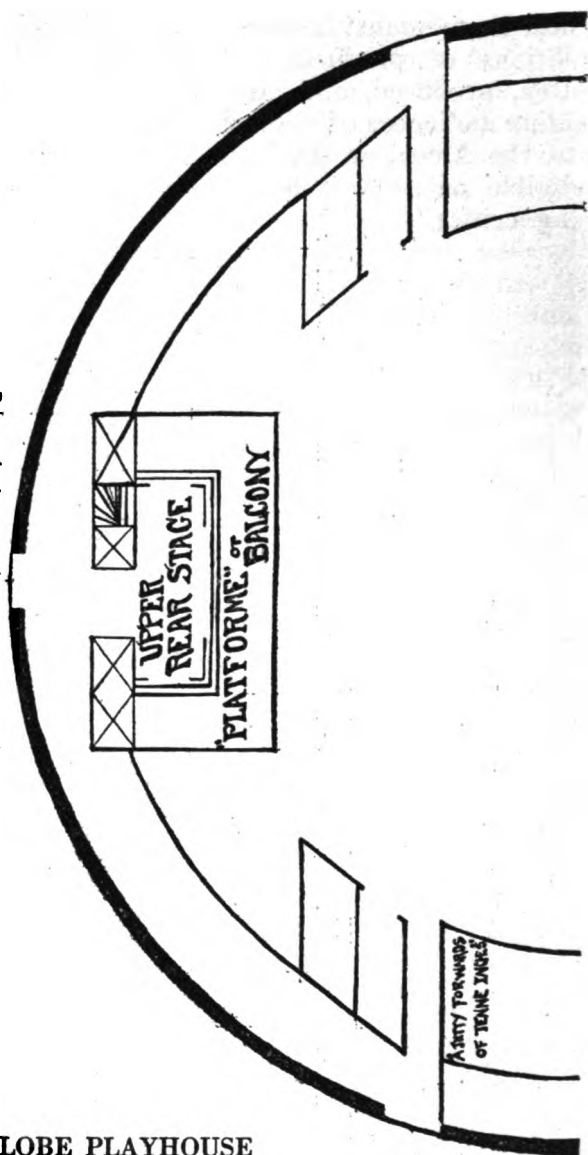
The foregoing are statements culled at random from Professor Dickinson's book. They will perhaps serve to illustrate the nature of the doctrine therein presented, trustworthy doctrine in almost every instance, and expressed always with admirable moderation. It is manifest that they are matters not peculiar to the theatre of any one nation.

Very briefly—though I believe the author does not mention them—the plain facts in the case of *American* drama—stripped of academic theorizing and verbiage—are principally these: American drama is nearly all produced in New York City or under New York influence. The New York audience, which sets the pace, is—generally speaking—an audience of inferior culture and taste. Mr. Augustus Thomas is reported as having said last year that it is an audience (I think) with a 300-word vocabulary. The statement is entirely credible to any observer of the people who gather before our metropolitan foot-lights. And it is most unlikely that managers or playwrights will ever get *far* in advance of those they live to please. The theatre is even more dependent on the spectators, perhaps, than Professor Dickinson insists. New York audiences on the whole prefer farce and melodrama of the conventional school. Purely superficial verisimilitude is enough for them; it is as far as they can go. The inner verities are of secondary importance. The intellectual drama and “the drama of sight and ‘style’ ”—if they have value, will not soon make a widespread American appeal, while present conditions obtain. Either the New York—and other—audiences must improve through the slow process of education, or a

radical change must be made in the chief place and conditions of production. Until our plays are written, produced, and acted for initial and fate-deciding audiences of reasonable understanding and taste, the American drama is likely to remain the negligible quantity it has seemed to many clear-seeing critics.

CHARLTON ANDREWS.

STAGE SIDE OF SECOND FLOOR



GLOBE PLAYHOUSE
See design, page 679

PLAYING *HAMLET* AS SHAKESPEARE STAGED IT. II*



IT is extremely inconvenient on the modern stage to change the scene as often as Shakespeare does, and especially to intercalate a scene. On his stage it was easy.

The fore stage scene of the announcement to Hamlet in the morning of his father's appearing before the sentinels can, after Hamlet's agreement to watch with them on the walls at midnight, close fitly on the original stage with the wish,—“Would the night were come!” It can close so because in the interim before the night could come, a scene between Laertes, Ophelia and Polonius at Polonius's house, requisite not alone to make the lapse of half a day plausible but also to open the under plot that ought to be shown in a first act, could be intercalated.

The place arranged for this on Shakespeare's stage is interesting. The proscenium doors on either side of the middle stage to right and left on an oblique line, could represent such localities as Polonius's house on one side and the King's chapel on the other. The spaces behind these doors could not be seen into when the doors were open. They could not supply practicable interiors, like the central rear stage interior in the tower. But, as Shakespeare's ingenuity employs these pseudo-interiors, they are almost equally effective. Taking all the

* Copyright, 1915, by Charlotte Porter. Concluded from the August number of *THE DRAMA*.

plays together, there are certain signs to know whether a house scene is placed actually within the central tower at the rear or is simulated cleverly as a house scene by means of the action of going out or coming in or lingering about at one or the other of these opposite doors. The house of Polonius was staged, I think, at the left proscenium door. Laertes and his sister could appear here to bid each other farewell, by opening this door from the inside upon their entrance, coming on stage together, lingering about and talking there just as people really do under precisely such circumstances of leavetaking. After a while Polonius comes upon them from within this supposed house. Ophelia has her back to her father because she is facing Laertes as he is on his way off outside. Naturally she is not the one to see her father first. Laertes is the one to do so, for he is facing the door, having turned back to talk to her. The old man had said his good-bye to his son before. Laertes sees his father's reproachful face and at once adroitly tries to anticipate his blame of him for lingering so long—"But here my Father comes. Occasion smiles upon a second leave." But Polonius, having fretted at him for delaying—"Yet heere, Laertes," then keeps him as long again, in love with his own wisdom. After that, he makes Ophelia satisfy his curiosity and let him know what Laertes has been saying to her. Nothing like "these tedious old fooles" for making a day pass imaginatively on the stage! Readily do we believe, after this, that midnight has had time to come when Hamlet reappears.

The modern stage affords us no such natural chance for a plausible lapse of time. On top of the morning comes midnight. The rest of the day that Hamlet wishes were over may be imagined, to

be sure, in modern reproductions, as spent in scene shifting. Down comes the curtain on Hamlet's wish. When it rises, it rises on the realization of his wish, granted by the stage hands. The Polonius house scene, for modern convenience of putting together scenes requiring the same set, is transposed way on into the second act.

Shut doors below again in the rear stage (see the preceding article) and cresset moonlight on the walls above them are all the scenic preparations required for the next scene with the ghost, as Shakespeare staged it. Horatio and Marcellus have the air of already having been on watch, as before agreed, and of now meeting and ushering Hamlet out on "the platforme," as he is just appearing for the first time from the guard room represented by the upper stage interior. Hence his query, according to the folio text, as if he were now first feeling the bite of the night air—"Is it very cold?"

They take up their positions, Horatio to right, Marcellus to left of him. So now, Horatio is first to see the Ghost as it approaches from the left. When the Ghost addresses itself especially to Hamlet and beckons him to a "more removèd ground," the two figures pass from view around the right corner of the tower and follow the walk along the west side. Horatio's fear of the dreadful cliff side of the fortress, so precipitous that the rock beetles over its base into the sea, leads the audience to suppose that this steep place is on the unseen side of the walls opposite the front before them. Toward it Horatio thinks that the Ghost has taken Hamlet. Thither, after a little, he and Marcellus follow in quest of the Prince. But they do not find him for a long time.

Where do Hamlet and the Ghost reappear?

Where do Horatio and Marcellus find Hamlet alone finally?

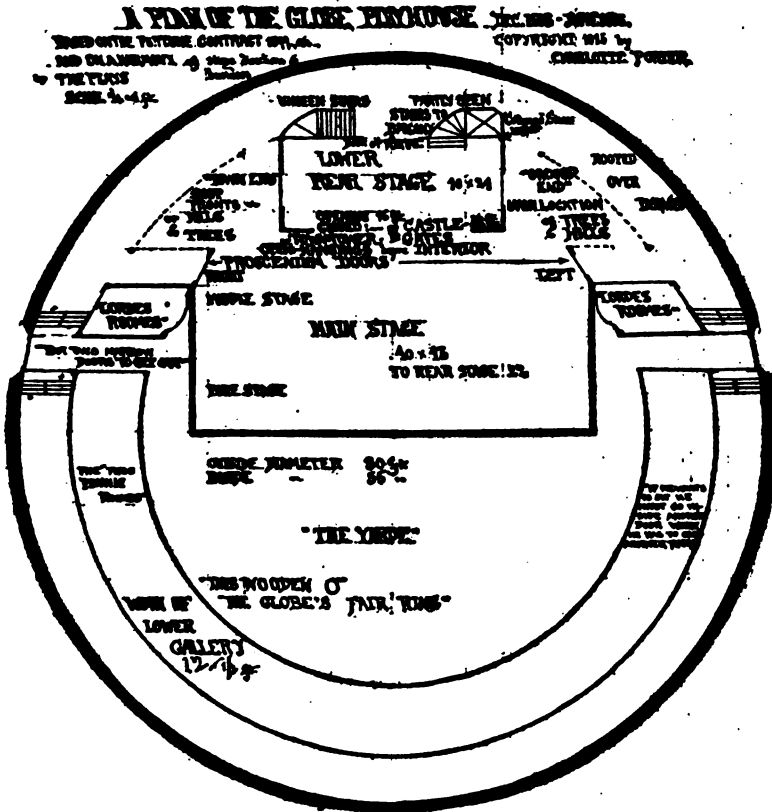
On the modern stage, at "Another part of the platform." But this change of scene is again an eighteenth century editor's scene setting. It is Capell's, not Shakespeare's.

In Shakespeare's original production it is clear that instead of finding him on the opposite side of the fortress, they find him at last on the ground level.

Here an inquiet nightwalking spirit, forced to return beneath the sod at cockcrow, may fitly seem to do what the Ghost does: "Scent the morning air" from the turf and notice that the glow worm "gins to pale his uneffectual Fire." Here, after he bids his son adieu and returns to his grave, he may seem to work his way unseen under ground, like an "old Mole" or "Pioner" or a "Truepenny" in the "Cellarage," as Hamlet calls him. Thus he may be ready, as in due time he is, repeatedly to second the oath to secrecy with his sepulchral "Sweare." Thus he may obey Shakespeare's own stage direction: "Ghost cries under the stage." This direction is left out by modern editors.

The stage business, to repeat, calls for a short seeming disappearance of Hamlet and the Ghost along the walls aloft, for their descent inside the tower unseen, down the right rear stairs leading to the lower stage level, and for their speedy reappearance down there after only six lines of dialogue have time to be spoken by Horatio and Marcellus on the walls above. As soon as these two finish their six lines up there and pass out of sight on the westward walk around the tower—in pursuit of Hamlet, as they think—Hamlet and the Ghost emerge below in the shade of the "Orchard" at the eastern side of

the tower, ready to continue the action of the play. Now, of course, they are in the very "Orchard" where the elder Hamlet was murdered while he slept. Where else could the Ghost tell his story so



effectively? Where else could the manner of the poisoning be so veritably described and the testimony as to the whole deed done there be brought home to his son so impressively? Where else could the Ghost as an actor be so practically placed to

use all his time till dawn should summon him in telling his tale and then be able to make his fitting exit by sinking down through the trap to the cellar under the stage whence he had to be ready upon his cues to cry, "Sweare?"

If modern producers had not followed the editors' stage directions, if they had seen that Shakespeare makes it perfectly plain to his audience that the honest Ghost leads Hamlet into no such place on the "cliffe side of the fortress," as Horatio describes, and that he and Marcellus are led on a wild goose chase in going there, while the play is meantime being carried on down on the ground below, surely they could scarcely have missed the dramatic compulsion upon Hamlet to choose the same place—the "Orchard," the scene of the murder—for the players to appear in when they were to play "Some-think like the murder of my Father before mine Unkle."

The "banke of Flowers" prescribed in Shakespeare's own stage directions for the preliminary "Dumb Show" confirms all the other indications that the play scene was intended to be placed not indoors but outdoors where the hidden murder could be "as lively painted as the deed was done." Here the dumb show could be peculiarly searching in catching the "conscience of the king." A deed played as it was alleged by the Ghost to have actually been done in the same place and way would be irresistible, at once; yet, thus enacted without a word being said, could not easily be quarrelled with by the most arbitrary monarch. Clearly it could not be, under the circumstances, by one possessed of such extraordinary powers of craft and caution as Claudius had shown in the concealment of his foul deed.

And if, on top of the dumb show, it were done over again, with words, how could any human being remain discreet and give no sign of the thumbscrew?

The stricken and groping silence of the king's look, when he was first made uneasy by the dumb show done in the very place of his secret deed, while yet afraid to betray by any sign that he had put on so utterly anonymous a shoe, could be tremendously poignant under the conditions as originally planned of the double echo in the "Orchard" both of the reality to him, and of the Ghost's prior account of it to Hamlet before the audience.

As presented by modern producers, it is done over twice in an alcove interior behind a drawn aside curtain in a place having no such associations for anybody—King or Ghost or Hamlet or audience; when it is arranged inside "a hall in the castle"—again a scene setting that is Capell's, not Shakespeare's—it does not so neatly match its title of "Miching Malicho." It does not overwhelmingly "mean mischief."

A curtain for the play scene was not an essential for Shakespeare. Modern managers merely impose upon him their anachronistic habits of thought. They do it at their peril. The bite of the whole play scene for the King, its wormwood for the Queen, and the exactness of it all as Hamlet's skilful test of the Ghost's word consists in its taking place where the deed was so stealthily done and up to then so successfully concealed. The final touchstone is Hamlet's cry, "He poysons him i' th' *Garden!*"

When the King cannot stand another word and flees the repeated sight of what he did in secret in that garden to his brother, the guilty wretch must, moreover, when he makes his exit, if the play scene

is put in the center, go right toward the murder scene that he so instinctively flees. This ought to be a stage impossibility. It was an impossibility as originally designed, because it was placed on the outer stage, to the left, alongside of the trees, while the court was grouped to the right along the opposite side, conveniently near enough to the rear stage interior for a few chairs to be brought out readily for their Majesties, while Hamlet, Ophelia, and the younger people could be seated on the rush-strewn floor further down stage as if upon the turf, the whole scene taking place outdoors in front of the castle. This arrangement left the rear stage in the center free for the flight of the King thither. He flies as if to the house for safety, but he is afraid of the dark now and cries as he goes, "Give me some light! Away."

Others may have been luckier than I, but I have never seen in any modern production that splendid rush of red, flaring torches after the panic-stricken King. I have never enjoyed on the stage the notable symbolism of the whole court in full rout crying, "Lights, Lights, Lights."

Yet Shakespeare's own stage direction at the entry of the King to the play scene calls for the attendance upon him of "his Guard carrying Torches" and prepares for the picturesque exit so symbolically true to his drama and indicating also at the same time that the scene takes place at night. (Private plays at court or castle usually took place at night, public plays in the afternoon.)

Why do modern producers make the text a dead letter? Why do they leave out these beautiful torches? Is it not because they relegate them to the footlights and border lights, just as they relegate the woods and hills to the back drop? And of course

there they have no weight in the stage business and dramatic action.

At breathless times in Shakespeare's plot, at the most oscillating moments in its psychology, to the usual unbroken continuity are added scenes that run abreast and even overlap. But just when he overlaps and races his scenes, the modern reproduction of them is slower than usual.

One lives scenically from hand to mouth on the scenery shifting stage. The play is always needing to be stopped in order to make a change in the setting. One lives forehandedly, on the contrary, on the stage of Shakespeare with prevision and provision for all future scenic wants.

Like a god or a bird in the air, the spectators could look on at the mimic world setting forth the story of Hamlet's tragic activities and see all befalling naturally within about two hours' time.

The adaptation of this play to a stage technique exactly the converse of that for which it was originally designed by an author-actor-manager of genius and practiced proficiency in the use of his own stage technique means disintegration, disillusion and delay at just the critical moment chosen by the dramatist for making his scenes race abreast and for knitting into one action the results of the foregoing action and the portents of the oncoming one.

Such a critical moment comes in "Hamlet" directly after the play scene.

The flight of King and Court from the play leaves Hamlet and Horatio on the deserted forestage confronting the guilty, open secret. They are left alone but for one moment of whirling sensation. Hamlet has verified the King's hidden crime. But he has also verified the King's need to fear him. Dramatic consequences pile up, both ways, immediately.

Hamlet's false friends, the two spies, come back ostensibly to bid him go to his mother, but also to keep track of him, to hem him in. "Why do you go about to recover the wind of mee?" asks Hamlet, "as if you would drive me into a toyle?" The speech implies the right stage business. Polonius comes, too, from the Queen to urge the same message. In the same manner he also tracks him about and finds it good policy to "Foole him to the top of his bent."

When the dangerous Prince relieves their immediate anxiety by promising to go to his mother, and then frees himself of all surveillance, he is left alone at last for his soliloquy. In it he makes clear his readiness at this fitting midnight hour to "do such bitter business as the Day would quake to look on." The purpose held in his "firme bosome" is complicated only by the twofold nature of his charge from his father—to spare his mother's life and soul while he does vengeance on his uncle's.

The Ghost's word has been proved. Hamlet is ready. The audience has a right to expect that revenge will follow. The only question is in what order will he go about his twofold charge?

It is at just this point of balance that Shakespeare's scenes run abreast and even overlap. For Hamlet makes no exit here on Shakespeare's stage. The scene does not change to "A room in the castle," as Capell arranged. The curtain does not fall to break up the continuity. Instead, Hamlet turns off from way down stage where he had been dogged by Polonius when he had pointed out to him the camel-weasel-cloud that was "backed like a whale," and he keeps the expectancy of the audience upon him while he passes up and then along the orchard side of the stage, as if on the way inside to his mother.

At that instant the King comes out of the rear stage in talk with the two spies. At once Hamlet halts, keeping himself in ambush at the left side of the projecting tower where he is thrown in shadow by the bushes. Here he watches the three standing in front of the rear stage and overhears the King arranging to ship him with the spies to England. He lurks there till the precious pair go and Polonius has come forward toward the King from behind and spoken to him from inside the rear stage where Hamlet could not see or hear him.

It comes out shortly after that Hamlet has overheard this plan discussed just outside the rear stage to send him to England, but that he has not overheard the arrangement outlined by Polonius just inside the rear stage to spy upon him during his interview with his mother so as to report it to the King before he goes to bed. Of the one plan it is clear that Hamlet knows, of the other, that he knows nothing. "I must to England," he says to the Queen. "You know that?" But when he stabs through the Arras at the spying Polonius and the Queen exclaims, "What have you done?" he replies, "Nay, I know not. Is it the King?"

After speaking to the King, Polonius withdraws further within the rear stage interior. Here he may be seen joining the Queen in awaiting the arrival of Hamlet. The audience at this point thus enjoys a triple scene. It is practically all one to the onlookers. It is threefold for the actors. The King then passes out on the middle stage on his way to cross over to the right proscenium door and pray at the "Chappel." An image and shrine placed here doubtless set the scene sufficiently.

The King is no sooner in motion, with his back turned to the left side of the stage, than Hamlet

seizes his chance to steal forward from the left. He follows the King stealthily and crosses behind him, dagger drawn.

The vivid flow and suspense of the action must have been tremendous for the audience at this instant. Whether the Prince will abandon the mission to his mother and kill the King at once is put in visible balance, while the scene itself is in flow, with action proceeding on the fore stage, in the rear stage, and outside to the right and left with the poised multiplicity impossible on any stage less supple than Shakespeare's.

Critics of Hamlet's force of purpose fail to reckon with Shakespeare's plan for him as demonstrated by Shakespeare's stage. They forget that if Hamlet had now lost sight of the deeper realm of a complete vengeance on the King, soul and body, and had swooped to his merely bodily revenge at that moment the play would have had to stop in the middle. It was Shakespeare's job to impel that swoop suddenly till it seemed irresistibly imminent, and then at the same instant by an act of will as vivid and compulsive in Hamlet to prevent it and set free the new current of action to seek the deeper channel.

Hamlet's new act of will is deadly in a deeper sense. He resolves not merely to kill the praying murderer but to damn his soul. He sheathes his sword only in order to let it know "a more horrid dent." The physical tension is relieved by tightening the psychological screw. The greatness of Shakespeare's play is thereby attained.

To powers larger than any to be centered in a brash individual deed of bodily vengeance the just perdition of the King's soul is transferred. But this transfer is due to Hamlet. And Hamlet becomes

at once the creature and executive of these larger powers. They take command immediately within the murderer's mind. Their "Amen. So be it." upon Hamlet's resolution is immediately enacted; for Hamlet's exit to go to his mother is followed by the King's exit, incapable of prayer.

With the closing up of the double way of action toward both the King and the Queen that seemed in balance, the multiplicity of scene clears up, too, and settles down simply to the one scene with the Queen inside the rear stage. There she and Polonius are waiting. Now they hear Hamlet calling "within" on his way to them the words that signify with whom he has chosen that the next step in the action shall deal: "Mother, Mother, Mother."

Because of the wrong exit for Hamlet after the play scene, the change of scene then, and the failure to grasp Shakespeare's stage business, it remains an insolvable mystery on the modern stage how Hamlet knew of the King's plan to send him to England. The Forbes-Robertson stage version is the only one I have noticed that has been consistent enough to cut out of the closet scene the evidence Hamlet gives in it that he has overheard the King's plan. But then the same version cuts out also, as many others do, every thing pertaining to the trip to England. With it goes everything that sets forth Hamlet's prompt counterscheme by which he outwits the King and saves his own head at the expense of the lives of the King's creatures. Hamlet's character is shorn of its virility by such a cut as that. Without the evidence that incident affords of his unflinching energy of will in checkmating his uncle's guile, he would come nearer to justifying the critics who accuse him of laxity of purpose. He would then give no sign of doing just what he declares he will do at

the close of the closet scene—"delve below" the mines the King had laid for his life and "hoist the enginer with his own petar."

As soon as Hamlet leaves his mother, after the closet scene, bearing away with him the body of Polonius, well aware of all that his death means for himself and saying of it as he goes, "This man shall set me packing", the King enters to find the Queen still sobbing because of Hamlet's words to her. The King's first utterance is to insist on knowing what "these sighs," "these profound heaves" of hers mean. Obviously there is no break of scene here in the original setting. Yet just here not merely a scene but also an act division now cuts in that is due to an eighteenth century editor. Act III is forced to close with Hamlet's leaving his mother. Act IV to open with the entrance of the King to her in "Another room of the castle." This is one more of the scattering *ritartando* effects spoiling Shakespeare's vivid, unified celerity.

From the play scene on to the closet scene, and from the closet scene on to the scenes where Hamlet runs away and is brought back "guarded" to be taken aboard ship for England "to-night," there is neither let nor pause in the continuity of scene. Then when Fortinbras and his "armie" march "over the stage," comes a decided break. But until then all the dramatic consequences of Hamlet's play—the King's counterschemes, Hamlet's resolve to kill the King's very soul, the accident of stabbing Polonius, and the search that follows first for the body, then for Hamlet—a series of excitements keeping the whole house up and awake all night—all the scenes proceed breathlessly. They are all so closely linked and interlocked that they require to be visualized by eye and mind as a dramatic unit if the fibre

of Hamlet's character and the design of the tragic solution are to be properly grasped.

The profound virility of Hamlet's nature suffers both by the cuts that shorten the play enough for production with shifting scenery in one evening, and by a stage that disconnects, retards, obscures and misrepresents the evidence of Hamlet's continuous activity of power at the dramatic moment of intense climax.

There is some excuse for misconception of Hamlet's character, not due to Shakespeare, from the fact that the play, as its creator planned to set it forth, is never seen for the scenery.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

THE MODERN STAGE SOCIETY



WENTY-SIX years ago, a group of literary men in Paris started a movement to produce plays refused by ordinary managers, and to give them a chance to be seen by the public.

The following season saw this idea put into practice in Berlin. The finances taken care of by subscriptions from interested people, authors and actors set to work to further the naturalistic movement, to present new plays of artistic and literary merit. Ibsen, Oscar Wilde, D'Annunzio, Maeterlinck, Brioux, Bernard Shaw, more than one Russian playwright, were thus given a hearing; and the Berlin introduction proved to be for a general European audience, as plays succeeding there were taken up by other theatres. Gerhart Hauptmann, Wedekind, Schnitzler, are among the younger dramatists who there found an opportunity and an audience, when every other playhouse was closed to them.

The Berlin *Freie Bühne* movement has spread to other cities. The *Theatre Libre* of M. Antoine in Paris, the highly artistic playhouse managed by Stanislavsky in Moscow, the *Independent Stage* in London, all have the same underlying principles.

And now it has come to New York. Tried out in two performances of Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* last spring, the experiment proved a decided success for the actor-manager, Emanuel Reicher, one of the group that has made the history of the movement.

Plans are now definitely announced for a seven

months' season, opening the middle of November; and subscribers to the *Modern Stage* are offered plays of many nations, of artistic and human value, of literary worth, the type of play never accepted by managers whose standards are box office receipts, the press, and the theatre-going public.

The repertory includes the work of authors of five nationalities. *The Finger of God*, *According to Darwin*, and a comedy, *The Noble Lord*, three one-act plays by Percival Wilde; Gerhart Hauptmann's *The Weavers*; *The Girl in the Coffin*, by Theodore Dreiser, a very fine piece of naturalistic drama, dealing with a workingmen's strike; Anton Tchecoff's *Uncle Vanya*, a drama of Russian life in the lonely country, picturing a peasantry enslaved by want and toil, and an educated upper class enslaved by idleness and tedium, noteworthy for the poignant truth of the picture and the tender beauty of the last scene; *When the New Wine Blooms*, a comedy of Bjornstjerne Bjornson's; Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, one of Herr Reicher's greatest successes in Germany; a comedy, *The Dollar*, and *The King*, by David Pinski, the Russian Jew who is so thoroughly an American, though from principle he writes in Yiddish only; a romantic scene called *Madonna Dianora*, by the Austrian poet von Hofmannsthal; and *Papa*, a comedy by a southern girl, Zoé Aken, very original, slightly grotesque, so delightful and light that it suggests French authorship—these make up the seven programs to be given.

Not serious and "high-brow" plays, not gloomy plays, not problem plays, not comedies, *per se*—for one may have as redeeming and uplifting qualities as the others—the sole question in choosing the repertory has been: Has the play intrinsically artistic and human value?

All performances are to be given in English, and by actors of American birth. The same idea holds in the several *Freie Bühne* in Germany, in London, Moscow, Paris; the language of the listeners is always used. The value of an artistic play, if it is really there, cannot be lost in translation. It will shine out, despite the handicaps.

The plans of the *Modern Stage* differ from the ordinary management in four ways. First of all, they are not concerned with a long run. The primary aim is to introduce certain plays to the subscribers. This is a direct help to other producers, for the rights to a play which has been well tested here and promises a commercial success may be purchased.

The appeal is only to those persons who are interested in the movement, and who are prepared for what they will see. The passers-by, the ordinary theatre-goers, want to see a show. They might be shocked and walk out indignantly. Development of the movement would be doubtful. This is avoided by having no box office, but an audience of subscribers.

"The play's the thing," and the first consideration is given to the acting. Lighting, costumes, setting, all the cunning devices used in the theatres, are here made use of, not for themselves, but for one purpose,—to create the needed atmosphere. They must be suitable, but never so aggressive as to become objectionable. The frame should not be noticed to the neglect of the picture.

The actors, and their presentation of the characters, are thus considered of most importance. In the trial of applicants, they are given a few little scenes to read, and Herr Reicher's decision rests on their power of expression. He is not concerned with the

words, nor with the actual acting, not even with the question, "Is this the right expression for this particular scene?" But, "Has this applicant ability to express—something, no matter what?" Most remarkable of all, there is no concern for types. It is never, "Does she look the part, in height and build?"—another proof that the ordinary play appeals first of all to the eye.

Herr Reicher has no stars—no star plays, where every scene must build up to an outwardly effective climax; no star parts, always needing, and taking, the center of the stage, and dwarfing all the others; no star actors, usurping the applause and the salary. The aim is to build up an ensemble, a company which will be life-like in whatever play is given. Each may have a chance to do a big part, then a small one. The salaries are based on the actor's value to the company, not on the part he plays that month.

Contributing in no small measure to this ideal is a member of the company who also serves as one of the assistant stage-managers; who plays with equal skill and enthusiasm all her parts, whether small or great—Miss Hedwig Reicher, the able daughter of the man to whom was due much of the Berlin success, and to whom will be due the American success.

Instead of a program, Herr Reicher plans to issue each month a magazine of some sixteen pages. This is to be given to the subscribers when the seats are reserved. It will contain a biography of the author, comments by his contemporaries, Herr Reicher's point of view on the play and his reasons for including it, brief statements from the leading actors about their roles, and when possible an article by the author himself, together with an announcement for the following month.

The *Modern Stage* offers drama, with a high ar-

tistic standard, to interested people who can afford one, two, or three-dollar seats. But this price is prohibitive to many who are longing to see vital, human plays, well presented. An auxiliary society is being formed, called the *American People's Theatre*, like the *Freie Volksbühne* in Berlin. With subscriptions there from one mark to fifty pfennige, it has proved both an artistic and financial success. After twenty-five years the members built their own theatre, and now keep their own company, having as their director Max Reinhardt!

Prices in New York range from seventy-five cents to twenty-five. Subscriptions are available for workingmen's unions, teachers and students, clerks, artists and artisans.

With the same foundations here as in Germany, the same ideals, it is hoped that the artistic and financial development will be the same, and there is no reason why it should not. To present worthwhile plays of all countries; to inspire the native dramatist to express himself, to write something out of his own soul, not considering receipts at the box office, not compromising with the fickle likings of public, management, and press; and to let him know that here is a theatre that will give him a chance to be heard and seen, to be introduced to a friendly audience—this is the aim of the *Modern Stage*.

GRACE HUMPHREY.

THE LOVER'S GARDEN

A FLOWER MASQUE

Arranged from Shakespeare for the Tercentenary
by Alice C. D. Riley

“MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.”

[*From opposite sides, a FAIRY and PUCK enter.*]

PUCK. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

FAIRY. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone:
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.
[PUCK and the FAIRY go out.]

* * * * *

[*To music, TITANIA and her train of smaller fairies enter. Fairies and elves group themselves about the throne.*]

TITA. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;

Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
 Some war with rere-mice for their leathern
 wings,
 To make my small elves coats; and some keep
 back
 The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and won-
 ders
 At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

FR. FAIRY. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
 Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby:
 Never harm,
 Nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

FR. FAIRY. Weaving spiders, come not here;
 Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
 Beetles black, approach not near;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, etc.

SEC. FAIRY. Hence, away! now all is well:
 One aloof stand sentinel.

[*The Fairies leave. TITANIA sleeps.*]

* * * * *

[PUCK comes in with OBERON.]

OBEBON. Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

PUCK. Ay, there it is.

OBEB. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.

[**OBEBON** discovers **TITANIA** asleep. *He approaches her with the flower and touches her eyes.* **PUCK** runs out.]

What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eyes that shall appear
When thou wakest, it is thy dear:
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[**OBEBON** goes out.]

* * * *

ACT III, Sc. I.

[**PUCK** comes in, leading **BOTTOM** with an ass's head.]

BOTTOM. [*Sings.*] The ouzel cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;
[*All the little fairies re-enter on tip-toe.*]

TITA. [*Awakening.*] What angel wakes me from
my flowery bed?

BOTTOM. [*Sings.*] The finch, the sparrow, and the
lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer nay;—

TITA. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

BOTTOM. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to
get out of this wood, I have enough to serve
mine own turn.

TITA. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost
sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-
seed!

[PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED
run in.]

FIRST FAIRY. Ready.

SECOND FAIRY. And I.

THIRD FAIRY. And I.

FOURTH FAIRY. And I.

ALL. Where shall we go?

TITA. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed and to arise;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

FIRST FAIRY. Hail, mortal!

SECOND FAIRY. Hail!

THIRD FAIRY. Hail!

FOURTH FAIRY. Hail!

[*All bow before the throne. PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, and MUSTARDSEED run out.*]

THE FAIRY DANCE.

[*All fairies, elves, etc., who are on stage, now dance before the throne, while TITANIA and BOTTOM hold converse. At the end of the dance, all fairies return to their original positions in the picture. Re-enter PEASEBLOSSOM, leading on all of the Spring Flowers except the daffodils, which are used later. PEASEBLOSSOM makes obeisance before the throne while the flowers dance; then she comes down center front and does solo dance supported by the spring flowers massed back of her, also dancing. This group will be the pale colors.*]

DANCE OF SPRING.

[*At the end of the dance they take positions on the stage.*]

* * * * *

"THE TEMPEST," ACT IV, SC. I.

IRIS enters.

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;

Thy turfy mountains where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to
keep;

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heist betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom-groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the
sky,

Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
grace,

Here, on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

MUSIC.

[*CERES enters, attended by Summer Flowers, Water and Rainbow Nymphs, and a troupe of Peacocks—all these, of course, to be impersonated by girls. As CERES and her attendants, the Peacocks, make obeisance before the throne, the Flowers and Nymphs dance. These take the more brilliant colors.*]

THE DANCE OF SUMMER.

• • • • •

“THE TEMPEST,” ACT V, SC. I.

ARIEL enters, singing:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's wing I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

MUSIC.

[**MUSTARDSEED** comes in, attended by the *Autumn Flowers, Fruits and a flock of Butterflies*. These give the deepest and richest color note. **MUSTARDSEED** makes obeisance while the others dance, then comes forward in a solo dance before the rest.]

THE DANCE OF AUTUMN.

[At the end of the dance, all take positions on the stage. **MOTH** and **COBWEB** enter, attended by a troupe of *Snowflakes*. This group, all in white, gives the highest color note. **MOTH** and **COBWEB** make obeisance while the *Snowflakes* dance, then come forward in a duo dance.]

THE DANCE OF WINTER.

[At the end of the dance they take positions on the stage. **CERES**, attended by her peacocks, advances to the throne and addresses **IRIS** and **TITANIA**.]

ACT V, SC. I.

CERES. 'Hail! many colour'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy
 queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd
 green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate.

TITANIA. [*Rising.*] A contract of true love to celebrate.¹

[Within this True Love Garden;—call Love here,]²

And some donation freely we'll³ estate
On the blest lovers when they shall appear.⁴

← ← ← ← ←

"THE WINTER'S TALE," ACT IV, SC. IV.

[FLORIZEL *leads in* PERDITA.]

FLO. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-
shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't * * *

¹ Come, quench your blushes and present your-
self⁴

² That which you are, mistress o' the feast:
come on,

³ And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,

⁴ As your good flock shall prosper.

[*Shepherds and Shepherdesses enter.*]

PERDITA. Sirs,⁵ welcome:

It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.

You're welcome to our shearing.

¹ Note: Titania is here allowed to repeat Ceres' line.

² Note: These lines are interpolated.

³ Note: "to" changed to "we'll."

⁴ Note: Lines 1, 2, 3 and 4 are, in the text, in the mouth of a shepherd.

⁵ Note: In the text, this is in the singular.

DANCE OF THE SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

[*A Morris Dance.*]PERDITA. [*Distributing flowers.*]

Here's flowers for you;
 Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
 The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
 And with him rises weeping: These are flowers
 Of middle summer, and I think they are given
 To men of middle age. [*She gives them to an
 old shepherd.*]

You're very welcome.

[*Giving to CAMILLO, disguised as a shepherd.*]

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
 might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina
 For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st
 fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
 Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
 Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
 The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one! 'O, these I lack,
 To make you garlands of.'

O, sweet Proserpina, come with thy daffodils!¹[PROSERPINA dances in, attended by a group of
*Daffodils and a flock of Swallows in gold and*¹ Note: This line is interpolated.

black. They dance, PROSERPINA and PERDITA together.].

THE DAFFODIL DANCE.

[At the end of the dance they take places.].

* * * * *

"THE WINTER'S TALE," ACT IV, Sc. III.

AUTOLYOUS enters, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they
sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the
jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore
three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear!
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sow-skin budget,
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it.

FLORIZEL. [*Coming down and pushing AUTOLYOUS away.*]

Out on you, rascal!¹

[*He approaches PERDITA and leads her forward.*]

ACT IV, SC. IV.

Thou dearest Perdita,
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial which
 We two have sworn shall come.

But come; our dance, I pray:
 Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
 That never mean to part.

PERDITA. I'll swear for 'em.

[*They dance.*]

DANCE OF PERDITA AND FLORIZEL.

[*At the end of the dance they take places.*]

* * * * *

"ROMEO AND JULIET," ACT II, SC. II.

[*Masked dancers from the Capulet ball rush upon the stage in a wild dance, cross it and go out. ROMEO enters, his mask lifted, looking after the dancers in search of JULIET. JULIET enters, following him.*]

ROMEO. [*Musing.*] He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

¹ Note: Four words interpolated here.

JULIET. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's
voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Romeo!

ROMEO. [*Turning.*]
It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

JULIET. Romeo!

ROMEO. [*Discovering JULIET.*] My dear!

JULIET. At what o'clock tomorrow
Shall I send to thee?

ROMEO. At the hour of nine.

JULIET. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

ROMEO. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JULIET. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

ROMEO. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

JULIET. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee
gone:

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROMEO. I would I were thy bird.

JULIET. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

[*Again the maskers rush on in a swirl of music and
dance, taking ROMEO and JULIET to a position on
the stage.*]

* * * * *

"HAMLET," ACT IV, SC. V.

[OPHELIA enters.]

OPHELIA. [*Sings.*]

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.
They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!
You must sing down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

[*She offers flowers to those near her.*]

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: pray
you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for
thoughts. There's fennel for you, and columbines:
there's rue for you: and here's some for me: we
may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must
wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy:
I would give you some violets, but they withered all
when my father died: they say a' made a good
end,—

[*Sings.*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

And will a' not come again?

And will a' not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

[*She wanders to PROSERPINA, who comforts her.*]

* * * * *

"TWELFTH NIGHT," ACT II, Sc. IV.

[*Music. Musicians enter, playing on mandolins, etc.*
The DUKE comes in with VIOLA.]

DUKE. Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

VIOLA. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned. * * * Ay, but I
know,—

Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should love your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIOLA. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: She pined in thought
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

[*A troupe of Clowns rush in, who dance about the
DUKE and VIOLA at the front center.*
All sing together]:

SONG.

[DUKE, VIOLA, and Clowns.]

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, on one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.

[*They retire to a position on the stage.*]

* * * * *

"AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT II, SC. V.

[*Enter to music: ORLANDO and ROSALIND, CELIA and OLIVER, TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY, SILVIUS and PHOEBE, and a chorus of Huntsmen.*]

SONG.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

ACT V, SC. II.

(During this scene Titania sleeps upon Bottom's shoulder.)

PHOEBE. [*To ROSALIND.*]

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSA. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

PHOEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to
love.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phoebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SIL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

ORL. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To SIL.] I will help you, if I can: [To PHE.] I would love you, if I could. Tomorrow meet me all together. [To PHE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married tomorrow: [To ORL.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married tomorrow. [To SIL.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married tomorrow. [To ORL.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [To SIL.] as you love Phoebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I.

[*They take places.*]

NOTE: If the lovers are omitted, here insert the dance mentioned in the directions at the end.

← ← ← ← ←

"MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ACT III, SC. I.

[*Music. OBERON steals in, followed by PUCK.*]

OBERON. I wonder if Titania be awaked;

[*He approaches the throne.*]

ACT. IV, SC. I.

But first I will release the fairy queen.
 Be as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see:
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.
 Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

TITANIA. [*Waking.*] My Oberon! what visions
 have I seen!

[*OBBERON takes TITANIA by the hand and leads her forward. BOTTOM is led by PEASEBLOSSOM, CORWEB, MOTH and MUSTARDSEED.*]

OBBERON. Titania, music call; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITANIA. Music, ho! Music, e'er we take us hence!¹

[*All come down in massed groups to the front for a final song.*]

SONG.

"AS YOU LIKE IT," ACT V, SC. III.

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
 In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
 These pretty country folks would lie,
 In springtime, etc., etc.

¹ Five words interpolated here.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In springtime, etc., etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, etc., etc.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

The Lover's Garden may be given out of doors, in an open space between trees, on a stage with an outdoor set, or even on a platform without scenery, though this latter would lose much of beauty. A throne for Titania, arranged on a broad dais at center rear, large enough for two, with the steps of the dais wide enough to permit some grouping upon them, completes the staging. It will be worth while if a terrace effect can be arranged on either side near the dais, so that the performers will show to advantage when massed. This is not obligatory.

As the beauty of the whole must depend upon the placing of the various groups upon the stage, the director, in planning the disposition of the divisions, must consider carefully color combinations in costumes, balance, poetic suitability, etc., etc. Thus at the finale will the stage present a well balanced mass of harmonious color. Open the Masque with a clear stage.

Music for the Masque should be chosen under the advice of experts in both music and dancing. As there are many good settings of the songs, and as the choice of music must necessarily be made with regard to the conditions under which the Masque is to be given; i. e., whether with orchestra, piano or other accompaniment, and whether an indoor or an outdoor production be planned, no absolute choice of music has here been attempted.

Costumes should be modeled after the types customary in good Shakespearean productions on the stage, care being taken that the color schemes are planned to make an harmonious whole.

The Masque, as outlined, is large and requires many participants. However, the material is so arranged that each factor, as for instance the "Daffodil Dance," or the excerpt from "Romeo and Juliet,"

can be prepared separately by a given school, the whole being put together only at the very end. If it be desired to give only part of the Masque, it is suggested that the excerpts which bring in the lovers (that part set off with arrows) be omitted. In that case a second dance of the fairies, or a general flower dance must be inserted at this point to give Titania time to fall asleep on Bottom's shoulder.

Again, if desired, any one of the pairs of lovers may be omitted, in order to shorten the work. The material will be found to be easily divisible for working purposes, and to adapt itself readily to omissions. It is earnestly advised that the children be allowed to learn all the lines in a part given to any one school, even though in the actual reading at the time of production only a few take part; also that they be allowed to help make their costumes and properties, and that the singing and dancing be given attention by the whole school.

The reason-for-being of the Masque is its possible value in vitally interesting young people in the study of Shakespeare, and any school undertaking it should bring the work into contact with every possible department.

All flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's text may be found tabulated in "Shakespeare Garden and Wayside Flowers," by W. Foxton, London, 1 Paternoster Square, E. C., 1914. Those wishing information regarding musical settings may apply to the office of the Drama League of America, 736 Marquette Building, Chicago.

There is no performance royalty upon this Masque. It is free to the public.

Note: There has been a widespread and oft-repeated demand for a masque which shall bring forward the flowers which are mentioned so often in the works of Shakespeare. The following masque is offered in a spirit of reverence for the great poet. It represents an effort to bring together such portions of his work as may be blended without too much violence. There occur in it two whole and three half lines which are not Shakespeare's. These seemed necessary in order to bind the whole together. Besides this, four lines have been given to Florizel which in the text belong to a shepherd, and Titania is allowed to repeat a line after Ceres. There are, also, a few transpositions in the order of appearance. Otherwise the lines are exactly as they appear in the text of Shakespeare. These variations from the text will be found noted in the footnotes where they occur.

To those who feel that any touch upon the work of the poet is a profanation, the author would submit the excuse that there seems a real demand for material of this kind in masque form, in order that school-children may take part in celebrating the Tercentenary. Any arrangement in such form naturally involves some adjustment. The effort here has been to change just as little as possible the letter and not at all the spirit of the master poet; and if this work can, in any measure, help children to take a more personal and vital interest in Shakespeare, the author will feel justified.

Alice C. D. Riley.

THE PRINTED PLAY.

The Dawn, by Emile Verhaeren. The Introduction and the Translation by Arthur Symons. Small, Maynard and Company. New York, 1915.

There is to be gleaned from this *vers libre* war drama a suggestion of Verhaeren's hope for the world. Briefly, the salvation of society means to him a complete readjustment of the present order on the basis of the essential brotherhood of man. The superimposed and artificial system growing out of commercialism and modern politics, resulting in such disgusting pictures of chaos as the modern city presents, must be abolished and a simpler and stouter framework set up. Verhaeren is in dead certainty as to the possibility of such a change. It will be a revolution, sudden but peaceful, with the probability of accidental bloodshed. It will emanate from the mass of common people and the leaders will be actuated by an undying faith; they will feel the irresistible urge and they will suddenly press the button for a single, united thrust to their ideal.

This hope is given a war setting in *The Dawn*, and the realization of it there is the simultaneous laying down of arms by both factions. The situation is worked out in a series of etchings, poverty-stricken peasants in flight before the enemy, soldiery besieging and defending a town, haranguing mobs, and the humble home of the leader of the people. The home is that of Hérénien, the preacher of Verhaeren's message. At first, we feel that the psychology of this farmer-intellectual is not correct because of the apparent practical success of a thor-

oughly impractical man. His unworldliness is evidenced by the passage:

I am so unshaken in my destiny that nothing which is happening now seems to me real. I believe in surprise, chance, the unknown.

This supreme confidence in his fulfilling his mission makes him reckless and he walks out with his little child, unarmed and unprotected, among the Regency's troops and is shot. That establishes Hérénien's greatness for, as the author says, "great conquests need great victims."

The play is the visionary work of a visionary man. It is an exposition and a forecast; if it carries home, it is because we agree already.

Master Olof, by August Strindberg. The Introduction and the Translation by Edwin Björkman. The American-Scandinavian Foundation. New York, 1915.

CHRISTINE: You gave me an unlucky gift, Olof, when you gave me freedom, for I don't know what to do with it. I must have some one to obey.

Surely, this Strindberg of twenty-three is a distinct anticipation of the Strindberg of fifty. These early indications of the poet's later position on woman suggest, and truly so, that one of the salient interests of *Master Olof* is a reading of it in the light of maturer works. This was the first of the author's important pieces and the idea of writing a drama based on Olaus Petri and the Swedish phase of the Lutheran Reformation had a two-fold source, necessity and inspiration. By the death of Carl XV, the young dramatist, then in attendance at the University of Upsala by the kind financial support of that king, was thrown upon his own resources; the play had already had its inception in Strindberg's

mind, however; the period of religious reform was to serve its turn as a field for experiment in psycho-analysis. In this, is *Master Olof* of greatest significance as a finger-post to his later career.

To go into detail, some of the faults of the drama are plainly portentous. Although historically accurate in main outline, the appalling lack of 15th century background, the contraction of the action by several years, anachronisms of fact, and the spirit of the dialogue lead to the obvious conclusion that ideas and not facts and people were concerning the writer. The aim, that is, the particular aim, is best stated by Strindberg himself some twelve years later; in substance, he says it is the embodiment of the contradictory phases of a single individual.

Not the least of the charm of this interesting play is due to the enlightening introduction by Mr. Björkman.

The State Forbids, by Sada Cowan. Mitchell Kennerley. New York, 1915.

Barbarians, by Robert DeCamp Leland. The Poetry-Drama Company. Boston, 1915. Price 35 cents.

The issue of the Sanger-Comstock controversy and the theme of *War Brides* are combined in a one-act play in two episodes, *The State Forbids*, by Sada Cowan. The disadvantages of the suppression of sex knowledge and of conscription are wreaked on one family so that the state forbids the mother to take the useless life of an imbecile child and to keep the life of a vigorous and helpful son. As generally applicable, the conclusions regarding contra-conception and heredity, to be drawn from the first episode are not wholly accurate; concerning conscription, we can sympathize with the mother but not agree with her.

Regarding the ever present problem of fusing propaganda material with an effective technique, *The State Forbids* succeeds eminently better than *Barbarians* which is little more than speech-making. This obviously pro-German sketch answers the charge of militarism with a scorching condemnation of American dollar-worship. Mr. Leland has a point but it is put unconvincingly.

Taps, by Franz Adam Beyerlein. Translated from the German by Charles Swickard, with a Publishers' Note. John W. Luce and Company. Boston, 1915.

Some years ago, after a continued success abroad, *Taps* was produced in New York under the direction of the translator. An indifferent reception caused the termination of its run at the end of four weeks. What, with the obsessing interest in militarism now current in the country, would be its length of life if produced this season? There would at least be these two points in favor of it as a contribution to the "crop of war plays" (as the newspaper phrase goes): that it is anti-militaristic from a Teuton's viewpoint, and that it pictures the evils of a war machine in peace time.

Interesting as its angle of attack is, a technical feature excites real admiration. It is an instance in which the narrative furnishes an almost perfect vehicle for the propaganda. The problem of subordinating the story to the message is deftly overcome and each progresses hand in hand with the other. The result is that the reader is simultaneously conscious of both and that he is the more convinced of the truth of the teaching. In the handling of character, what we imagine to be the effect of Prussian system on human nature is corroborated by the secret recalcitrance of the under-officers. The ig-

norance of the privates, the stupidity of Lieutenant von Lauffen when on his own initiative, and the fine humanity of the old sergeant, shackled in claiming his common rights by his social position, reveal the fact that the evils of an army are not confined to fighting.

Jesus: A Passion Play, by Max Ehrmann. The Baker-Taylor Company. New York, 1915.

The King of the Jews, by "K. P." (The Grand Duke Constantine). The Translation by Victor E. Marsden. Funk-Wagnalls Company. New York and London, 1914.

So familiar a theme as the Passion makes it imperative that any handling of it be especially powerful. Whether either or both of these two plays definitely "arrive," we must admit that the material in each instance is manipulated with noticeable feeling and skill. Though the narratives are mainly the same (Ehrmann begins a bit sooner—with the cleansing of the Temple), and the methods of treating are totally different, the ultimate effects on the reader are identical. In *Jesus*, the central figures of the tragedy enact the drama; the Son of Man and the disciples, the Romans, converts of Jesus among the people, and the diversified elements of the vast horde inimical to the Christian's teaching are all marshalled with admirable cleverness. *The King of the Jews*, however, achieves its effect through fewer and secondary characters, Pilate, Procula, Mary Magdalene, Joseph of Arimathea and others present and comment upon the story. We hear the clamoring crowd tormenting Jesus on the way to the cross, but we see neither. Yet sympathy for the sufferer is just as keen as in the first play and the sense of imminent calamity is as all-pervading.

Ehrmann's *Jesus*, alone, has the semblance of an intellectual purpose. "K. P.'s" idea is merely to present a glorification; the other aims to portray the Passion as a possible human experience, perfectly conformable to logic. The result is a simplicity about his whole play, an unexerted, quiet power about the character of Jesus, who is more the Savior of Mark and Luke than of Matthew and John. Since the story is carried to its final end, the great stumbling block is, naturally in such a version, the resurrection. The interpretation herein rendered is that the Arimathean removes the body from the tomb to a place of safety before the mourners arrive on the morning after the crucifixion. The author then proceeds to illustrate the rise of the tradition of a physical resurrection by presenting Mary Magdalene, in a state of hysterical and imaginative adoration, as seeing Jesus walk from the sepulchre.

Though *The King of the Jews* may have suffered in translation, we doubt if its original poetry is as exact in feeling as that of Ehrmann. One unusual characteristic it has, however; we rarely find in any other authors, with the exception of D'Annunzio and Shaw, such extraordinary interest in stage-settings. The scene descriptions prefacing each act, while lacking literary qualities, are in great detail.

The Sorrows of Belgium, by Leonid Andreyev. The Introduction and Translation by Herman Bernstein. The Macmillan Company. New York, 1915. Price \$1.25.

In the main, Andreyev's drama is a hurried piece of work. To be sure, it is an earnest tribute to a brave but helpless country; yet one feels that it is but the initial outburst of compassion showing little penetration and exactness as a literary work. The thinly veiled characterizations of King Albert and

Maeterlinck represent the genuine interests of the play.

King Albert, in the guise of Count Clairmont, is sketched from the human side; the tragedy has shorn him of his regal robes and laid bare his real self:

My dear man, I am nothing but a soldier now. Your hand, comrade!

A reluctance to take harsh measures is emphasized in his make-up and there is a hint as to his inability to make a decision in a crisis. This latter may be for dramatic purposes and to accentuate his subordination to Maeterlinck, to whom he puts a practical question of tactics: Shall the dams be broken? The King's complete comprehension of the poet as the savior of his country, even in a military sense, is the most striking aspect of Andreyev's conception of him.

Emile Grelieu, the impersonator of Maeterlinck, accurately plays the part ascribed to him by Count Clairmont:

We are the body, we are the hands, we are the head—while you, Grelieu, you are the conscience of our people.

Thus Grelieu utters the significance of each incident; he damns militarism, proclaims the final hope of Belgium and, in the most fervent diction of the play, pays homage to the Belgian woman, silently and unasked doing her duty:

She has gone into the depths of her own self where all is silence and mystery. She is living through her motherhood. . . . Sometimes she is suffering unbearably, she is terrified by the war— But she smiles . . . and I see how there was awakened in her the prehistoric woman—the woman who handed her husband the fighting club.

Grelieu is more than the conscience of his homeland; the adoration of the people and the subservience of

the nobility make him literally the master of the situation. This, we cannot but feel, is merely an extravagant and dramatically unsuccessful expression of a fellow intellectual, but we cannot doubt its sincerity.

Helen, by Edward Storer. Published by E. Storer, 12 Harpur St., London, W. C., England. Price 6d.

Helen is the third of the pamphlets in the "Loose Leaves Series" which are being published privately by the author in England. *The Country Walk* and the *Case of the Modern Artist* started the series and they comprise portions of Mr. Storer's work which are "denied the right of existence by the commercialism which controls the publication of every kind of literature. . . . Nowadays, a piece of writing, of painting, of sculpture has to be judged a commodity *before* it can be judged as a work of art." We feel that the writer must know whereof he speaks, but it is difficult to see why *Helen* should not at least pay its publishing expenses.

The drama is of the lyrical species dealing with the immediate events preliminary to the flight of Helen and Paris from the court of Spartan Menelaüs. Their adventure is interpreted as the natural union of two natures destined to meet and live and die together. Aphoristic sayings, dialogue with much fine imagery, suggestive inklings of deeper thoughts and the make-up of the two protagonists reveal in the author an altogether unusual writing and thinking ability.

There is resultant from the reading of *Helen* a feeling that Mr. Storer has a message of deep significance which he is unable to express, leaving us only stray intimations inadequate even as reliable hints. Casual utterances of an anti-commercialistic

nature against the existing social order, discussion of the antagonism of truth and custom, and of beauty in the abstract are the bases for such a conclusion.

The Later English Drama, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Calvin S. Brown. A. S. Barnes and Company. New York, 1898.

This is a school edition of six familiar plays of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, and Knowles' *Virginus*. Particularly usable are the introduction, which is a brief outline of English drama from Shakespeare to about 1840, and the critical and biographical bibliographies of the authors and plays.

Christmas Plays for Children, by May Pemberton. Music and Illustrations by Rupert Godfrey Lee. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. New York, 1915.

Nursery days are recalled by Miss Pemberton's book of three Christmas plays with interpolated music, *Lost Toys*, *Mistletoe and Holly* and *Christmas in Rhymeland*. The dialogue and music are exceedingly simple and the simplicity of the sets suggests the possibility of home production.

The Lonely Way; Intermezzo; Countess Mizzie, by Arthur Schnitzler. The Introduction and the Translation by Edwin Björkman. The Modern Drama Series, Mitchell Kennerley. New York, 1915. Price \$1.50.

This, the eleventh publication of the Modern Drama Series (discussed in a previous issue of the *Drama*), brings to the English reading public three of Schnitzler's best plays. What we have to expect of him, sparkling dialogue, character penetration, and a candid treatment of the free Viennese life, we find here combined with a sincere contemplation of

life relations. *The Lonely Way*, which Björkman calls Schnitzler's ablest piece of work, posits the point of the common misunderstanding among people and the consequent solitude in which each of us lives. More poignantly is this felt after middle life; says Sala:

The process of aging must needs be a lonely one.

Intermezzo, a comedy and the most obvious in structure of the three, presents Amadeus Adams, an orchestra conductor, and his wife, Mrs. Cecilia Adams-Ortenburg, two genuine achievements in character-drawing. *Countess Mizzie* discloses the belief that we are all of the same clay, prince and coachman, countess and ballet dancer.

The Thief, by Henry Bernstein. The Introduction by Professor Richard Burton and the Translation by John Alan Houghton. The Drama League Series of Plays, Volume X; Doubleday, Page and Company. New York, 1915.

Although the thought is obviously subordinated to a remarkable technique, it is so effectively projected by this technique that it justifies a statement. The theme of *The Thief* is the lack of common interests between husband and wife, their union resting ultimately upon the sex relation. Consequently, the wife's duty becomes the preservation of this relation by whatever means possible, if not by natural beauty, by clothes. Thus, Marise, the wife, being somewhat less attractive than others of her set and having less wealth, is led to steal the money wherewith to buy enticing gowns and lingerie.

Like *The Truth* and Jones' *The Lie*, this simple fable becomes dramatic material by reason of the telling of a falsehood. Marise denies the theft and

the guilt is assumed by Fernand, the young son of a friendly family, because he idolizes her, being in that "green-sickly condition called calf-love." The discovery of the stolen money by Marise's husband serves as the key to the catastrophe. This situation with logical embellishments of character and secondary incident furnishes the material for a three-act play in which every moment is tense with eager interest. While, as might be expected, the personalities presented are not the complex characters of a Schnitzler, the very simplicity of their make-up clearly defines the elements of the dramatic conflict. The picture of Marise, the victim of a love-life and a world that is out of tune, is peculiarly appealing and tender.

Jane Clegg, by St. John Ervine. Henry Holt and Company. New York, 1915.

This English play by an Irish playwright is good reading. As is to be expected from the earlier works of Ervine, the plot is distinctly subordinated to the character. The incidents in themselves are capable of much dramatic tensivity, but the author's absorption in the presentation of types smothers their possibilities.

The play is a genre picture, the story of a matrimonial separation and the events leading up to it, in the lower middle classes of England. The persons are realistically drawn, Mrs. Clegg, the mother-in-law of Jane, being the most striking in her unconscious humor, her satisfaction with remaining ignorant, and her disgust for anyone's breaking through life's conventions—which she calls "acting unnatcherl." If Mr. Ervine meant to indulge in symbolism, Mrs. Clegg represents the incorrigible stupidity of her class, Jane, the forward looking ele-

ment, ignorant but aware of it, Henry, the weak-minded husband, contented with marrying his intellectual equal and unhappy if he marries above it. A race-track bookie, an honest but selfish clerk, vividly drawn, and two children who are vitally real, complete the group which we cannot but feel is the work of an expert.

The British and American Drama of Today, by Barrett H. Clark. Henry Holt and Company. New York, 1915.

When we who read plays for a living as well as for pleasure view the success of the two books of which this is the second, we feel a buoyant assurance that "the people" are asking if not demanding expert advice on the reading of drama in order that their pleasure may consist in more than the thrill of the narrative. To be sure, for the last few years there has been the certainty that inveterate readers have been including modern drama in their categories of enjoyable literature, but there has been little evidence that the persistent perusers of the short story and the novel are taking to the writings of the stage. Yet to such seems Mr. Clark's book best fitted to appeal; mayhap it was so designed. The simplicity of his suggestions for study and the obviousness of his questions regarding the helpful comparison of plays, etc., give *British and American Drama* a distinct usefulness for novices at play-reading.

To explain the content, the book is identical in form and method with its predecessor, *The Continental Drama of Today*. Brief biographies of the most noteworthy English, Irish and American dramatists, complete bibliographies of their plays and critical material, together with outlines for the study of the more typical plays of each writer constitute the stuff

of the volume. In view of the fact that this is a compilation of selected playwrights, the basis of selection offers itself (as it inevitably does) as a vulnerable flank for destructive criticism; lest some one should attack at this point, we wish to plant ourselves squarely in favor of Mr. Clark's choice.

Inasmuch as the American dramatists are just beginning to excite comment as a school, any printed consideration of them is interesting. The section devoted to the Americans in this book is peculiarly attractive because the compiler sets forth his own critical ideas, as he does not in the other portions, using there the comments of authority. Relations between the thought and the method of our playwrights and the ground-currents of American life are interestingly suggested.

Modern Drama and Opera; Volume II. Introduction, The Drama in America, by Archibald Henderson. The Useful Reference Series, The Boston Book Company. Boston, 1915.

This is an enlargement and a supplementary continuation of the first volume, which was an outgrowth of work on bibliographical lists started and issued in various forms since 1907. In its present issue the compendium, for such it must be called, leaves little to be desired as far as it goes. Twenty-five of the most noted dramatists of Europe and America are given biographical sketches, their plays listed with a characterizing sentence and a critical bibliography on each, together with general critical material on their work. The lists include everything available except newspaper reviews and criticisms which are not counted as get-at-able in any but the largest cities. Further, there are bibliographies on *The Modern Drama: Its Traits, Tendencies and*

Technique which take in drama in education and the issue with the motion picture. Part II, the opera section, comprises eight modern composers.

It is difficult to express adequately the gratitude of the follower of the drama for this invaluable book. It is indispensable to the success of the cause that this mechanical work be done accurately and exhaustively as it is in this volume. Not the least of the worth of the volume lies in the stimulating and far-visioned essay by Mr. Henderson. A. K. E.

OF THE NEW BOOKS.

From the Gardner Printing Company of Cleveland, comes the word that there is about to be issued *El Capitan Veneno*, a drama by Don Pedro A. de Alarcon, which is translated by Gray Casement.

Huebsch announces *Another Book on the Theatre*, by George Jean Nathan, Percy Mackaye's *The Immigrants*, a play called *The Treasure*, now ready, by David Pinski, the sixth volume of the *Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann*, and another one-act play by George Middleton, *Criminals*.

Little, Brown and Company have published a Memorial Edition of Clyde Fitch's plays in four volumes. Plays never before put in print, personal data, etc., are included.

The Four Seas Company announce *Laodice and Danaë*, by Gordon Bottomley and *Judgment*, by Amelia J. Burr.

A Manual of Pageantry, by Robert Withington, issued by the University Extension Division of the University of Indiana, brings together information "to aid those who may undertake such work in the celebration of Indiana's Centennial in 1916." It is also of interest in view of the Shakespeare Tercentary. The author announces the impending publication of a work on *English Pageantry: An Historical Outlook*.

Mitchell Kennerley is publishing this Autumn *Iphigenia in Tauris*, a poetic drama by Witter Bynner, and *The Twilight of the Gods*, by Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Searchlights, a war drama by Horace Annesley

Vachell, which was produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in San Francisco this last summer, is now out in book form. (Geo. H. Doran and Company.)

Doubleday, Page and Company announce for the fall *The Masterpieces of Modern Drama*, in two volumes, edited by John A. Pierce under the supervision of Brander Matthews; several new volumes in the Drama League Series of Plays: *A Woman's Way*, by Thompson Buchanan, with an introduction by Walter Pritchard Eaton; Paul Hyacinthe Loyson's *The Apostle*, translated by Barrett Clark; *The Trail of the Torch* of Hervieu, translated by John Alan Houghton; Sardou's *Patriot*, translated and with an introduction by Barrett Clark, and now ready; *My Lady's Dress*, by Edward Knoblauch; and *A False Saint*, by Francois de Curel, the translation by Barrett Clark.

The committee in charge of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University is issuing in limited editions several series of documents dealing with the theory and the practice of the art of the theatre, reprints of inaccessible essays, translations from foreign tongues, and original papers, all furnished with introductions and annotated. The second series was published in October and consisted of four papers on acting: *The Illusion of the First Time in Acting*, by Mr. William Gillette, with an introduction by George Arliss; *Art and the Actor*, Constant Coquelin, translated by Abby L. Alger, the introduction by Henry James; *Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth and Queen Katherine*, by Mr. H. C. Fleeming Jenkin, with an introduction by Brander Matthews; and *Reflections on Acting*, by Talma, the introduction by Sir Henry Irving, and a review by Mr. H. C. F. Jenkin. The third series will be ready for issuance in the fall of 1916 and will be on playmaking. The papers

are: *A Stage Play*, by Sir William Schenk Gilbert, the introduction by William Archer; *Discussions of the Drama*, by Carlo Goldoni, selected, translated and introduced by Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor; *Theatrical Table-talk*, by J. W. von Goethe, selected, translated and introduced by Mr. W. W. Laurence; and *How Plays Are Written*, by Abraham Dreyfus, translated by H. H. Hughes, the introduction by Brander Matthews. The number of copies in each series available to the public is only three hundred.

One of the younger dramatists, Harold Brighouse, has a new play out, *Garside's Career*, which has just been published by A. C. McClurg and Company.

Louis Calvert, the actor, will shortly publish a series of letters written to him by Mr. Shaw during the period in which he was rehearsing G. B. S.'s plays in England. It seems to be the practice of the dramatist to write a letter to his leading actors after each rehearsal in criticism of their work. These epistles are described as being replete with the Irishman's nimble wit.

Richard G. Badger announces additions to the Contemporary Dramatists Series which are out: Echegaray's *The Great Gaeloto*; *Advent*, by Strindberg; and Gorki's *Submerged (Nachtsyl)*.

The Passing of Mars: A Modern Morality Play, by Margaret Wilkinson, is published by the author at Coronado, California.

The Dramas of Lord Byron: A Critical Study, from the pen of Samuel C. Chew, is brought out by the Johns Hopkins Press.

Among the Autumn Announcements of the J. B. Lippincott Company are Maurice Sand's *The History of the Harlequinade*; *The Art of Ballet*, by Mark E. Perugini; and *A Dictionary of the Drama*, by W. Davenport Adams. This last is to be com-

plete in two volumes of six hundred pages each, the first of which is now ready.

Masefield's new play of Japanese history at the beginning of the eighteenth century, *The Faithful*, is announced by Macmillan. The same firm is also bringing out Vachel Lindsay's *The Art of the Moving Picture*; a three-act drama, *The Porcupine*, by Edward Arlington Robinson; *The Life of Man*, of Andreyev, translated by G. J. Hogarth; and *Shakespeare's Environment*, by Mrs. C. C. Stopes.

The contribution to the season's drama of G. P. Putnam's Sons consists of a set of Oscar Wilde's works, the Ravenna Edition, in thirteen volumes.

The Yale University Press will publish late in the fall an important play by Paul Claudel, *The Hostage*, translated by Mrs. Clara Bell, with an introduction by Pierre Chavannes.

The acting version of George V. Hobart's morality, *Experience*, which was produced by William Elliott, is now available. (The H. K. Fly Company.)

John Lane and Company announce *Tragedies*, by Arthur Symons, comprising *The Harvesters* and two one-act plays; and Stephen Phillips' *Armageddon*, "a modern epic drama in a prologue, a series of scenes, and an epilogue written partly in verse and partly in prose."

William Lindsey's *Red Wine of Rousillon* and a Revised Edition (12 mo., 158 pages) of *The Arrow-maker*, by Mary Austin, are the new publications of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Next March, Messrs. Holt will bring out Richard Burton's new book, the tentative title of which is *Bernard Shaw: The Man and the Masque*. Their present publications include *Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs* and *The Beau of Bath, And Other One-Act Plays*, by Constance D'Arcy Mackay;

Christmas Candles, a book of Christmas plays for boys and girls, by Elsie Hobart Carter; and *Writing and Selling a Play: Practical Suggestions for a Beginner*, by Fanny Cannon.

The book of the prize opera, *Fairyland*, by Brian Hooker; a new edition of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*; and Part I of *Goethe's Faust*, translated by John Anster, with an introduction by A. W. Ward, and notes by C. B. Wheeler, are the fall contributions of the Oxford University Press.

Galsworthy's new play, *A Bit o' Love*, is from the house of Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA.

SPECIAL ARTICLES:

- The Little Country Theatre; Current Opinion, August.
The Popular Triumph of the New School of Scene Painting; Current Opinion, August.
Sacha Guitry: The Spoiled Child of the Parisian Public; Current Opinion, August.
On Little Theatres; Theatre, August.
The New Theatrical Poster, by Rozel Gotthola; Theatre, August.
The Play Doctor, by Willis Steell; Theatre, August.
Pleasures and Palaces (II). (An account of the first forest production of a play), by Princess Lazarovich-Hrebelianovitch; Century, August.
Drama Comes Back from the Movies; The New Republic, August 14th.
Is Dramatic Criticism Necessary? by Brander Matthews; The Bookman, September.
Imagined Drama, correspondence from Lincoln Colcord; The New Republic, September 11th.
The Poetic Theme in the Modern Pageant, by Anne Throop Craig; The Forum, September.
Stuart Walker's Portmanteau Theatre; Current Opinion, September.
The Opening of the Dramatic Season; Theatre, September.
Miss Anglin in Greek Tragedy; Theatre, September.
Perpetuating Charles Frohman's Work; Theatre, September.
The Art of Joseph Urban; Theatre, September.
Lou-Tellegen Talks of the Stage and of Bernhardt; Theatre, September.
Edward Knoblauch: Dramatist of Dreams, by Grace Willard; Theatre, September.
The Woman in the Theatre, by Arthur Pollock; Harper's Weekly, September 4th.

- Sequels to the *Doll's House*, by Kenneth MacGowan; *Harper's Weekly*, September 11th.
- The Actors Are Come Hither, My Lord, by Metcalfe; *Life*, September 2nd.
- Hamlet* with Hamlet Left Out, by Brander Matthews; *Yale Review*, October.
- The Charles Frohman Way, by George Ade; *Cosmopolitan*, October.
- The Menace of the Movies; *Theatre*, October.
- Yvette Guilbert to Revisit America, by Edith Valerio; *Theatre*, October.
- The Dramatic Critic, by Alan Dale; *Theatre*, October.
- A Moral from a Toy Theatre, by Brander Matthews; *Scribner's*, October.
- Adophe Appia and Gordon Craig, by Carl von Vechten; *The Forum*, October.
- George Arliss: Portrayer of Stage Gentlemen; *Vogue*, October.
- The Lure of *Sumurun*: Reinhardt's Mimeo-Drama; *Vogue*, October.
- Sensations a City; In Praise of the Ballet, by Arthur Symons; *Vogue*, October.
- The Troublesome Last Act, by Clayton Hamilton; *The Bookman*, October.
- The Immoral Morality of the Movies; *Current Opinion*, October.
- Leon Bakst on the Revolutionary Aims of the Serge de Draghilev Ballet; *Current Opinion*, October.

REVIEWS OF THE PRINTED PLAY AND BOOKS ON THE THEATRE:

- Sense and Nonsense About Bernard Shaw, by Archibald Henderson (review of McCabe's critique); *The Dial*, September 16th.
- Edwin Roessler's *The Soliloquy in German Drama*; *The Dial*, September 16th.
- Belgium's Poet Laureate, by B. M. Woodbridge (Zweig's *Emile Verhaeren* and Alma Strettell's selected and translated *Poems of Emile Verhaeren*); *The Dial*, September 2nd.
- Russian Plays and Novels (*The King of the Jews*, *The Sorrows of Belgium* and *Submerged*); *Review of Reviews*, August.

A Great Austrian Dramatist (Schnitzler's *The Lonely Way*, *Intermezzo* and *Countess Miezic*); Review of Reviews, August.

Tales, Plays and Essays (Allen Upward's *Paradise Found*); Review of Reviews, August.

Galsworthy's *A Bit o' Love*; *The State Forbids*, by Sada Cowan; The Nation, September 9th.

Barrett Clark's translation of *Le Mariage d'Olympe* in the August Drama; The New Republic, September 11th.

Recent Plays of War and Love, by Homer E. Woodbridge; The Dial, October 14th.

A Scandinavian Historical Drama (*Master Olof*); The Dial, September 14th.

Ironies (Schnitzler's three plays), by George Soule; The New Republic, October 16th.

Three Plays by Schnitzler, by J. Ranken Towse; Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *A Woman Alone*; The Nation, October 7th.

REVIEWS OF PRODUCTIONS:

The Lie; Hearsts, August.

The Passing Shows (*Ready Money*); Tatler, August 18th.

The Boomerang, reviewed by Norman Hapgood; Harper's Weekly, August 28th.

A Full House; Hearst's, September.

Young America; The Nation, September 2nd.

Common Clay and *Young America*; Life, September 9th.

The Road to Happiness; *Common Clay*; and *The House of Glass*; The Nation, September 9th.

Marie-Odile; Current Opinion, September.

Marie Tempest in Repertoire; *Our Children*; The Nation, September 16th.

Common Clay; The New Republic, September 4th.

The Road to Happiness; The New Republic, September 11th.

Hit-the-Trail-Holiday; The New Republic, September 25th.

Husband and Wife; *Moloch*; *Stolen Orders*, and *Two Is Company*; The Nation, September 30th.

Marie Tempest in *Rosalind*; Harper's Weekly, September 25th.

Pinero's *The Big Drum*, by William Archer; *Grumpy*; The Nation, September 23rd.

The Boomerang; Current Opinion, October.

The New York Idea; Princess Pat; The Nation, October 7th.

The New York Idea; Hip-Hip-Hooray; and *Princess Pat*; Life, October 14th.

Das Weiße Land; and *The New York Idea*; The New Republic, October 9th.

The Bandbox Theatre Series of Plays; and *The Bargain*; The New Republic, October 16th.



Henry Holt and Company's

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY: Practical Suggestions for the Beginner. BY FANNY CANNON.

12mo. 321 pp. \$1.50 net.

Perhaps the clearest and simplest book on Writing a Play and the first to give any considerable attention to the difficult matter of Selling one.

The author as actress, for years Vice-President of the Actors' Society of America, and critic of Play MSS. for "The Editor," as stage director, playwright and "play doctor," knows her subject thoroly and gives remarkably clear suggestions to the bewildered beginner.

Her Contents Includes:

Manufacturing a Play

The Theatre

The Author

Theme and Story

Phases of the Story

The "Closet" Drama

Technique

The Characters

The Actor, His Director and His Audience (2 chapters)

The Scenario

Writing the Play; Dialogue and Action

Appendix A. Analysis of The Nigger, by Edward Sheldon.

Appendix B. Working scenario of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

Appendix C. Form of dramatic agent's contract.

Bibliography. Including list of plays, with references.

Index.

More About the Scenario

Form of Dialogue

Idiosyncrasies of Dialogue

Dramatic Action

Stage Directions

The Manuscript

The Aftermath

Some Phases of Play-writing

Other Phases of Play-writing

One-Act Plays

The Commercial Aspect

And Finally

COSTUMES AND SCENERY FOR AMATEURS: A Practical Working Handbook* BY CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY.

Fully Illustrated. 8vo. Probable price, \$1.75 net. (Ready Nov. 13th.)

Chapters on Amateurs and the New Stage Art, Costumes and Scenery. The numerous pictures include the principal costumes needed for adults and children; also for the folk play, the fairy play, the historical play (especially the American), and the romantic play. This is believed to be the first volume dealing with costumes for children.

The designs for scenery will be made to scale, and can be so simply and easily constructed that any amateur can use them. Both painted and curtain scenery will be discussed, and the materials and color scheme will be fully dealt with. The scenes will include indoor and outdoor sets, both mediaeval and modern. A scheme for an inexpensive outdoor Greek Theatre is also given. With each costume or scene will be notes showing how, by simple changes, one may be adopted to serve for half a dozen different purposes.

* This is a companion volume to the author's successful **HOW TO PRODUCE CHILDREN'S PLAYS**, \$1.50 net.

Latest Drama Books Published at 34 W. 33rd St., New York



BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA OF TODAY— Outlines for Its Study. BY BARRETT H. CLARK.

Suggestions, biographies and bibliographies for use in connection with the important plays of Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Shaw, Barker, Harkin, Chambers, Davies, Galsworthy, Masefield, Houghton, Bennett, Phillips, Barrie, Yeats, Boyle, Baker, Sowerby, Francis, Lady Gregory, Synge, Murray, Ervine, Howard, Herne, Thomas, Gillette, Fitch, Moody, Mackaye, Sheldon, Walters, Cohan, etc.

In a few pages devoted to each play, Mr. Clark indicates in a way highly suggestive how the skilled dramatists construct their plays, plan their various dramatic effects, etc. The volume was planned to be used in connection with the reading of the plays themselves, but it also makes a strong independent appeal. \$1.60 net.

Beston Transcript: "... Thoroughly workmanlike and practical. . . . Whoever has Mr. Clark's book in his hand will be provided with a valuable and compendious work giving a great variety of information about modern dramatists and their plays. . . . It is well arranged, well proportioned, and admirably indicative of the course of American drama during the past thirty years. . . ."

By the same author:

THE CONTINENTAL DRAMA OF TO-DAY—Outlines for Its Study. 2nd edition. \$1.35 net.

THREE MODERN PLAYS FROM THE FRENCH (Le Maître's *The Pardon*, Lavedau's *Prince D'Auree*, and Donnay's *The Other Danger*). Two of the plays translated by and all edited by Barrett H. Clark. \$1.50 net.

RECENT PLAYS:

St. John Ervine's JANE OLEGG.

His first play to be published in America. A new and refreshing treatment of "the triangle" in an humble home. "The Manchester Guardian" calls it "one of the best of the modern plays." (80 cents net.)

Constance D'Arcy Mackaye's BEAU OF BATH and Other Plays.

Probably the author's finest work thus far. There is humor, pathos, and much picturesqueness in these Eighteenth Century episodes, in which Beau Nash, Fanny Burney, Burke, Peg Woffington, Romney and others figure. Illustrated from noted portraits. \$1.20 net.

George Middleton's POSSESSION and Other One Act Plays of American Life To-day. \$1.35 net.

Times' Book Review: "The plays act themselves. . . . People living in the world as we know it are shown to us at some moment when the stress of life brings them into their supreme dramatic crisis. . . . It should not be missed by readers looking for a striking presentation of the stuff that life is made of."

The above are but a few of **HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY'S DRAMA BOOKS**, of which a special descriptive circular will be sent on application to them at 34 W. 33rd St., New York, containing descriptions of works by Edward E. Hale, Clayton Hamilton, Archibald Henderson, etc.; a number of books on Shakespeare by ten Brink, Stopford Brooke, Masefield, etc.; plays by Beulah M. Dix, George Middleton, Percival Wilde, etc. Other plays for young folks by Misses Constance D'Arcy Mackaye, Maude Morrison Frank, Alice Johnstone Walker, etc.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the Individual rather than in Incomplete people, in an age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine that believes in Ideas even if they are not Ultimate Conclusions, and values its Ideals so greatly as to live them; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent people who can Feel; whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendor of Life, and whose function is—to express itself.

834 FINE ARTS BUILDING : CHICAGO

15 CENTS A COPY

\$1.50 A YEAR

THE MOST SATISFACTORY SERIES OF PLAYS
THUS FAR PLACED BEFORE THE
AMERICAN READERS

THE MODERN DRAMA SERIES

EDITED BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

IN its entirety this series will include translations from every foreign language that has produced a contemporary drama worthy of notice. It will also include English and American plays of exceptional significance. Each volume contains an introduction and a chronological list of all plays written by its author. The format is uniform and attractive; the typography excellent. Each volume is bound in cloth, with prices ranging according to the extent of the contents. The volumes already issued have received enthusiastic praise from readers and critics generally.

ALREADY ISSUED:

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Hjarmar Bergstrom (Danish),
Karen Borneman; Lynggaard
& Co. Translated by Edwin
Björkman. \$1.50 | VIII. George Bronson - Howard
(American), <i>The Red Light
of Mars.</i> \$1.25 |
| II. Henry Becque (French), <i>The
Vultures; The Woman of
Paris; The Merry-Go-Round.</i>
Translated by Freeman Til-
den. \$1.50 | IX. Leonid Andreyev (Russian),
<i>Savva; The Life of Man.</i>
Translated by Thomas Seltzer.
\$1.00 |
| III. Henrik Ibsen (Norwegian),
Peer Gynt. Translated in the
original metre by R. Ellis
Roberts. \$1.25 | X. Lord Dunsany (English),
<i>Five Plays: The Gods of the
Mountain; The Golden Doom;
King Argimenes and the Un-
known Warrior; The Glitter-
ing Gate; The Lost Silk Hat.</i>
\$1.25 |
| IV. Giuseppe Giacosa (Italian),
<i>The Stronger; Like Falling
Leaves; Sacred Ground.</i>
Translated by Edith and Al-
len Updegraff. \$1.50 | XI. Arthur Schnitzler (Austri-
an), <i>The Lonely Way; Inter-
lude; Countess Missie.</i> Trans-
lated by Edwin Björkman.
\$1.50 |
| V. D. H. Lawrence (English),
<i>The Widowing of Mrs. Hol-
royd.</i> \$1.00 | XII. Edith Ellis (American),
<i>Mary Jane's Pa.</i> \$1.00 |
| VI. Zoe Akins (American), <i>Pa-
pa.</i> \$1.00 | XIII. Maurice Donnay
(French), <i>Lovers; The Free
Woman; They.</i> Translated by
Barrett H. Clark \$1.50 |
| VII. Arthur Davison Ficke
(American), <i>Mr. Faust.</i> \$1.00 | |

OTHER VOLUMES IN PREPARATION. SEND
POSTCARD REQUEST FOR CLASSIFIED DESCRI-
PTIVE CATALOGUE (WITH PORTRAITS) OF
PLAYS AND BOOKS RELATING TO THE DRAMA

Mitchell Kennerley  Publishers, New York

For Teachers of English

Remarkable strides are being made in all parts of the United States in reforming the work in English. The principal exponent of the new movement is

The English Journal

This is edited by James Fleming Hosc and a group of associates in the National Council of Teachers of English. It appears monthly, except in July and August, and always contains a variety of articles, communications, items of news, digests of other periodicals, book notices, and editorials.

Note the range of titles in the following, which are soon to be published: *Our Rhetoric Slave*, *The Use of Pictures in Teaching English Literature*, *The God of Punctuation*, *A New Text-book in English*, *The Production of Plays in High School*, *American Speech*, *Grammar in the High School*, *The Zick Zack*, *Teaching Versification*, *Methods in Oral Exposition*, *In Praise of Punctuation*.

School men say that teachers who read the *English Journal* are almost invariably enterprising, hopeful, and efficient. There ought not to be any other kind.

Send \$2.50 for an annual subscription or 30 cents for a single copy.

Address: **THE ENGLISH JOURNAL**

68th St. & Stewart Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

THE POET'S TRANSLATION SERIES

The object of the editors of this series is to present a number of translations in Greek and Latin poetry and prose, especially of those authors who are less frequently given in English. The translators will take no concern with notes, glosses or any of the apparatus with which learning smothers beauty; where the text is confused, they will give the most characteristic version, and where obscure, they will interpret.

The pamphlets are:

- (1) The complete poems (25) of Anyte of Tegea, now brought together in English for the first time; translated by Richard Aldington. Eight pages; five cents, post free. (Ready).
- (2) An entirely new version of the poems and new fragments, together with the more important of the old fragments, of Sappho; translated by Edward Storer. Twelve pages; ten cents, post free. (Ready).
- (3) Choruses from the *Rhesos* of Euripides; translated by H. D.
- (4) A choice of the Latin poetry of the Italian Renaissance, many now translated for the first time by Richard Aldington.
- (5) The Poems of Leonidas of Tarentum, now collected—and many translated for the first time in English; by James Whitall.
- (6) The *Mosella* of Ausonius, translated by F. S. Flint.

All the pamphlets—except the first—will be twelve pages long and will cost ten cents, post free. The series of six, fifty cents, post free. The pamphlets will be issued monthly.

To be obtained from: The Egoist, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W. C., or from Richard Aldington, 7 Christ Church Place, Hampstead, N. W.

POETRY

A MAGAZINE OF VERSE

543 CASS STREET, CHICAGO

Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet and lecturer, says: "POETRY is the best magazine, by far, in the English language. We have nothing in England or Ireland to compare with it."

William Marion Reedy, Editor of the St. Louis Mirror, says: "POETRY has been responsible for the Renaissance in that art. You have done a great service to the children of light in this country."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT SO IMPORTANT A MAGAZINE?

POETRY publishes the best verse now being written in English, and its prose section contains brief articles on subjects connected with the art, also reviews of the new verse.

POETRY has introduced more new poets of importance than all the other American magazines combined, besides publishing the work of poets already distinguished.

POETRY will award three prizes for the best poems of its fourth year—\$200, \$100 and \$50.

THE MAGAZINE THAT RIGHTFULLY STANDS AT THE HEAD OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.—New York Sun.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE. A subscription to POETRY is the best way of paying interest on your huge debt to the great poets of the past. It encourages living poets to do for the future what dead poets have done for modern civilization, for you.

One year—12 numbers—U. S. A., \$1.50; Canada, \$1.65; foreign, \$1.75 (7 shillings).

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) beginning

..... to

Name

Address

THE
HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME

BY
JOHN B. HENRY
OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. HENRY
AT
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK

1846

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. HENRY
AT
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK

1846

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. HENRY
AT
THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK

25

THE DRAMA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW



Michael Artzybashev

By Thomas Seltzer

WAR—A Play in Four Acts

By Michael Artzybashev

The Little Country Theatre

By Alfred Arvold

The Folly of Theatrical Advertising

By Annie Nathan Meyer

Eugene Walter: An American Dramatic
Realist

By Francis Lamont Peirce

Mr. James Joyce and the Modern Stage

By Ezra Pound

Dramatists Critically Studied

A Review, by Archibald Henderson

New York's Christmas Fantasy

By Grace Humphrey

Book Notes and Bibliographies

FEBRUARY

No. 21

1916

"Et j'ai voulu la paix"

POÈMES

Par **ANDRÉ SPIRE**

Author of "Versets," "Vers les Routes Absurdes," &c.

A little book of unpublished poems written just before and during the war. M. Spire has been in Nancy, within a few kilometres of the firing-line, since August, 1914.

THE EGOIST, in publishing these poems by as well known an author as M. Spire, hopes to reach that fairly numerous public in England which reads French, and hopes also to follow up this book with other small collections of new French poetry by the younger poets.

Copies may be obtained from THE EGOIST, or from
RICHARD ALDINGTON,

7 Christchurch Place, Hampstead, N. W.

Price 6d net

Postage 1d

EDITION LIMITED TO 750 COPIES

READ THE MISCELLANY

An Illustrated **QUARTERLY** for
Connoisseurs of the Book-Beautiful

Occasional Book Reviews and Articles
on Prints, Etchings and Fine
Engraving

**THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF
THE AMERICAN BOOKPLATE SOCIETY**

\$1.00 a Year

25 Cents a Copy

Address

EDITOR, THE MISCELLANY

1010 Euclid Avenue

Cleveland, Ohio

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

May, 1916

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

Editor, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

Advisory and Contributing Editors

THOMAS H. DICKINSON, University of Wisconsin.

NATHANIEL W. STEPHENSON, College of Charleston.

GEORGE P. BAKER, Harvard University.

RICHARD BURTON, University of Minnesota.

STARK YOUNG, University of Texas.

S. H. CLARK, University of Chicago.

BENEDICT PAPOT, Chautauqua Institution.

Published by

The Drama League of America

1145-46 Marquette Building

Chicago

75c A Number

\$3.00 A Year

Copyright, 1914, by Drama League of America

Entered as second-class matter February 25, 1911, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE DRAMA

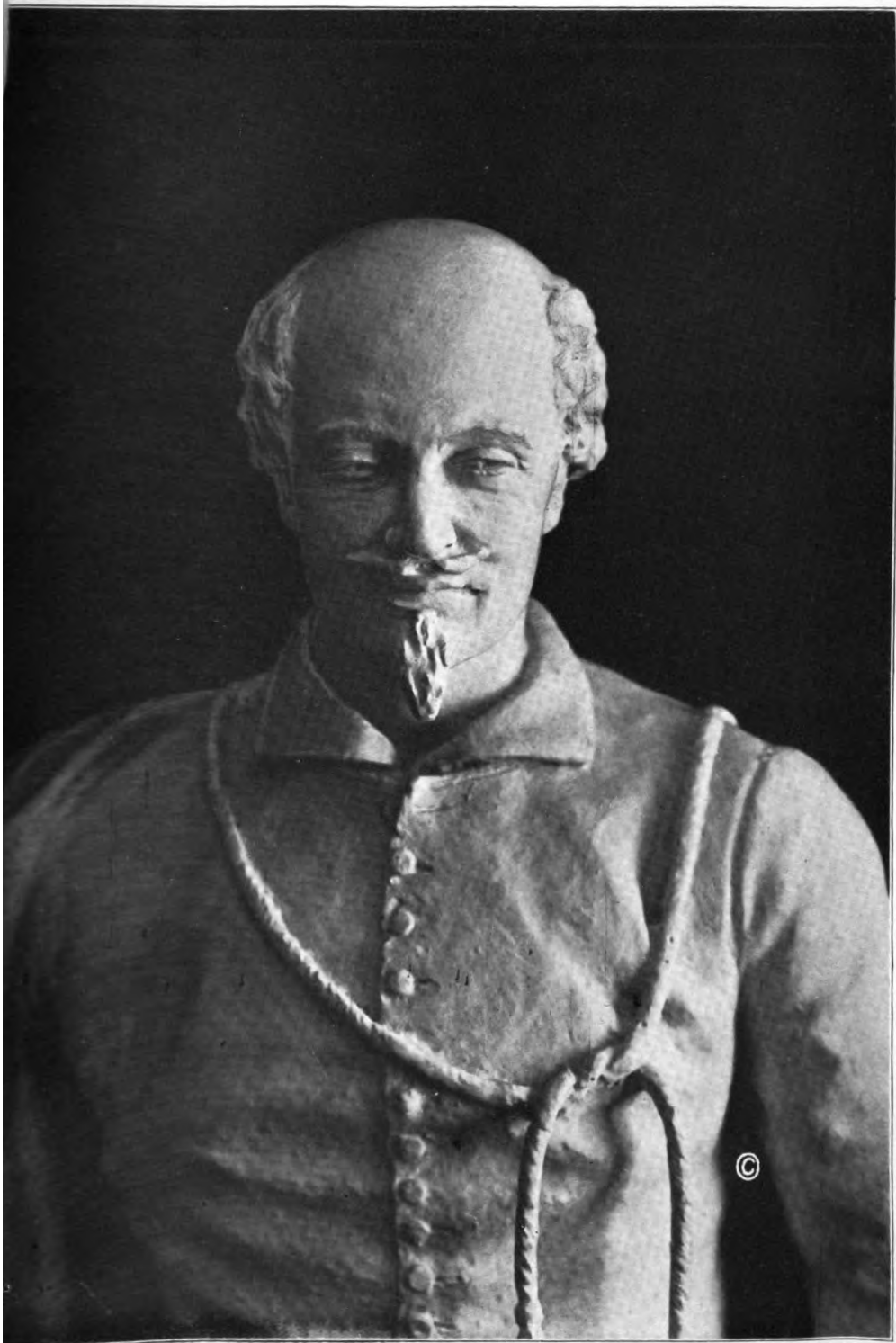
Number 22

MAY

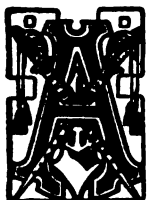
1916

CONTENTS

REMY DE GOURMONT, by <i>Richard Aldington</i>	167
THEODAT	185
A Play by <i>Remy de Gourmont</i> .	
THE OLD KING.....	207
A Play by <i>Remy de Gourmont</i> .	
THE ITALIAN STAGE TODAY, by <i>Charles Lemmi</i>	232
THE STORY OF THE HULL HOUSE PLAYERS, by <i>Laura Dainty Pelham</i>	249
COMMON SENSE AND PLAYWRITING, a review by <i>Howard J. Savage</i>	263
THE CINEMATOGRAPH AS ART, by <i>Alexander Bakshy</i>	267
THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN, a review by <i>Annie Nathan Meyer</i>	285
ON THE HIGHWAY, a Dramatic Sketch, by <i>Anton Chekhov</i>	294
RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA	323



From a figure by Anne Whitney, sculptor
Copyrighted See page 165
Digitized by Google



WHITNEY, the sculptor of this figure of Shakespeare, was born in Watertown, Mass., in 1821, and died in 1915, aged ninety-three. She was the youngest of her family, and kept her youthful vitality to an extraordinary age; at eighty she had the physique of a woman of sixty, and no one who saw her in her nineties will ever forget her brilliant dark eyes, her abundant white hair, her strong, delicately-cut features, and the vivacity of her bearing. She was in her early years the friend and comrade of those men and women who were fighting the battles of suffrage and of anti-slavery, Maria Chapman, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and others. She was devoted to the religious and philosophical ideas of Emerson, as were so many eager minds of that period, and her first expression of herself was through poetry; her poems, collected and published in 1859, were privately reprinted in 1906. Clay she did not touch until she was in middle life, and she seems to have worked out her own methods with little help from teachers; she studied under no great master. She went to Rome to work, and later had a studio near Paris for a brief period; but much of her work was done in her own studio in Belmont, Mass., after her return to America. Among her productions are the bust of Keats at Hampstead, England; the statue of Samuel Adams in the Capitol at Washington, a replica of which is in Adams Square, Boston; the figure of the Norse sea-rover, Leif Ericson, which stands near the head of Commonwealth Ave-

nue, Boston, shading his eyes and looking west; and the seated Sumner in front of the Harvard Law School at Cambridge. Her statue of Harriet Martineau at Wellesley College was destroyed by fire with the College Hall in 1914, but Wellesley still possesses a small bronze of Roma by Miss Whitney. Chicago has only the bust of Frances Willard in the Art Institute.

In this figure of Shakespeare, Miss Whitney intended to reveal the dramatist with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in his thoughts; the outline of Bottom wearing his ass's ears is scratched on the base of the fountain against which Shakespeare leans; and she herself said, in Shakespearean phrase, to a group of friends, as she pointed to the half-mocking, half-meditative mouth of the poet, "What fools these mortals be!"

The figure is about three feet high. Since Miss Whitney's death it has been in the keeping of Miss Vida Dutton Scudder of Wellesley, Mass., to whose kindness we owe the privilege of publishing this reproduction.

The reproductions here exhibited will appear also in the organ of the Eleanor Association.

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

No. 22

May

1916

REMY DE GOURMONT

I



REMY DE GOURMONT will never be a popular author—it was the last thing in the world he wanted to be—not even with the finer sort of popularity which men like Robert Browning and Gustave Flaubert have achieved. Browning and Flaubert are typical of the really great author whose work, at first sneered

at or ignored, is recognized by all later and less prejudiced generations as being of supreme beauty. Gourmont very much despised the facile popularity of the mob author; he was too modest to presume that he would occupy the position of arbiter to future generations; he wrote for himself and his friends, for an *élite* which was the finest of its time.

He was undoubtedly a great master, but he is largely read and appreciated by other authors and artists, not by the generality of mankind. He reflects the influences of his epoch; he did not create one. Like Browning and Flaubert he was at first misunderstood, is still misunderstood, was slow to win appreciation, yet did win it from very many critics of distinction. His name stands for fine work, for a fine standard of literature; he is known to men

of letters the world over; but he is not one of the great creators. His work is critical not creative; even in his poems, novels and plays—not the most considerable part of his work—the spirit is largely critical.

Miss Lowell, in her clever essay* on Remy de Gourmont, hints that she feels his versatility to be the chief cause of his comparative inferiority—an inferiority which places him just below the great creators, though vastly above the horde of imitators. I think she is right: as a poet, Remy de Gourmont beautifully carried out theories which were current in his time; he did not create like Rimbaud or Laforgue, or Mallarmé; as a “cerebral” novelist he has not Huysmans’ rasping verve and exasperated precision of epithet; as a sceptic philosopher, he has Anatole France for rival; as a naturalist, as a writer on sex, he has Fabre and Havelock Ellis before him; as a dramatist, he owes a deal to Maeterlinck; even as a prose stylist one hesitates to place him above Henri de Régnier; only as a critic of literature, as an exponent of aesthetic scholarship is he really unrivalled—the two *Livres des Masques*, the five volumes of the *Promenades Littéraires* and *Le Latin Mystique* are marvels of critical insight. He defined and defended Symbolism as no other writer has done or could have done.†

All these great names which I have been quoting are of men who were his contemporaries, and whose diverse talents are, as it were, synthesised in the work of one man of their period—Remy de Gourmont. That is what I am trying to get at—he is

* *Six French Poets*, by Amy Lowell (Macmillan, 1915).

† His essay on Maeterlinck, published in *THE DRAMA* for May, 1915, is sufficient example of de Gourmont’s brilliant critical abilities. Although written many years ago, it remains one of the best studies of Maeterlinck’s personality.

the synthesis of a great period of intellectual activity (1885-1914), inferior perhaps to some of his contemporaries in their own particular sphere, but superior to them all in the width of his interests and in the diversity of his accomplishments. If he was not supreme in any one branch of literary creation, there exists none in which he has not achieved fine, sometimes magnificent, work.

Subtlety, complexity—an over-subtlety which leads him to paradox, to espouse always the “other side” of a question (against the majority), to prefer an original half-truth to an accepted truism, to abandon the normal for the curious; a complexity which is sometimes impossible to disentangle, a complexity which he sometimes resented himself—these are the two salient characteristics of Remy de Gourmont. To expose all the threads of this multiform personality is perhaps impossible; to gain an adequate notion of his mind from reading one or two of his works is indeed impossible; and to present him primarily as a dramatist would be false. His four dramas, *Lilith*, *Théodat*, *Phénissa*, and *Le Vieux Roi*, are merely part of the output of an immensely active intelligence, constantly preoccupied with reflection and imaginings, but too restless, too complex, to concentrate a life-work on any one subject or branch of literature.

II

Remy de Gourmont was born on the 4th of April, 1858, in the Chateau de la Motte at Bazoches-en-Houle (Orne); he died* in his apartment in Paris on September 27, 1915, a last flicker of his eyelids

* See *La France* for September 30, and October 2, 1915, for an account of his death and the funeral speeches.

telling those by his bed-side that he had heard and understood the news that the French had taken 20,000 prisoners in their attack in Champagne. So much desired that news of victory by the ex-champion of sceptical anti-patriotism!*

I do not propose to enter very far into the private life of Monsieur de Gourmont, for there is always something indelicate in these indiscreet probings into other people's affairs, and, at present, there is not much to recount.† M. Jean de Gourmont is, I believe, writing a life of his distinguished brother, and that, when it appears, will tell us as much or as little as he thinks fit. For present purposes I am making use of the short biographical essay of Messieurs Van Bever and Léautaud.‡

During the war of 1870-1871 Remy de Gourmont, then a boy of twelve, was initiated into the charms of Molière by an old curé who took charge of his education when all the schools were shut. The same curé taught him Latin. Remy de Gourmont mentions these little facts in one of his essays, and it is characteristic of him that he should remember the war partly because he learnt to appreciate literature during its progress. It is not unlikely, though, that his subsequent attitude towards life, towards literature and towards international politics, was influenced by unrecounted experiences during that war.

* See the article, *Le Joujou Patriotisme*, *Mercur de France* (April, 1891), so reasonable in tone that one cannot understand the fuss it caused. It has been recently used very unjustly against de Gourmont.

† An article by M. Matisse in a recent number of the *Cambridge Magazine* contains an interesting personal sketch of Remy de Gourmont.

‡ See *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*: Ad. van Bever & P. Léautaud (Paris, *Mercur de France*, 21st ed. 1910). This collection contains many of M. de Gourmont's best poems. It is indispensable to anyone who wishes to study modern French poetry.

To avoid further footnotes I will cite two other books: *Préférences*, by Paul Escoube (*Mercur de France*), and *Remy de Gourmont*, by P. de Querlon (Sansot 1903). Both should be consulted.

In 1883 he entered the Bibliothèque Nationale, where he remained until 1891, laying the foundation of that immense scholarship—in the best sense of the word—which he afterwards put to such excellent use. During these first years at the Bibliothèque he produced three or four books of no great merit, among them his first novel, *Merlette*, which does not rank among his best productions. In December, 1889, appeared the first number of the (subsequently) great review, *Le Mercure de France*, of which Remy de Gourmont was a founder and possibly chief contributor. His real career as a writer begins then.

To appreciate this review's importance and to make clear the position of Remy de Gourmont in modern literature it will be as well if I give a slight, though necessarily imperfect account of the developments of French literature at the time.

Before the Symbolistes the two schools of French literature were, in poetry, the Parnassiens, and in prose, the Naturalistes. That is not perhaps strictly accurate because some of the Parnassiens were very fine prose writers (I need mention only Anatole France) and some of the Naturalistes wrote poetry: but it will serve. Symbolisme, which appeared at the time of a great revolution, is really only a development of the two earlier schools. The Symbolistes reproached the Parnassiens for their frigidity and the Naturalistes for their boring "vérisme," but they (the Symbolistes) were indebted to the Parnassiens for their romantic tradition and love of beauty and to the Naturalistes for their technique and hatred of modern civilization. (It must also be remembered that French poetry till the late eighties and even afterwards was dominated by the "figure" of Victor Hugo, much as English poetry of the time was dominated by Tennyson.)

The Naturalistes, being widely-read novelists, naturally made more noise than the Parnassien poets, Banville, Hérédia, Leconte de Lisle and their entourage. The Naturalistes, headed by Zola, did succeed eventually in making a great stir in the world—though Mr. George Moore is no doubt right when he says that Zola was merely a prodigious journalist re-writing Flaubert. At any rate from about 1872 to 1885 the Naturalistes were the vital influence in French literature and Zola gathered about him many of the most talented young men of the time. Yet the most powerful influences today are the “outsiders,” Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé!

Among Zola's “young men” one of the most talented was Joris Karl Huysmans. After writing one or two extra Naturaliste works, such as *En Ménage*, *Les Soeurs Vatard*, and *Sac au Dos* (all very fine), Huysmans threw off the bondage of “realism” and in 1884 produced that curious book, *A Rebours*. It was something of a blow to Zola. It had eventually a very great influence on the young writers and on de Gourmont in particular.

All this of course went on rather behind the scenes, so to speak; the big reviews and papers began to take Naturalisme seriously when it had done its best work; Mr. George Moore came back to England and announced its advent when it was all over; Heaven knows when it really struck America. In 1886 a young man named Baju founded a periodical which he called *Le Décadent*, whose editorials might have been written by the perfect decadent himself, Des Esseints, the hero of Huysmans' *A Rebours*. In this amusing little rag some of the finest poets of the late nineteenth century appeared; to mention only a few: Mallarmé, Verlaine, Laurent Tailhade, Jules Laforgue, and among prose writers Villiers de L'Île

Adam, Barbey d'Aurévilly and Huysmans himself. It is rather odd to reflect that the prejudices against these writers, whom we now know to be very considerable artists, should have forced them to contribute to a puerile little journal like Baju's *Décadent*.

The new school of writers, christened "Les Décadents" by their opponents, began to found periodicals of their own. Many of them died early deaths, but one, *Le Mercure de France* (founded 1889), has lived and prospered and brings us closely in touch with the subject of this article—Remy de Gourmont, at that time greatly under the influence of Huysmans, Mallarmé and Verlaine.

It may, perhaps, be not out of place here to insist on the importance of the young reviews in the study of recent French literature. They are the best, most accurate, and most charming guides to the development, changes and accomplishments of the literature of the period. Practically every writer of talent first appears in their pages; they were the first to print many works now famous, then despised; and many excellent morsels of literary craftsmanship lie buried in their pages. No public library and few individuals possess these faded periodicals, but Remy de Gourmont preserved very many, and several times in his literary essays he insists on their importance.*

In his essay on the *Mercure de France*,† which everyone ought to read, Remy de Gourmont relates how the *Mercure* evolved out of two earlier periodicals: *La Pléiade*, which published Maeterlinck's first story (1886) and *Scapin*, whose editor was M. Alfred Valette, now for twenty-five years editor of *Le Mercure de France*. Certain young French writers,

* See *Les Jeunes Revues*; preface by Remy de Gourmont and de Gourmont's essays on The Symbolistes.

† *Promenades Littéraires*, Essay *Le Mercure de France*. 1912.

enthusiastic for the new imaginative art, though far from considering themselves Symbolistes, determined to found a magazine. Among them were Remy de Gourmont, Louis Dumur, Jules Renard (author of *Poil de Carotte*), and of course, Alfred Valette; closely associated with them were Madame Rachilde, the novelist, and Laurent Tailhade. Other writers joined them later. Of these founders the most famous today is Remy de Gourmont. For over twenty years hardly a number of the *Mercure de France* appeared without a contribution from him. In the essay mentioned above, M. de Gourmont attributes the success of the *Mercure* first to M. Valette's brilliant editorship and then to the marvellous ballades of Laurent Tailhade, to Renard's little plays and afterwards to Pierre Louys' *Aphrodite*; but those who know the *Mercure* well will feel that this is Remy de Gourmont's modesty, for he was certainly the greatest pillar of the review. There must have been many people who bought it just for the sake of his contributions.

I cannot afford more space for this sketch of the development of modern French literature, but I would like to add this: classification of authors by "schools" is as idiotic as most classification, and as dull. Romantics, Parnassiens, Naturalistes and Symbolistes—just as Futuristes, Unanimistes and Imagists of today—are merely convenient terms for designating the collective effort of certain artists towards the attainment and establishment of a certain ideal of their art. While this effort is going on the artists are hidden in a cloud of combat, calumny and misunderstanding. The sins of one imbecile are visited upon the heads of ten men of talent. It is only when the fracas is calmed down that the real personalities emerge; the hangers-on are forgotten;

and the genuineness of the real artists is manifest. Who remembers now that Victor Hugo was called every sort of idiot and liar, and said to be incapable, and a perverter of youth in his early days? No one. We scarcely think of him in connection with the excesses of the Romantic movement. So it is with the Symbolistes; and just as we can see now that the Romantic movement was a development and not a revolution, so Symbolistes, Parnassiens and Naturalistes of the seventies, eighties and nineties are all inter-related and so far from being inimical to each other, it is now impossible to determine where one ends and another begins.

III

That is, as nearly as a foreigner can hope to render it, my impression of Remy de Gourmont's literary milieu; you will have to wait until Mr. F. S. Flint writes his book on modern French poetry for the whole complicated situation to be unraveled. I am willing to confess that I am a little overwhelmed by the mass of "documents" and the bulk of talented work of this period which one ought to study.

I shall try to give an idea of Remy de Gourmont's work, by citing not the titles and contents of his forty odd volumes, but characteristic passages from his work at different periods. I want to show how his mind and art developed from the rather flowery beauties of early Symbolism to the clear thinking and clear writing of his mature period.

Imagine Remy de Gourmont about the year 1890. He is just over thirty, learned from his studies; he has forgotten his early attempts at writing—his *Chez les Lapons* and similar books—has read and digested *A Rebours*, knows Huysmans personally, and is writing *Le Latin Mystique*, one of his most

interesting works. He is young and enthusiastic. He has just brought out *Sixtine*, dedicated to another of his admirations, Villiers, a book which has obvious debts to *A Rebours*, but which shows a very distinct originality in the author. Already his character as a writer and his future development are sketched—his philosophical scepticism, his irony—his beloved irony!—his “cerebral” sensuality, his academic joy over church ceremonies and more than academic admiration of church literature, and his keen analytic power, for the moment rather overlaid with the fantasy and purple diction of the early Symbolistes. His *Litanies*, the prose tales, and the little play, *Phénissa*, now collected in *Le Pèlerin du Silence* were all written and produced between 1891 and 1896. The *Litanies de la Rose* have been several times quoted recently. They show a close study of mediæval Latin séquaires, an admiration for Mallarmé, and a florid beauty of diction very rare in French literature:

“Rose verte, rose couleur de mer, O nombril des sirènes, rose verte, gemme ondoyante et fabuleuse, tu n’es plus que de l’eau dès qu’un doigt t’a touchée, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.”

There are many beautiful strophes in these *Litanies*, in the *Fleurs de Jadis* and the *Dit des Arbres*. The *Saintes du Paradis* is a sequence of short poems on female saints and is distinctly more austere than the *Litanies*. Compare these earlier poems with the *Saintes* or with the fine sonnet *Le Soir dans un Musée*; the increase of mastery is decisive.

“Bergère née en Lorraine,
Jeanne qui avec gardé les moutons en robe de futaine,
Et qui avec pleuré aux misères du peuple de France,

Et qui avec conduit le Roi à Reims parmi les lances,
Jeanne qui étiez un arc, une croix, un glaive, un cœur,
une lance,
Jeanne que les gens aimaient comme leur père et leur
mère,
Jeanne blessée et prise, mise au cachot par les
Anglais,
Jeanne brûlée à Rouen par les Anglais,
Jeanne qui ressemblez à un ange en colère,
Jeanne d'Arc, mettez beaucoup de colère dans nos
cœurs.

That is written by the man to whom many people still deny the title of poet and who was accused by imbeciles of not loving his country! There are other and nobler ways of loving one's country than brandishing an abstract sword in the columns of newspapers—Remy de Gourmont was too humane and too educated to like war, but he did sincerely love France.

To continue the discussion of his work, take the first sentence of *Le Pèlerin du Silence* (1892) and compare it with a sentence in any of his later works, say the essay, *Une Religion d'Art* from *La Culture des Idées* (1900). The first runs:

“Le blond troupeau bourdonne autour du fier sultan, du sultan aux cornes d'argent: c'est Tauris, courtisé de plus de collines que l'amour n'amène d'amoureuses, que la peur ne presse de peureuses aux flancs du mâle flamboyant.”

The second runs:

“A une époque où presque toute la sensibilité, presque toute la foi, presque tout l'amour se sont réfugiés dans l'art, et où, par surcroît, ce mot, jadis

mystérieux et pur, se trouve compromis en plus d'une aventure, il nous manquait, évidemment, à côté de la religion de l'art, la religion d'art."

If anyone doubts that the second is better and subtler prose than the first let him translate them both, trying to obtain a precisely similar effect in English. The first, in spite of its assonances and internal rhymes, is ten times easier to write.

One more remark—quite malapropos; any publisher who would bring out a good English translation of the *Promenades Littéraires* would be doing a service to international letters, to the education of the Anglo-Saxon world, and would put before everyone's eyes some of the finest models of criticism of the last century. The Anglo-Saxon loves to "criticise." That is, to show his superiority by finding fault with people immensely superior to himself; it would be very good for him to absorb the fact that five volumes of *appreciative* criticism have been written by so fine an artist, so delicate a connoisseur, so uncompromising a craftsman, as Remy de Gourmont.

IV

Remy de Gourmont wrote four plays, *Théodat* (1888), *Lilith* (1891-2), *Phénissa* (1893) and *Le Vieux Roi* (1897).

It would be incorrect to represent de Gourmont as a man exclusively or even very deeply preoccupied with drama. But it is also clear that a mind so curious of everything would be certain to experiment in dramatic form. That he wrote four plays proves that his dramatic work was something more than an experiment. He is essentially a literary dramatist, by which I mean that he considered the drama primarily and perhaps wholly as a form of

literature and not as an art in itself, as modern critics quite properly insist that it is. One of his plays, *Lilith*, is quite unplayable and was never intended to be played. *Théodat* was played in Paris many years ago, but I cannot find that the other two plays were ever produced. So you will see that as a dramatist, as indeed in almost everything, Remy de Gourmont was rather caviar to the general.

Théodat, the earliest of his plays, is in some ways the best, and is remarkable for the comparative maturity it shows. Since *Théodat* is printed here my comments are unnecessary, except perhaps in one or two points. The tragedy turns about a somewhat out-of-the-ordinary situation, placed in a century (the sixth) which has not been at all over-run by the average novelist and dramatist. In the sixth century the question of the celibacy of the clergy was still a very thorny one in the Western Empire. Popes and Councils had enacted different ordinances on the subject and great confusion prevailed. Apparently—I say apparently for I have no particular knowledge of early church history—clerks were allowed to marry at this time but not bishops, and if a clerk became a bishop it was not uncommon, if he were married, for him to repudiate his wife in order to show his piety. At least that is the situation as I gather it from Remy de Gourmont's play. It is quite certain that he would not have written it unless he had discovered full justification for it in ancient chronicles and church histories. The whole thing is one of those bizarre and curious situations which de Gourmont loved above everything. (The mixture of churchly asceticism and of sensuality is so characteristic of him that someone has described him as a cross between a satyr and a Benedictine monk.) His love of the church, its literature, traditions, and

ceremonies was, at any rate partially, derived from his friend, Huysmans, and sex as a motive was one of the strongest features of the Naturalistes.

Remy de Gourmont probably did not believe anything; he was interested in everything, and he saw in the church and in church history a source of literature which had been greatly neglected. It is incorrect to represent Remy de Gourmont as wilfully trampling on sacred things; he had more respect for the church than some of its members. But he was an artist primarily and when he wished to work out some situation he did not hesitate to use Christianity for his background and to use it just as it pleased him. The sins of the flesh, he says in *Le Matin Mystique*, have been inveighed against by moralists, Christian and non-Christian, in all ages and times; you must not blame me if they are often referred to in these pages. That is his apology and I think a just one. It may not be conventional good morals to show a Catholic bishop seduced from his vow of celibacy by a woman and that woman his own wife (which one would think sufficient excuse), but it is human nature. The contest between the spiritual man and the natural or animal man, is as old as the intellect; in *Théodat* Remy de Gourmont gives a rather special example and gives it well. The play has obvious defects, the chief being the over-duration of the first incident, the too literary talk on heresies and the too "symbolical" enumeration of the properties of the holy vestments. On the other hand the woman's temptation of Théodat is a great deal more human and subtle than, for example, the rather trivial "temptations," of Salomé in Oscar Wilde's play, or even in Flaubert's tale, for that matter. Maximienne is a more or less vital and credible person, for Remy de Gourmont really did

know something, even so early as this, of feminine psychology, and later in life his wisdom and tolerance in these matters made one of the amiable sides of his character.

Lilith is simply the Bible story of Adam and Eve retold in dramatic form with great literary skill after a study of mystic or uncanonical works like the Kabbala, the Talmud, and the Apocrypha. It might be briefly described as a mediæval mystery rewritten and commented on by a sensual sceptic. It is important to admirers of Remy de Gourmont as a turning point in his literary development. It marked a considerable advance in his art, but is most certainly not meat for babes or *jeunes filles*—those chains on free literature whose influence has been analyzed by de Gourmont in one of the most deliciously ironical of his essays.

La Princesse Phénissa and *Le Vieux Roi* fall naturally into another category. There is nothing of the church about them; they show a more developed, more philosophical mind and a greater mastery of literary technique. They are examples of Symbolisme at its best, and Maeterlinck would not have been ashamed to own them. In each there is a definite philosophical idea worked out originally and skillfully. The *Princesse Phénissa* would be effective, though rather harrowing, if played. It is simply a symbolical working out of the tragedy of youth sacrificed to the selfishness of age. A queen has a lover and a beautiful, young, selfless daughter. The queen makes her lover marry her daughter, the princess. Phénissa then grows jealous, wants her lover back, and persuades him to murder his wife, for if he does, by some mysterious manner he will gain for himself, now growing old, the years which would have been hers and her child's. The poor princess and her un-

born child are murdered—it is the past murdering the future; it is a symbol of what Europe is today. People talk about the selfishness of youth; but the selfishness of the aged is infinitely more horrible and more destructive. Remy de Gourmont's *Phénissa* does show under all its pomp and stiff brocades of Symbolisme this eternal struggle. When he wrote it I do not think he was conscious of its full significance, but it has certainly a bitter and obvious interpretation today.

The latest of his plays, *Le Vieux Roi*, was written nearly ten years after the first. He had had plenty of time to increase his knowledge of life and character. Here, as always, he is attracted by the strange and the abnormal. All through the play are veiled or direct references to curious passions; he does not hesitate to reveal thoughts and desires which are most often neglected or shunned by authors. In *Le Vieux Roi*, which I have translated for *The Drama*, many people will doubtless see a likeness to King Lear, and in a sense de Gourmont has re-written Shakespeare's play from a modern standpoint. It is like the modern Russian novel of "futility"; no one gets what he wants: the Old King dies by accident, Yoland is killed by Gautier, Guislaine kills herself from grief, Floraine loses Yoland, Gautier becomes king but does not get Floraine, and Germaine loses her sister, Guislaine, the person she loved most on earth. It is a sombre little tragedy, with some very beautiful writing in it.

V

In introducing these plays to English-speaking readers—they have never before been translated—I feel justified in claiming attention for them first on account of their very real merit and secondly be-

cause they are part, and only a small part, of the work of a master in literature. The work of Remy de Gourmont must be studied in its bulk before his real importance emerges. He belonged to a generation which is disappearing, whose influence in literature is declining, but that clear, sceptical, ironic mind can never lose its charm, never lose its real value. The men who direct the political destinies of Europe are uneducated and unintelligent besides a man of his capacity, and it is a melancholy reflection that our age could make so slight a practical use of so magnificent a brain. In one of his little essays Remy de Gourmont says that if all men thought as he the world would be so quiet that even in Paris one would be able to hear the hum of flies; if all men had thought as Remy de Gourmont there would have been no European war.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THEODAT*

A Play in One Act, translated from the French of
Remy de Gourmont by Richard Aldington.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PLAY.

THEODAT, Bishop of Clermont.

MARTIAL.

PAULINUS.

FLAVIEN.

TIBURTIUS.

VALERIUS.

Ordained Clerks.

MAXIMIENNE.

The Porter of the Basilica.

The year 570 of Our Lord, at Clermont in the Arvernes, in the episcopal palace, which is a dependence of the Basilica.

(*Theodat* was represented at the Théâtre Moderne—under the auspices of the Théâtre d'Art, on the 11th of December, 1891, under the direction of M. Paul Fort; the part of Theodat was taken by M. Lugné-Poe and that of Maximienne by Mlle. Camée; the decorations and costumes were designed by M. Maurice Devis.)

* All rights of reproduction on the stage or in book-form are reserved by the translator on behalf of the heirs of the late Remy de Gourmont.

THEODAT

BY REMY DE GOURMONT.

Authorized Translation by Richard Aldington.

A large hall with Roman embrasures, narrow, high and deep. The walls are covered with arras and the ceiling with painted cloth: on the dark yellow arras red lions dart out their tongues like flames and the blue of the painted cloth is sowed with gold stars, like the heavens, and with gold crosses, like Paradise.

All round the walls is a bench covered with purple drapery and cut in four places: by the bronze bed which slopes from the head to the foot—the bed is large with a single pillow and over it hangs a lamp of red clay; by the high chimney lighted with enormous beech logs and resinous pine-trunks; by the painted chest on which scenes from the Gospels are drawn in bright colours; by an organ built into the wall facing the chimney.

The tiles of the floor are octagonal in shape. In front of the bed there is a four-legged stool with a step to kneel on and in front of the fire a small bench with a back.

The Bishop is dressed in a green episcopal robe, half-hidden by the white gold-bordered dalmatic. He is kneeling with his head in his hands, resting upon the stool.

The Clerks, in their white tunics, are also praying and kneel in front of the circular bench.

The day is ending: Paulinus, at a sign from the Bishop, lights the clay lamp, for it is not good that men in company should remain in darkness; but the

hearth lights the great hall more than the little lamp; at its large and momentary flickerings, the lions waver, the stars glimmer, the gold crosses of the ceiling radiate.

There is silence except for the spluttering of the wick in the beech-oil, the mutter of the fire, the low murmur of the slow praying voices, the suppressed sighs from hearts smitten by anguish.

THEODAT. Ah! I am troubled by this anniversary. I cannot pray. O God, help me!

His forehead rests on the stool and a deep sigh comes from his mouth. Theodat is forty years old, tall, well-built, firmly muscled, swarthy, with a Roman profile; his eyes, blue like a Gaul's, slightly hidden, reveal themselves in sudden flashes; his close-shaven hair looks like a black skull-cap. He looks born to be the commander of a cohort rather than the commander of a legion of souls, but the ecclesiastical life has suppressed his nature, softened his gestures, given moderation to his movements. He was chosen bishop for the great rank of his family, for his theological knowledge, for his general kindness which pleased the common people, for the frankness of his speech and the uprightness of his spirit.

THEODAT. [*Lifting his head and murmuring to himself.*] Why is it that I cannot pray? When Prudentius, ninth successor of Austremoine, consecrated me before his death, I gave into his holy hands my joys, all the joys of this world, all my joys, and now like returned exiles they beat at my door. I had sworn, and on the day of my enthroning my house was closed to her whom God had given me for wife when I was only a clerk of the Lord. Day for day, that was a year ago, on the Feast of Saint Etienne, the first martyr of Christ; and from that day I have never weakened, but now I feel my heart

escaping me and going, like a dog that has lost its master, to howl over the absent man's traces. Where is she now? What has happened to the houseless wife, to the living man's widow? If I could but see her, just a look, just for the time in which to say an "Our Father" to drive away temptation! "The Bishop shall not receive his wife into his house." But outside the house. The Bishop has no wife; he belongs to all; if he be married, "let his wife be as a sister unto him." That cannot be. The grace of God even could not overcome so continuous a temptation. To expose oneself to it would be a perpetual sin. She has gone; it had to be. Ah God! if I were only a simple priest or a humble clerk again, an eternal postulant, a chaste Christian! What have I said? Lord, pardon me. Have pity upon me, O Lord.

[*Louder.*] Martial, go to the organ. We will sing the Kyrie Eleison, that God may take pity upon the sinner, your Bishop.

They sing the Kyrie Eleison. THEODAT leaves the stool and kneels on the tiled floor with his head upon the ground.

THEODAT. [*Raising himself.*] I confess to Almighty God that I have sinned in thought, word and deed—O my sins, my sins, my very great sins!

As he speaks these last words in a deep voice, the Bishop strikes his breast three times.

THE CLERKS. [*Striking their breasts.*] O my sins, my sins, my very great sins!

THEODAT. Almighty God have mercy upon us and forgive us our sins and lead us to eternal life!

THE CLERKS. Amen.

THEODAT. Almighty and Most-merciful God, grant us indulgence, absolution and remission of our sins.

THE CLERKS. Amen.

[The Bishop rises from his knees and stands beside the small bench near the fire.]

THEODAT. Come, my children, and listen to me.

[The clerks assemble before him.]

I have still many admonishments to make to you who will soon be my vicars. You know what duties the Church imposes upon those who assume the priesthood: I speak of the strict duties, the primordial duties of every priest called to direct an assembly of the faithful. Martial, what are those duties?

MARTIAL. Residence, Prayer, Preaching, the Administration of the Sacraments, the Correction of Morals.

THEODAT. That is correct; you know the letter of the law, but remember and let you all remember to keep it graven upon your hearts, upon your heads and upon your limbs. Love, believe, act. Be ceaselessly in the midst of your flock, like true shepherds. Pray the Most High to deliver them from temptation. Announce the good news to them continually with untiring voice. Fortify their human weakness with the balm of the Sacraments. Watch, lest any lamb stray from the fold.

Watch over yourselves also my children. You are young; and the misfortunes of the time oblige me to consecrate you at the earliest age permitted by the canons: the pastures lack shepherds, or rather apostles—for what barbarism still remains! what paganism hidden under the foliage of Christian practices, like a serpent! what sacrilegious adorations! what dark and devilish superstitions! But the Lord will gird your loins: you will be strong against the flesh; you will be strong against the mind.

Fear the mind above all; fear pride which eats the sword of faith like rust. My children, be priests;

be not theologians. Of what service are vain discussions, if you desire to follow in all things the ruling of the Councils? If you depart from them, you fall into the depths of infinite perdition. Watch, but beware lest the dawn find you meditating on the Monade and on the Trinity. Remember Arius. Believe that the Three are One, the One, Three. The Son had no beginning; at the price of your blood say not: "the Word was created."

MARTIAL. What blasphemy!

FLAVIEN. [*In a low voice.*] The Son is co-eternal with the Father. . . . The Son is co-eternal with the Father.

THEODAT. Yes, repeat that and speak it aloud: consubstantial and co-eternal: the Council of Nicea has declared it.

FLAVIEN. [*In a much lower voice.*] Consubstantial, yes; but co-eternal? Is it possible?

THEODAT. Avoid the heresy of Apollinarius, that the Word, that is to say, the Divinity, suffered, died and was resurrected.

PAULINUS. It is absurd to say that.

THEODAT. Believe and do not believe. Judge not. Beware lest in revolting against Apollinarius, you see two personages in Christ.

MARTIAL. Father, would that be denying the Trinity?

THEODAT. One single God and three persons; but distinguish persons and natures. Do not say with Eutyches: The human nature of Christ was absorbed by the divine nature like a drop of water by the sea. No, Christ was man and Christ was God: His body was not a vain appearance, an illusionary smoke: Man, he suffered in the human soul, in the human flesh.

TIBURTUS. For how could God have suffered? Eutyches agrees with Apollinarius. . . .

THEODAT. Heresies are all related, being all daughters of lies.

VALERIUS. Father, help me in my difficulty: surely the sufferings of Christ greatly surpassed all human sufferings?

THEODAT. The God gave the Man strength to suffer more than man. You are subtle, Valerius. Take care, and do you all, my children, take care—since you are above the faithful through your priesthood—lest you come to believe yourselves above them through your knowledge and holiness. Never ask yourselves questions like those Valerius asks, if you have not the answer ready. And as for sanctity, remember that you have sinned as clerks and will sin as priests. Do not imagine, like Pelagius, that any man, whoever he may be, can live without sin. Do not question—as he and Coelestius do—original sin which has forever stained us: your strength is in your consciousness of your impurity. What should we be without grace? May the grace of God be upon us!

THE CLERKS. May the grace of God be upon us!

THEODAT. May it drive evil thoughts from your hearts! Listen to me. You, Tiburtius, and you, Flavien, are married. Govern your wives that your wives may not govern you. May they not be for you the occasion for sin but rather an armour against temptation and a buckler against carnal desires, the cup wherein you quench your thirst, not the amphora overflowing with drunkenness. Paulinus, have you sufficient strength to remain celibate? You know that once you have passed the grill of the Sanctuary, marriage is forbidden you forever!

PAULINUS. I hate womankind!

THEODAT. Do not speak thus: I am afraid for you. Today you hate woman—but tomorrow? Tomorrow, like so many others—alas! alas!—you will take a concubine. Remember that if the laws of the Church are indulgent to the feeble—ah! so feeble—flesh, God is terrible to those who sin beyond measure.

PAULINUS. Neither wife nor concubine; and if I were married, father, I would do as you have done—I would shut my door upon my wife. Let the priest at least give an example and live alone with God.

THEODAT. Eustathius! Have you listened to Eustathius? The rigid heretic whose rigour is only pride—has Eustathius disciples among us? No, it is not necessary to salvation that the Christians leave their wives, abandon earthly goods, pray night and day and fast every morning. The Christian life is not the monastic life.

PAULINUS. Yet renunciation is so beautiful. You yourself are an example.

THEODAT. Keep moderation in all things. And you, my Martial, adopted and well-beloved son of Prudentius?

MARTIAL. Father, I have not thought about these things. I will follow . . .

PAULINUS. [*To himself.*] Adopted or natural son? How the Church has degenerated!

MARTIAL. I will follow the straight way, with God's aid. I know no woman, save Priscilla, my mother, and I would love no one save Christ.

THEODAT. May your heart never have need of speaking to anyone save Christ only. Pray.

MARTIAL. I will pray, father.

THEODAT. And you, Valerius, will soon be married, I know.

VALERIUS. I have left my promised bride; I have left her for God.

THEODAT. But she?

VALERIUS. She has not understood my sacrifice.

THEODAT. Marry and wait a year. She loves you and I feel that you love her also.

VALERIUS. It is so good to hate her . . .

THEODAT. And you would be a priest! Reflect. Let there be no scandal. She whom you abandon as a promised bride, may be desired by you when she is a woman and you will not be able to take her save as your concubine. Ah! Valerius, have you the heart to degrade to that rank the noble girl who has vowed her life to you? I know how long such partings last and I know what they cost. Marry and return to me; I will welcome you, for you will be sheltered from sin. Go, my son; you are no longer a postulant to the priesthood. You weep, but how happy she will be. My sons, I wish to spare you the struggles I have suffered. God has helped me and I am saved, but at what a price! Fear women, ah, fear women!

PAULINUS. The fear of women is the beginning of wisdom.

THEODAT. Or rather the complement, Paulinus. But how delicate these matters are! Experience in life is difficult to acquire, more difficult to teach others. You would have to strip yourself naked; you have to scandalise the present to edify the future. O God, protect my flock as you have protected me.

THE CLERKS. Bless us, father.

[They are about to kneel down; the Bishop has half lifted his arm—the door opens and the Porter of the Basilica enters with a torch in his hand.]

PORTER. Father, a woman asks to see you.

THEODAT. There is a place for women to see me,

the confessional: a time, the third hour. [*And to himself he says with trembling and with joy:*] If it were she!

PORTER. Father, it is an old woman. [*And with a trembling and with joy the Bishop says within himself:*] It is not she!

THEODAT. How old is she, do you think? [*And with sadness and with remorse he says within himself:*] Yet grief may have aged her. I am forty and my hair turns grey.

PORTER. Father, she is three score and ten, as I judged by the light of my torch.

PAULINUS. In that case—!

[*The clerks and even Martial and even the old Porter break into covert smiles which vanish before the Bishop's stern gaze.*]

THEODAT. The young follow the old.— Return and ask her what she needs, whether it be alms or food or raiment. Let her receive what is due to one of Christ's poor little ones; or rather return and tell me and I will carry it to her myself.

PORTER. [*Going.*] I will ask her, father.

THEODAT. Give alms with your own hands. The poor are the perpetual messengers of Christ, your Father. Kneel down, my sons.

[*The clerks kneel down and the sacred words fall upon their bowed heads—the sacred words which the arms of the pontiff, tracing multiple crosses in the air, seem to sow, to sow like a powerful sower upon each conscience.*]

THEODAT. The blessings of Almighty God, of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost be upon you that you may be blessed, my very dear sons. Amen.

THE CLERKS. Amen.

THEODAT. Now go and may the peace of the Lord be upon you.

THE CLERKS. And with you, father.

[When the last clerk has passed the door the Porter re-enters, with his torch still in his hand.]

PORTER. She asks for no alms, father. She is a great sinner—she trembles—she supplicates—she says that the Bishop alone . . . What sacrilege, father! She speaks of the burden crushing her old shoulders . . .

THEODAT. You are trembling yourself! Let her come in! The sins of my flock are my sins. Let her come in. Go you and ask her. *[The Porter goes out and returns in a moment with the old woman who has sinned. During these moments THEODAT murmurs to himself:]* O Lord, I thank you that it was not she. The temptation would have been beyond my strength. You have spared me.

[Humble, bent over her stick, an old woman comes in. Her rain-cloak, like a round cope, enwraps her in heavy folds of grey stuff. The hood, like a monk's, entirely hides her face. She throws herself on her knees and kisses, first one, then the other, the Bishop's feet.]

THEODAT. Arise, woman, and speak.

[The stick remains on the tiles; the rags fall, and before Theodat—who recoils—rises Maximienne, in the whiteness of her linen robe, a Roman statue, pagan beauty in the house of God.]

MAXIMIENNE. It is I.

[The Bishop's cheeks are pale; there is anguish in his look; he goes step by step to the back of the hall. Maximienne slowly follows him, then stops, and they remain silent, a few seconds, facing each other.]

THEODAT. Devil, are you come to tempt me?

MAXIMIENNE. I hoped so.

THEODAT. Do not think that I will fall to your wiles.

MAXIMIENNE. Wiles! Oh! After all, I am your wife!

THEODAT. You are no longer my wife.

MAXIMIENNE. And it is you, the Bishop, who say that! "Whom God has joined together let no man put asunder."

THEODAT. Whom God has joined, God has unjoined.

MAXIMIENNE. I am your wife.

THEODAT. [*With violent irony, the expression of a love rending itself.*] My sister, I love you, my sister.

MAXIMIENNE. [*In a voice where anger is mingled with supplication.*] Be silent; ah, be silent!

THEODAT. [*Suddenly calm.*] "To the Bishop his wife shall be as his sister." The Councils have spoken; I know you no longer.

MAXIMIENNE. [*Ironical, with the air of a woman making a scene in her own home.*] Yes, you know me, since you are afraid of me.

THEODAT. I fear God; I fear the Church and her commandments. "If the Bishop be not married, let him not look upon womankind; and if he be married, let him put away his wife."

MAXIMIENNE. Those are horrible commandments.

THEODAT. Blasphemy!

MAXIMIENNE. And you speak of blasphemy, you who have scorned the sacrament which united us for ever . . . [*She makes a horizontal gesture*] here . . . [*She lifts her arm above her head*] and above.

THEODAT. [*Simply and with the consciousness of piling up useless arguments.*] You know the decree of Pope Gregory!

MAXIMIENNE. No. But if it concerns Bishops, I, the Bishop's wife, am interested in it.

THEODAT. Do not jest—it is a terrible thing. For having kept his wife in his house, for having seen her—you understand?—for having seen her just once, “the Bishop shall be deposed.” Will you condemn me to that ignominy?

MAXIMIENNE. How much more tranquil we should be! Ignominy? Christ endured far more poignant ironies. Bend your head as he did, proud Pontiff! Ah, you have more pride, humble Bishop, than heart, good shepherd!

[Anger glitters in the Bishop's eyes; but he contains himself.]

MAXIMIENNE. Give me one good reason, only one. Tell me that you do not love me, that you never will love me, that you never loved me.

THEODAT. I hate you!

MAXIMIENNE. *[Smiling, with a certain satisfaction.]* That is not the same thing.

[THEODAT is frightened by the violence of his words and suddenly finds himself glad to see that MAXIMIENNE has not been hurt by what he has said.]

THEODAT. *[Half to himself:]* I know, I know that to hate is not the same thing as not to love. Yet if I filled my heart with hatred, love would come out of it like the bubbles which burst on the surface of a narrow vase filled quickly with water. Alas! alas!

[While he murmurs with his eyes turned to the ground, MAXIMIENNE has taken out the brooch which held her white mantle on her shoulder—a mantle of the same whiteness as her tunic: she throws it on the back of the bench and appears with her arms bare but covered with bracelets, her neck slightly uncovered and enclosed in a collar, from which hang two little silver balls shaped like bells. Laughing,

holding out her hands, she approaches THEODAT, who starts, escapes her touch and moves over to the small bench. She rejoins him.]

MAXIMIENNE. [*Supplicatingly.*] Theodat! Dear Theodat! How I love you!

THEODAT. [*Overcome.*] How beautiful she is. [*But his emotion warns him of the danger.*] She is as beautiful as hell. I hate her. She is too beautiful. [*He cries aloud.*] Go! Go! You shall enter a convent.

MAXIMIENNE. [*With assurance, but not insistent.*] Oh, no, I will stay here—in my home. [*She folds her cloak into a cushion, places it by the fire and sits down.*] I am quite comfortable here.

[THEODAT walks in agitation up and down the hall and after several turns stops in the middle with folded arms.]

THEODAT. But you consented to live in a convent. There one is at peace; there life is calm and so sweet: a little labour with the hands; books; plenty of that parchment that is so rare and precious; simple food, but certain and eaten in happiness. “Go therefore and eat thy bread in peace and drink thy wine with gladness.”

I thought you were at Tours?

MAXIMIENNE. At Tours! I have never left Clermont. I hid myself, I lived on alms like an old woman, I was dressed in rags, I shut my bride's clothes in a chest and I held out my hand. You yourself have given me bread and wine at the gate of the Basilica, not every day, but almost every week, when I suffered too much and when I had to choose between seeing you and dying.

Contented! Yes, I tried. I was brave, but my strength has gone . . . [*She rises and goes towards THEODAT.*] Ah! don't repulse me.

[THEODAT starts away. He is deeply touched, however, and mutters, closing his eyes.]

THEODAT. Poor Maximienne!

MAXIMIENNE. Why make me suffer when I have the right to be happy—when it is my duty! My place is here. Have I come to tempt you? But I deliver you from temptation—I am your wife. You have changed, Theodat; you have greatly changed . . . I am still the same, still your Maximienne. Listen, when you were only a priest, you loved me in secret.

THEODAT. [*Half to himself.*] Yes, I wanted to seem more virtuous than I really was . . .

MAXIMIENNE. You used to come to me in the evening, or it was I . . . You remember? Well, to-day, as then, I should be content in secret.

THEODAT. To-day it is impossible. What was sin then would be a crime now. Every eye is fixed on me. No, no . . . [*He laughs nervously.*] Ha! ha! ha! The Bishop and his wife—what an opportunity for the impious, for the dissimulating pagans who spy on us! Ha! ha! ha! The Bishop and his wife! Ha! ha! ha! The Bishop taken in the act of a deadly sin—deadly, deadly, deadly!

MAXIMIENNE. My griefs are deadly.

THEODAT. Do you want us to have children that are accursed, incapable of inheriting, slaves born in my church!

MAXIMIENNE. [*As if speaking to herself.*] Children, children . . . Yes, God might yet bless us, after ten years . . . A child, a son . . . Why should he be accursed . . . Your decrees! Who observes them? Is Martial, your dear Martial, an accursed child?

THEODAT. Do not calumniate the memory of Prudentius. Martial was the son of his choice, not the son of his flesh.

MAXIMIENNE. Everybody does not say that. But let us forget the holy Bishop and not speak of him. I am miserable because I have had no child with you; you would love me more, if I had; you would not seek, like a theologian, for excuses to put away your wife. Ah! be silent! You anger me!

THEODAT. Respect your Bishop.

MAXIMIENNE. I do not know the Bishop—I know only my husband, you, you, you.

THEODAT. Ah! Gate of Hell! You are she that touches the forbidden fruit in play. You are the daughter of the first law-breaker, she whom Tertulian said was more powerful for evil than the Demon, she who brushes the image of God from a man's heart!

MAXIMIENNE. Do not forget that you have taught me the Scriptures and the Fathers; cite me this passage: "Woman, thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee."

THEODAT. It is true—there is such a passage—you have a good memory—but . . .

MAXIMIENNE. You see! My desire is to my husband and I submit my will to you.

THEODAT. But it is also written: "Wine and women destroy the wise man's wisdom."

MAXIMIENNE. It is also written: "Woe unto him that is alone, for when he falls there is none to help him."

THEODAT. "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman amongst all those have I not found."

MAXIMIENNE. "The beauty of a woman gladdens her husband's countenance."

THEODAT. "And I found that woman was bitterer than death."

MAXIMIENNE. [*Going towards him with a smile of*

tenderness and desire.] I am not bitter. I am sweet. Remember . . . Kiss me again.

THEODAT. [*Starting back.*] Impious! Are you not ashamed? Would you tear me from God? Leave me, leave me to draw ceaselessly nearer to Him. Remember Bodegesillus, Bishop of Nantes. His wife pursued him like a sin until at the moment when she attempted to drag the sacred vestments from him there appeared an accusatory witness of the divine protection—a lamb of glittering white appeared on his breast. Beware of a like prodigy.

MAXIMIENNE. What an argument! The real prodigy is that you no longer love me.

THEODAT. For me also God may perform miracles. Simplicius was vowed to chastity and God permitted this marvel—that burning coals which he carried in his mantle no more burned the cloth than if it had been stone.

MAXIMIENNE. [*She bursts out laughing and stirs the fire, which breaks into a livelier flame.*] Will you try? Come, let this be the judgment of God.

THEODAT. [*He feels that his mind has wandered into absurd arguments whose weakness he is immediately sensible of, for if the Lord performs miracles it is not permitted to man to tempt the Almighty to use his power. He breaks out angrily.*] Hence, evil woman! Go to Tours, go to Radegonde from me, to Radegonde who has escaped the caresses of the king her husband. Go!

MAXIMIENNE. You, Bishop, will never escape me, for here the personages are reversed: the Clothaire here is a woman, stronger than many kings.

THEODAT. Hence, Eve! Hence, Satan! I will call my clerks, the levites of my sacred guard.

MAXIMIENNE. Let them come, your clerks, and I will say to them: "My husband has called you to

witness that he had put me away and now calls me back." Let them come, let them come, your episcopal guard.

THEODAT. I have more powerful arms; I have shields more impenetrable than human breasts! I will take refuge beneath the shelter of my sacred vestments. O God, once more, bless once more my sacred vesture.

[*With outstretched arms and lifted head he recites like a prayer the symbolic enumeration, without noticing MAXIMIENNE's ironic interruptions.*]

THEODAT. I will put on the Amice, brodered with the cross of my salvation;

The Alb, which embraces my body with purity and whiteness;

The Almuce, which protects my consecrated head;

The Stole, symbol of the yoke which holds me.

MAXIMIENNE. [*Who has been listening in astonishment, approaching him.*] Both of us beneath the yoke of the Stole.

THEODAT. The Fanon, a fetter on my arms and neck to remind me of the fragility of earthly bonds.

MAXIMIENNE. Our kisses will make them more solid than a bar of iron.

THEODAT. The Chasuble, which covers me like a small house, entire and closed on all sides, the unity and integrity of my faith.

MAXIMIENNE. I will force the lock.

THEODAT. The Cope, which defends my shoulders against profane burdens.

MAXIMIENNE. I am light as a woman.

THEODAT. The Dalmatica without a join like the robe of my Saviour, image of the cross on which He was nailed for man's sake.

MAXIMIENNE. I will bear half of your cross.

THEODAT. The Gloves through which my left hand knows not what my right hand doeth.

MAXIMIENNE. Give me your right hand—I will be discreet.

THEODAT. The priestly shoes, which lead my feet upon the right way.

MAXIMIENNE. I will follow the traces of your feet.

THEODAT. The Girdle with which I have bound my loins and my desires.

MAXIMIENNE. I will break the clasp.

THEODAT. [*His arms fall to his sides like cut boughs.*] O Lord, you have heard!— Shameless one!

MAXIMIENNE. [*Sadly, with a touch of anger.*] You did not think me shameless when you crept towards my house at the fall of evening and when you forgot everything in my arms so that one day the morning sun surprised us together! You did not think me shameless when you provoked my kisses with your caresses. You loved me.

[*MAXIMIENNE is silent; slowly, with an air of discouragement, she walks towards the organ. As she preludes with a few notes, the Bishop becomes restless and speaks in a voice of impotent and weary anger.*]

THEODAT. The holy organ! The sacred instrument of liturgies, the accompaniment of prayer! Maximienne!

[*But she begins to sing. He listens. She sings and accompanies herself on the organ, which after each stanza, repeats the melody without the words:*]

Ubi sunt amatoria,
Ubi sunt adjutoria
Qui prima desideria
Revocarent ad amatum?

Quid lumen luet ridendo?
Quis flatus flabit virendo,
Quae flamma surget fovendo
In deserto derelictam?

THEODAT. [*While MAXIMIENNE continues, without the words, her improvised melody.*] She seems to weep as she sings!

MAXIMIENNE. [*The organ ceases; she comes down and stands by the Bishop.*] Once! Must I say that again, O God? Once, you loved me! At least remember our old joy. May its memory be as sweet to you as it is sweet to me. You possessed me and I possessed you as a treasure. Theodat, I had only you, I have only you!

THEODAT. [*With an effort, trying to hide his emotion.*] Me! Me! You have God.

MAXIMIENNE. I have Him no longer.

THEODAT. He is everyone's.

MAXIMIENNE. He has left my heart. I had Him only through you. In you alone was He visible and sensible to me. In you, adored intermediary, I found Him, felt Him, loved Him! . . . No, I can live no longer. . . . You are my husband—I love you—you belong to me!

[*She puts her hand timidly and yet with resolution on THEODAT'S arm—her hand contracts at the touch of his flesh through the sleeve.*]

THEODAT. [*In a softening voice.*] Take pity on us! Think of our salvation, of hell; think of hell!

MAXIMIENNE. Hell is to live without you, Heaven to sleep quietly in your arms. [*Theodat remains mute and immobile; she starts away.*] Barbarian! Barbarian, less feeling than the stones of your basilica! [*She picks up the clothes that made her disguise as an old woman; she flings them on her*

back.] I am going . . . Good-bye . . . This time you will never see me again.

[*She goes very slowly.*]

THEODAT. [*Making a half step towards his wife.*] Maximienne!

MAXIMIENNE. [*Not stopping her very slow movement.*] All is over. Good-bye.

THEODAT. [*Leaning forward.*] Maximienne!

MAXIMIENNE. [*Still moving.*] Ah, cruel, cruel!

[*She bursts into sobs.*]

THEODAT. [*Going forward resolutely.*] Maximienne!

MAXIMIENNE. Good-bye. Good-bye.

[*She touches the door, where her hand gropes for a moment. The lock yields and MAXIMIENNE is disappearing like a phantom little by little through the opening. THEODAT rushes forward and catches her robes.*]

THEODAT. Remain. I love you.

[*MAXIMIENNE allows him to bring her back; she shuts the door and very softly pushes the bar over, then yields to his arms. THEODAT takes her over to the bench and sitting down places her on his knees, caressing her more with kisses than with words.*]

He touches her, he contemplates her, he is happy. Her woman's dress troubles him almost as much as the woman herself. Here are her gold-embroidered shoes, held to her ankles by silk bands, her green girdle fastened by a buckle on which are two Roman soldiers, leaning against little byzantine columns, watching the tomb of Christ.]

MAXIMIENNE. You gave it to me. This ring—you gave me that, too—you remember? I was only your promised bride then. As long as I have it on my finger you will love me. How can I doubt its power after such a proof!

THEODAT. [*Bending down and picking up a key hidden under the bench.*] Look, this is the key of the little door. I give it into your hands.

MAXIMIENNE. [*Clutching the key eagerly.*] I have you again! Ah, I am happy now. If you only knew my life, my sadness, my tears, since you abandoned me!

THEODAT. I, too, have suffered. I thought of you always, always, even in my prayers.

MAXIMIENNE. The dream which brought me here did not deceive me.

THEODAT. A dream? From God perhaps? Yes, I hope so; I think so.

[*He caresses the white tunic with its embroideries of red silk and gold, the scarlet breast-fold. He loosens the collar whose clasp is formed of two united crosses; he half opens the little silver spheres. In one is a fragment of the mantle of St. Etienne; in the other, a parchment on which a skilled hand has written the Gospel according to St. John, which preserves us from sudden death and all unforeseen misfortunes. The spheres shut, THEODAT respectfully touches them with his lips.*

[*He takes off the bracelets, constellated with dark stones; he touches the gold circlet which holds her hair.*]

THEODAT. How beautiful you are! I am well beaten.

[*He carries her towards the bed, smiling and victorious—a new Eve!*]

THE END.

THE OLD KING*

A Play in One Act, translated from the French of
Remy de Gourmont by Richard Aldington.

The People of the Play.

GILDAS: King of Andaine.

GUISLAINE: Daughter of the King of Andaine.

YOLAND: Prince of Locmaria.

GERMAINE: Maid of honour, illegitimate sister of
Guislaine.

FLORAINE: Lady in waiting, sister of Guislaine,
daughter of the King and a woman
slave.

GAUTIER: Page.

Pages, soldiers, servants.

*The action takes place in the castle of ANDAINE, in
the great hall hung with arras, between nightfall
and sunrise, in the year when a bird of fire ap-
peared in the sky.*

* All rights of reproduction on the stage or in book-form are
reserved by the translator on behalf of the heirs of the late Remy de
Gourmont.

THE OLD KING

BY REMY DE GOURMONT.

(*Authorized translation by Richard Aldington.*)

FLORAINE. [*She finishes setting out the lighted clay lamps, flowers on trees of bronze, then, opening the shutter of the ogive-shaped window, she looks long into the night while the evening wind stirs the wings of her head-dress, like that of an angel. She clasps her hands and exclaims happily, counting on her fingers—for one by one the stars are coming out.*] One eye, two eyes, three eyes: one alone is the eye of God; two are the blue eyes of Jesus smiling at His mother, our Lady; three are the Wise Men on their knees in the straw and in the glory of the stable.— One eye, two eyes, three eyes: the melancholy flames of the lamps tremble like souls when the angelus, crying at dawn, recalls them to the prison of purgatory.— Oh! that I might be delivered, I also, poor soul of love, for one whole autumn night, or, if God willed, for one spring day, when the willows are so soft, blue and green, so tender with their flowering tears—delivered a little from my love, Yoland, lord, you, who hold me always in a harsh prison of love within your dark gentle heart. O Yoland, your heart is black as a prison-tower and I eat there bread which is harder than the rings with which you bind my legs, Yoland, and my white arms. Yoland, the poor servant's arms are white and warm as the fleece of a lamb, as the young lambs tottering

on their legs. [*She lifts her arms with a gesture of love; her wide sleeves, falling back, leave them naked.*] Yoland, here are my arms! [*But she blushes, perceiving her nakedness, hides her arms, one falling along her robe, the other resting on the half-opened shutter.*] I am drunk with the scent of the stars! O sky, garden of thyme and hawthorn, garden of roses and columbines, here is the choir, amorous of woes, here prince Iris who smiles in his helmet with its violet crest. Here is the carnation, a golden-haired page; here is Yoland, a sun flowering in the sun of my dream.

[*She is silent and stands immobile, yet seems to be very far away. At this moment GAUTIER comes in and, perceiving FLORAINE, approaches, kneels down, and is about to kiss her hand. With an apparently unconscious movement, FLORAINE's hand slips away.*]

GAUTIER. You escape like a serpent under the briars, like the water of a stream. Your hand passed over my hand like water through fingers. Give me your hand, Floraine; I am thirsty; let me drink it.

FLORAINE. [*She turns, hiding her hands in her deep sleeves.*] No, I cannot play any more. I have thought about it—it is too serious for play.

GAUTIER. But I am serious too, Floraine, when I look at you. Do I seem to be laughing? Look at my eyes! Floraine, I will play very seriously with you.

FLORAINE. What would you do?

GAUTIER. You will see, you will see; I will give you kisses on your hands, your arms, your cheeks, your mouth!

FLORAINE. On my mouth, Gautier! But that is a sin!

GAUTIER. Your hand, first of all.

FLORAINE. No. Your eyes frighten me. Yes,

your eyes are serious; they are too serious. Poor little Gautier! My hands are chained, my arms are bound, my cheeks are in prison, my lips are sealed. May God deliver me, little Gautier!

[She kisses his forehead, holding his head in her hands, and then disappears.]

GAUTIER. Why do my eyes frighten her? My eyes are blue, my soul is blue as the kiss of sky and sea; my eyes are gentle, my heart is gentle as the smile of the first leaves of an oak. My hair is a foliage of desires and dreams where the wind of life plays with love. Strip off my leaves, wind, and bear me towards the track of the white-winged ships on the flowering sea! O blossoming sea, wild garden of waves! You are afraid of a desire, Floraine, you are afraid of a bird: I am afraid of myself, Floraine, for instead of a gentle child I find a man who says: "I love and I desire." Your lips had the grace and power of two suns and of a double spring: the tree has all its branches and its shade is fertile. Come, sleep in my shadow.

[He stands up with his arms stretched out and he can be seen to grow larger and to become a man. At this moment, the window opens, a puff of wind bends the clear flames of the lamps, thunder bursts overhead and a flash of lightning flies through the night. GILDAS enters slowly but with a look of suspicion and mistrust.]

GILDAS. The cannon, bells, torches . . .

GAUTIER. Lightning and thunder, my lord! The elements have revolted under the paternal eye of their master. In the time that it takes to open and shut one's eyes three times Nature has done the work of a long and laborious year: then God spoke.

GILDAS. What do you mean?

GAUTIER. Look, my lord, how in a moment I have

become from a page, the child I was yesterday, a captain to serve you better.

GILDAS. It is true. The sap rises without our seeing it; it rises like an odour and the leaves have budded when we think the life still buried under the grass. It is true; you can look into my eyes without lifting your head. Your glance is proud. To-night you shall command the company of pages.

GAUTIER. [*He bends on one knee.*] I render you homage and swear fidelity to you, King Gildas.

GILDAS. You will defend this part of the castle, the women, and, most of all, my daughter, the princess Guislaine.

GAUTIER. And then Germaine and then Floraine—yes! But why to-night?

GILDAS. Be silent and follow me until the bell rings. You know nothing, then? Have women's mouths secrets now for the ears they kiss? Have the she-cats become mute, do they make love silently? Gautier, tell me the truth!

GAUTIER. [*He trembles before old Gildas' imperious voice.*] My lord, I love Floraine, but she has kissed me only once—on the forehead.

GILDAS. Ah! On the forehead! Like a sister, little brother! But you should take her, force her to cry out, make her speak! At the moment when her soul is darkened by sensual mists, she will speak, without knowing what she does, the words and the names which her blood drifts along her veins. She will speak your name perhaps—or perhaps the name of Yoland.

GAUTIER. [*He pales and repeats in a sad voice:*] Yoland!

GILDAS. Do I pierce your breast? Draw your sword and defend yourself! Defend her whom you love against herself and against Yoland.

GAUTIER. Yoland?

GILDAS. Everyone here loves Yoland. Yoland is popular—under gowns and petticoats. From Andaine to Locmaria, Yoland has passed through all the branches, and, like a fox, over all the virgin hedges. She who has not yet had Yoland will have him. Ring, bell; burn, torches; he shall not have Guislaine while I live!

GAUTIER. Nor Floraine!

GILDAS. Well said, brave boy! But understand. I am old. Guislaine has taken a great deal of my authority. The soldiers are devoted to her and I no longer dare to give orders, for fear of seeing myself snubbed by a respectful disobedience. My authority is now only in my glances, in my words, in my gestures: wherever I am not present, I no longer reign. So I wander by night and by day; I bear the fear of my presence into the very cellars, and I listen. There is silence when my heavy step echoes under the vaulted roof, but women's voices are shrill; they trickle, like water, through the walls. When I pass in the silence of the night, the walls say: "Yoland, Yoland! Yoland."—I have refused him my daughter's hand; I know that he will come to seize her, I know that treason will open the gates to him, and I know that he will come to-night. Gautier, old books have taught me many things and the stars are my friends. Natalis will ring the bell. He is in his tower; he watches, he exorcises and he prays. Prayer is stronger than law, but law governs the inferior world; whoever knows it escapes its tyranny; by prayer and by exorcism he directs actions according to their true end, which is the glory of God and the salvation of men. Yoland is a heretic, Yoland has revolted, Yoland is luxurious: war for love, war for aggrandisement, religious war!

He tears off the scapular which blesses the breasts of women and the medals which purify their hearts; the fear solely of the people, not the fear of God, makes him respect churches, priests, calvaries, and the saints. O Lord of Heaven and You, Virgin, His earthly mother, deliver me from evil! Child, take this dagger, it will identify you to the castle guard; I shall be everywhere, at the doors, at the walls, at the mines. Come and choose a sword.

[GILDAS and GAUTIER go out.]

GUISLAINE. [*She enters by another door, followed by Floraine, and advances silently, like a conspirator, looking, listening, then speaking, at first in half-tones.*] They are going down the great stair-case. To choose a sword! Why should that boy be slain? But, Floraine, since this young Gautier is wooing you, he ought to obey you. How is it if he loves you that he follows Gildas? You are betraying me.

FLORAINE. I, madame? To betray you would be to betray myself. I love Count Yoland like yourself and as much as you: conqueror and master, he will choose between the princess and the serving-woman—but if he wants me for his slave, I will be his slave.

GUISLAINE. And his mistress.

FLORAINE. May God hear you!

GUISLAINE. Insolent and scandalous creature! I will have you hanged when Yoland is King!

FLORAINE. I shall tell my name, sister, so that I shall have my head cut off instead.

GUISLAINE. You have no name.

[*Enter GERMAINE.*]

FLORAINE. Guislaine, Germaine and Floraine, the three sisters, are marked by the same sign: the same joys, the same sorrows, the same loves.

GUISLAINE. Chance!

FLORAINE. [*She turns back her sleeve and GUISLAINE'S to the shoulder.*] Show your arm, Germaine. Sisters, you see the three sister stars, the three red stains, the three flowers of blood.

GERMAINE. [*She strikes herself and her sisters in the breast, as children do in their games.*] To Guislaine: Daughter of a Queen. To Floraine: Daughter of Pain. To Herself: Daughter of Hate.

FLORAINE. [*Playing the same game.*] To Herself: To love. To Guislaine: To reign. To Germaine: And you?

GERMAINE. I am neither daughter of a slave, nor daughter of a queen, but born of violence and adultery; my destiny is less clear: it seems to me that I do not love life. I have never held a man's hand in my hand without desiring to break it or to bite it, for man is strength, his hand is action.

GUISLAINE. They play, they chatter, they act like little girls! You know that it is for to-night?

GERMAINE. At what time?

GUISLAINE. Towards morning. At the time when he is asleep, when he falls, dropping his stick and his lantern, tired at last with having dragged his ghost along all the stairs and into all the cellars. To-night or the next night, but be ready: the orders have been given. You will remain here or in the gallery. In case of need—the underground passage in the chapel under the Altar of Saint Anne.

GERMAINE. What shall we do with the old King?

GUISLAINE. Let him remain a ghost!

GERMAINE. Yes, but he has gestures, glances, words; people obey him. His kingly look penetrates hearts like an imperious perfume. Let us make sure of him, respectfully.

GUISLAINE. No. He wanted war; let him endure the lot of the conquered.

GERMAINE. Do not be so harsh towards your father.

GUISLAINE. He will not understand. Childhood, fallen like an over-narrow garment, has covered his head. We will say nothing to him. Without knowing it, he will pass from the state of a king to that of a shade. He will have the cellars to walk in, and the darkness for a kingdom: we will leave him his lantern and his large, blind-man's stick.

GERMAINE. But let us tell him what we want.

GUISLAINE. The king is only a word, but a sword is lifted against us, young, proud, and luxuriant as a young shoot of the year: ash, hazel or willow, it must be broken.

FLORAINE. Who?

GUISLAINE. You know.

FLORAINE. Gautier?

GUISLAINE. And you alone can break this impertinent rod.

FLORAINE. How?

GUISLAINE. How! He's in love with you, fool! The man who loves a woman belongs to that woman as a mouse belongs to a witch. You can strangle him, you can poison him—you can make him sleep. You have hands, you have lips—Floraine; when the trumpets sound under the ramparts, Gautier must be sleeping either in the shroud of death or in the shroud of love. You can be gentle; you can intoxicate him so deliciously that he will bless the poisonous lips and their savour will be to him an insatiable desire. He is an eldest son. Take him and inherit with him the barony of Audierne.

FLORAINE. You do not know me, Guislaine. Thine is a simple, foolish heart. I love Yoland; I will

offer myself to him and, if he takes me, I shall be his happy slave. If he spurns me from his knees, I shall never love anyone but myself, made sacred through having loved the impossible. Gautier is a pretty boy; I like him; but I am bound, I am prisoner; Yoland holds me with his strong knees, I feel the bite of the spurs and the bite of the snaffle at my mouth: I go where he guides me.

GUISLAINE. Poor thing! Yet you know what the tragedy is to be and what part we have written down for you.

FLORAINE. The actors sometimes forget to speak certain verses and if their memory fails them they sometimes fill up the text with unexpected words.

GERMAINE. But what is this Gautier to do, whom I saw yesterday playing with the little peasants?

GUISLAINE. He is to command the guard which will defend this part of the palace. I overheard the instructions which the King gave him. Folly! But he is brave and may be dangerous. Yoland is not invulnerable.

GERMAINE. I will look after him.

GUISLAINE. You?

GERMAINE. Do I not look like a woman? My heart is like a man's—and I hate my brothers—but my breast is flesh and not crystal: the god of my monstrosity is hidden.

GUISLAINE. I have confidence in you.

GERMAINE. Believe in me, for I love you.

GUISLAINE. Sister, you have something terrible and adorable in you. Yours is the only voice which commands my limbs and which makes my arteries tremble like streams ruffled by the wind. Shall I find you both here in a little while?

GERMAINE. Here, or in the gallery.

GUISLAINE. I am going to give the soldiers drink.

GERMAINE. You yourself?

GUISLAINE. Myself. My pitcher pours wine; my hand pours fire.

[GUISLAINE goes out.]

GERMAINE. Do not yield, Floraine. Be the ironic bird which mounts from bough to bough as the child approaches the tree. And—listen to my confession. I am ashamed and I suffer in the depth of my man's heart. I feel a coward before the cowardice of treason and my honour is revolted when I think of the old man rent by our plots.

FLORAINE. You, Hatred?

GERMAINE. I do not hate the innocent or the simple or the weak. Am I Hatred, Floraine? I hate only the males who desire to humiliate me in my flesh or in the flesh that I love. I love Guislaine! I love Guislaine, my divine sister, a queen elect by every drop of my blood—listen! and I am jealous of Yoland. My hatred is named "Yoland." I do not wish him to take my sister. I am Guislaine's faithful server, and I do not wish her to have a master.

FLORAINE. You speak of her like a lover!

GERMAINE. And I would like to have the right to speak of her so, Floraine!

FLORAINE. Would you be a man?

GERMAINE. I would like to dare to be a man . . . No, Yoland shall not enter here.

FLORAINE. And I?

GERMAINE. Go and find him again.

FLORAINE. No, I will wait. He will come, he must come. The bird waits. The bird will not escape the fowler. Ah! Germaine, I wait, I wait deliciously.

GERMAINE. But think! If he takes the kingdom, he takes Guislaine.

FLORAINE. He does not love Guislaine, he loves Floraine. He does not love Guislaine, he loves the kingdom. He does not love Guislaine, he only takes her to get the kingdom. He takes the kingdom only to give it to Floraine. Ah! How happy I shall be! How I shall run in the meadow of love! How I shall play with the lambs, with the flowers, and with each blade of grass! They knock at the gate of my prison. Enter, fair prince! Enter, sun! Here are my arms, my lips! Here is my heart filled with dew! Enter, fair prince! Enter, sun!

GERMAINE. Why don't you sing the whole song, Floraine?

FLORAINE. Enter, fair prince! Enter, sun! Here is my heart filled with dew!

GERMAINE. No! Here are my eyes filled with tears!

FLORAINE. No! Here is my heart filled with dew!

GERMAINE. No! Here are my hands filled with blood!

FLORAINE. Leave the blood in my veins and the tears in my eyes. I want to keep all my strength to love Yoland and all my tears to laugh like a child with Yoland, with the eyes of Yoland, with the arms of Yoland, with his heart, with his limbs, when I offer him my crossed hands like a stirrup . . . Think, Germaine! I am the war horse and the love horse. He leaps the hedge, if the gate is shut, and he comes to sniff his master's hands—he trembles and a shiver runs from his loins along his legs to the very horn of his hoofs! Yoland is my master and my cavalier. I would be damned for Yoland's sake!

GERMAINE. How well you speak your love! I cannot speak. I think of mute caresses, profound and dark, and I am afraid of my desire.

FLORAINE. You desire to be happy, you desire to live at the feet of Guislaine, and I want you to be happy. Let everything go, let this night end, and when Yoland, before setting foot here, kisses the hands I hold out to him, when Guislaine moans in terror and kisses our knees, you will come and embrace the fallen queen in your maternal arms.

GERMAINE. You tell me your dream, Floraine, but Yoland—do you know him well?

FLORAINE. I love him.

GERMAINE. A bad answer. A woman's heart is a child's heart. . . . Will you be my friend?

FLORAINE. Yes.

GERMAINE. And do you want us all three to be saved and to be queens?

FLORAINE. I do want that.

GERMAINE. Take half the kingdom, take all the west of the Forest to the edge of the sea, and let that be the dowry you bring Yoland. But let him respect the castle of Andaine and let neither his men nor himself ride across the river Yves. Let him add that domain to the domain of Locmaria and let old Gildas die in peace in the care of his two daughters. If you have not lied, if Yoland loves you and has loved you since he saw your legs three years ago at the ford of Grollon when we passed through the water, laughing like two careless girls; if it is you whom he chases from flight to flight under the trees and in the glades of Andaine; if it is for you that he burns huts and ruins towers, go, give him what he wants and let us be happy, each in our own pleasure.

FLORAINE. No, no, he shall be King of Andaine, he shall be the conqueror, the master, the destroyer. He must see Guislaine and Floraine captives before him and choose Floraine, and my sister's pride must

be punished and I will mount on her shoulders and kneel on her loins. But nothing more. I will protect her and you shall not be separated from her. You shall be treated as the daughters of the King.

GERMAINE. No, Guislaine is the only queen. I want to be the queen's sister and not the bed-fellow of a fallen princess. I want what is now. Long live the King! By betraying Guislaine, I betray treachery and I make the happiness of my love and the glory of my heart. Yoland shall not enter here. Everything shall be stopped. I am going to find the old King and from that Gantier whom you despise, Floraine, I will forge a sword which will crush out your eyes.

[GERMAINE goes out.]

FLORAINE. I believe in God and in Yoland; I believe in my love. I am the servant and the mistress of the King. I wait for the meadows to be rosy, for the gentians to shed tears of gold; I wait for Saint Michel to descend the miraculous stairway of heaven and for St. George to pass, reaping the ripe corn. I await the sword which will sever the thread of the Virgin and the lance on which my hair will float like a trophy. I await the conquerer, the lover.

GAUTIER. [*He enters quickly, looking proud and happy.*] Floraine, be glad. We shall remain master of the town and of the whole kingdom. The army is rejoicing over an approaching victory and I shall be Lord High Constable.

[*He kneels before Floraine, whose thoughts are far away.*]

Deign to accept my love, Floraine, deign to become a woman through him who without you would be still a child. Floraine, give me your eyes for an alms, your beautiful, soft eyes, Floraine. . . . I am giving you everything I have, my youth, my

strength, my frankness and the glory whose kiss I feel already on my heart. I give you my death, Floraine, for I will die for you, if God desires that I should die.

FLORAINE. [*She looks at him, caresses his head, a little touched.*] Be good, child. Yoland is cruel to offenders. Be good, for I want to save you.

GAUTIER. [*Standing up.*] It is I who protect you! Floraine, you speak to a knight, not to a page. . . .

FLORAINE. Let me go, let me go! I have only just enough time to go and put on my best robe to receive the victor.

[FLORAINE goes out.]

GAUTIER. Everyone thinks of Yoland here. Everyone loves him: Floraine loves Yoland. She? She who has made me a man loves a rebellious prince whose sword has the ugliness of a boar-spear. Floraine, mother of my heart, who brought forth my desire, am I then the son of treason and shame? Long live the King! My first love is my first disgust.

GERMAINE. [*She comes in during his last words.*] Gautier, where is our lord, Gildas?

GAUTIER. Gildas? He is everywhere, in the cellars, in the arsenal, on the ramparts, in the Tower. He will die with honour. I shall not abandon him. I shall be near him and the young sap of the wild seedling will gush out under the axe at the same time as the blood of the old oak.

GERMAINE. You talk like a woman! Come. Give me your sword. Have you the password? There is a trap-door under the altar of St. Anne; you can escape.

GAUTIER. [*Sadly and indignantly.*] Oh!

GERMAINE. He is not a coward! . . . He has blood, red blood under that soft, fine skin.

[*She caresses his cheek.*]

This hand is hard as a gauntlet.

[*She takes his hand.*]

This arm is supple and strong, like a sword.

[*She holds his arm in her two hands.*]

There is a heart in this breast, an invincible heart.

[*She touches Gautier's body with her fingers.*]

Gautier, Gildas has chosen you as lieutenant; he has done well. We have confidence in you, for you only can stand against Yoland, iron against iron.

[*Touching the handle of his sword.*]

Oh! Here is a sword which asks only to lose its virginity.

[GAUTIER blushes.]

You blush, prince?

GAUTIER. Madame, I am not a prince, and could I become one if I must fight against Gildas and against felony? Gildas said rightly: "Everyone here loves Yoland." I am in despair. There is nothing but death for me.

GERMAINE. Again? To die when a King's daughter. . . .

GAUTIER. Floraine is not a King's daughter.

GERMAINE. How do you know?

GAUTIER. I do not care.

GERMAINE. You give her to Yoland, without fighting, without regret, without shame?

GAUTIER. I will fight but not for Floraine, for I blush to love her since my love was too weak to tear her from treason. I shall fight for the King; I shall fight for myself—for you, madame.

GERMAINE. He is gallant as a page and pretty as a girl. Come! Be brave and hands of joy will pour more caresses for you than your heart can

drink. Child, who despairs when he has only to smile to be loved! Come, look at me! What beautiful eyes he has.

[Her cape opens and shows a small part of her breast. GAUTIER is moved, for GERMAINE is beautiful.]

Let me see what colour they are; they are blue, like grass in the meadows. . . . Wait. . . .

[She takes his head and kisses his eyes, then makes him sit near her on a coffer covered with thick fleeces.]

. . . I cannot tell. . . . Never have I breathed in so lovely a flower. . . .

[She draws him to her breast and plays with his hair. GAUTIER kisses her throat.]

Will you fight for me?

GAUTIER. Yes.

GERMAINE. For me only? For me and the King?

GAUTIER. Yes.

GERMAINE. You will kill Yoland?

GAUTIER. Yes.

GERMAINE. He frightens me. . . . Shall I be the wife of this child?

GAUTIER. *[He puts his arms clumsily about her.]*
I am a man.

GERMAINE. Yes, in your eyes and on your lips is poison. . . .

GAUTIER. I do not understand what you are saying; I want to close your mouth.

GERMAINE. No, no!

GAUTIER. With my mouth. . . .

GERMAINE. *[Who has shrunk back.]* No, no! You love me like the fly which seeks a crevice in which to plant the poison of life. . . .

GAUTIER. Yes, I love you; I want to live in you.

GERMAINE. Do you love me enough to obey me, as if I were the lover and you the mistress?

GAUTIER. Yes.

GERMAINE. You say "yes," because you desire me. Your heart beats not with love but with desire. Mine also, Gautier, and my mouth like yours is hungry and thirsty for flowering flesh. Do you know how I can love?

GAUTIER. I know nothing. . . . I would like to kiss your knees.

GERMAINE. O Guislaine, my sister, his hair is long and gold like yours. O Guislaine I love you in him. . . .

GUISLAINE. [*She enters slowly and noiselessly, her head high and ironic.*] You see, Germaine, there was a hole in your breastplate.

GERMAINE. Oh! . . .

[*To GAUTIER.*]

Go.

[*GAUTIER runs off without a word.*]

GERMAINE. Pardon, pardon! It is you alone! I was surprised, but that youthful head—I thought of your beauty, Guislaine, as I caressed it.

GUISLAINE. What? What have you admitted? The desire of my body, you, a woman, you, my sister? You think of the grace of my limbs while you play with a page? What! You want to see me naked? Here are my arms, here are my shoulders, here are my breasts. They are of a marble which cannot be moved by a woman's eyes, nor by her hands, nor by her lips. You are looking?

[*She draws her cloak closer.*]

Folly! So you love me for that, for my skin, for the shape of my breasts? You love me in a fleshly way? Ah! Well, if the hour were less tragic I

would let you have your way, I would allow myself to be caressed by your impotence. . . .

GERMAINE. Ah yes!

GUISLAINE. As one allows a boy to make love to one to pass away an hour, to laugh at the difference between the desire and the act. . .

GERMAINE. If you knew!

GUISLAINE. The pretensions of vain voluptuousness weary me. Two little girls lying in the moss and playing like perverse angels or foolish turtle-doves. Ah, you are dangerous within for man nor woman! Go and skip and let your glances glide under your companions' petticoats. My sister? My adulterous sister, if I wish to recognize her. . . . Are there no officers here to tear the evil herb of debauch from my ladies of honour? Go to the guard, to the postern; they are bored. But you have Gautier? Have you chosen a girl among so many males? Ha! He ran away like a girl. . . .

GERMAINE. He fled from you. He will not flee from Yoland.

GUISLAINE. Leave me. I need neither your love nor your aid. Go.

GERMAINE. I obey you because I love you.

[She goes out.]

GUISLAINE. This is what they are! This is their devotion! The dog follows the trail of its vice. One would stain her sister's robe: the other, impudent daughter of a slave, dares to dream of the hand elected for my pleasure. Am I not the Queen, am I not the mistress? Am I not she whose bold will made fertile the plot whose future will soon be born, like a lovely child? Incorruptible flesh: shining head; smile, whose perfume saddens the roses themselves; O my love, O my lover, O my life! I am the world on the eve of creation; I am a chaos full of beauty;

I hold the sun in my night and the stars in my abysses; streams of peace and of joy flow through the formless shadow of my mountains, and the mud of my marshes glitters with the pure glory of future flowers. I am the sea, filled with the prodigious sigh of storms and waves; I am the cloud which will weep with joy; I am the sown space of fields at the hour when spring casts in the world the divine veil of puberty. Yoland, marvellous labourer, here is your work, here your harvest, your reward, here is Guislaine. . . . He will come. . . . I wait for the signal which will break this window. . . . Yet an hour, perhaps less than an hour, and everything will be accomplished forever! . . .

[*She muses.*] ..

Everything has yielded to my passion—men, the interests of my people, my father and myself—and my honour! I had to lie, to betray, I must deliver to misfortune the old King who smiled so gently as he caressed my hair. . . . O my father! O my people! I am afraid, at the last moment I am ashamed. . . . Was that thunder?

[*A movement of fear.*]

No, it was my conscience grumbling.

[*A movement of impatience.*]

Be silent, fool, and remember your love. Well said. I will think of my love. Love is everything. It is God, it is the world, it is the universal blossoming, the trees, bellied out like sails, and the grasses moving like the tides. It is the beasts, the flowers, women. I am a woman. I am the woman. What matters to me your wars, your cities, your countries, your laws, your kings and all the chains with which you deck your slavish shoulders! I am a woman. I care for nothing but the joy of being beautiful, happy and fertile. Everything must bend under the feet

of my joy—it shall walk triumphantly over every vanity and every tyranny. Give way peoples, kings, sergeants, nuns, beggars and priests, give way! A woman passes! Kneel down. She goes towards her lover, a radiant heifer lowing at the odour of the male. Depart! The sight of a free, proud animal would trouble the humility of your eyes. Stand aside! Let me walk in the glory of my resolution. I am life. I am she who blooms on ruins and who transforms the dark soil of dead leaves into live leaves. I am urged on by God. I go. I am everything, since I am. I want to enjoy the infinity of pleasure. I want to flower. I want the flower of my stem to be as large as the world. One man alone is equal to all men; my happiness is a right; the name of the only crime is sacrifice. . . .

[Her exaltation ceases.]

What demon speaks in me! Speak yet, demon! Speak! Sustain me! Your words make a fan before my eyes. . . . Ah! I see corpses, I see convulsed hands, I see blood on the old King's white beard. . . . Yoland, Yoland, why have you not given the signal? Yoland, I am dying of anguish! . . . Oh! my love vigil will be my death night. . . .

[She listens, with her ear towards the door.]

It is he, I can hear his staff, he is coming down the stairway of the Tower.

[She opens the door, which remains wide open, and the old King is seen.]

There is his lantern; it is really he. How old and weak he looks! He trembles like a tree in a storm and his staff slips on the stone steps. He stops. . . . He lays down his staff. . . . He is sitting down, with his lantern near his feet. . . . How pale he is! He is asleep. . . . No, he speaks. . . . He is dreaming.

GILDAS. I am the King, I am everything, the whole country, the forest, the stream, the town, the Tower, men, women and children. I am everything and I am nothing: an old word, an old King, a dying torch. They will not understand that words are coffers full of gems, of medals, of necklaces. . . . They will see when the coffers are broken what treasures men had hidden there under the syllables carved by the centuries. . . . They will see when the city shatters under their fists and the country under their heels. . . . They will see when the edge of an axe or the point of a sword has killed the old King. . . . They will see everything that was in his heart, all smiles, all desires, all pleasures, all the tears of a people. There will come out blood and water, wine and milk. They will see what a miracle an old King's heart is. Old King, old word, old coffer worm-eaten and rusty! Old King! Why will they not let me die with the honour of an old King? No one cares for me now here. Everyone betrays me. Everyone here loves Yoland. Yoland is young. Ah! Young King, you will eat one day the poisoned herb of treason. How old I am! It is true that I am very old. I can scarcely think. I always think the same things. . . . O ancient Kingdom, your dreams, your songs, your saints, your heroes, the flowers of your apple trees and the eyes of your daughters, you give that all to the new-comer, to the stranger, the enemy, to Yoland! Oh, you are old too, ancient Kingdom! Everything crumbles to dust, old words, old Kings! Where is my staff? My lantern? How old I am! Old King, old word, old coffer worm-eaten and rusty. . . . Lord God, why must I die by treason? Why, O Lord, have you given me a daughter with a heart of iron? Oh, how long and difficult are the steps that go down to my

tomb! The tomb of the old King, of the old King, of the old King. . . .

GUISLAINE. I am afraid, I am afraid! How he dreams!

GILDAS. [*Drawing himself up.*] My daughter, I am not dreaming, unhappily.

[*He rises and continues to descend.*]

GUISLAINE. Father, listen! There is something within my breast which I want to tell you. . . . Oh, I beg you!

GILDAS. [*He stops, lifts the lantern as high as his head, looks at his daughter a minute and replies*]:

We have nothing to say to each other, my daughter! The present does not understand the past.

[*He goes away; his staff rings on the flag-stones.*]

GUISLAINE. [*Passing the door.*] My father!

[*At the same moment the bell rings, an arrow breaks one of the panes of the window.*]

GUISLAINE. The signal! It is too late. I belong to Yoland.

[*She looks out through the broken pane.*]

There they are! There they are! Rise, sun! Clouds, tear yourselves apart. The curtain opens! I see! He marches the first, sword in hand, and beside him a red banner unfolds its flaming tongue. The gates! The gates! Wide open, the gates! Brave soldiers, how they obey my desire! Yoland has entered. The whole army follows him. I can count them. . . . One, two, ten, twenty, a hundred. . . . Enter, enter, servants of my heart. Enter, royal ants, the city is yours. . . . Ah! A flight of arrows! Cries, blasphemies! Who dares forbid my love the stairway of the Tower? . . . God! I can no longer see Yoland! . . .

[*Pages, women, soldiers, FLORAINE and GERMAINE enter.*]

FIRST PAGE. Where is Gautier? What's to be done?

SECOND PAGE. Gautier! Gautier!

GUISLAINE. Silence! Away, valets!

THIRD PAGE. Madame, we are here to guard your honour.

GUISLAINE. My honour! . . .

[*To the soldiers.*]

Throw this impudent person through the window!

FLORAINE. Yoland! Yoland!

FIRST SOLDIER. [*To GUISLAINE.*] Madame, you should retire. Swords are blind.

GUISLAINE. Obey!

FIRST SOLDIER. We obey only the King.

FLORAINE. Yoland! Yoland!

[GAUTIER enters, sword in hand.]

GAUTIER. Here, pages, to the right. . . .
Soldiers, to the left. . . . Make a hedge, a hedge of iron!

A SOLDIER. [*Entering.*] The King is dead!

ALL. Long live the King!

[*Other soldiers advance, bearing the body of old GILDAS. His forehead is split open; blood trickles on to his white beard.*]

GUISLAINE. [*Kneeling.*] Old King! Old father!

[*FLORAINE and GERMAINE also kneel down apart.*]

GAUTIER. [*Drawing GUISLAINE aside.*] Depart from here. Take care, you will stain your robe!

GUISLAINE. [*Approaching.*] I must see him! I must see him!

GERMAINE. [*To a soldier.*] Who killed him?

THE SOLDIER. No one. He fell on the stairway when the bell rang.

FLORAINE. Yoland! Yoland!

YOLAND. [*He enters slowly, looks around, and says, lifting his sword.*] Here is your King!

ALL. Long live the King!

GAUTIER. [*Pointing to the old King.*] Silence, people! . . . Dead or alive, there is no other King than Gildas.

YOLAND. Who are you?

GAUTIER. He who picks up the dead man's sword. [*YOLAND shrugs his shoulders and attacks the PAGE disdainfully. GAUTIER disarms YOLAND and pierces him.*]

GAUTIER. Gildas, I have kept my promise!

ALL. Long live the King!

FLORAINE. [*Throwing herself towards YOLAND.*] Yoland! Yoland!

YOLAND. [*Dying.*] Then you loved me, Floraine!

GUISLAINE. It is I that loved you, Yoland! I. I. Ah, I have paid dearly for your love, Yoland, and you die without thinking of Guislaine! Oh! Awake, Yoland, look at me, speak to me! Oh! do not die! . . . Yoland! Oh, at least let me gain something by my crime! Yoland! . . . Ah! day of horror! I must die also!

[*She seizes YOLAND's sword and slays herself.*]

GERMAINE. [*Throwing herself on her fallen sister.*] My sister! My sister! Oh, how beautiful you are, my sister! Oh, oh, oh! my sister is dead! My heart is dead!

[*She weeps.*]

FLORAINE. [*She rises and, sobbing, pointing to GERMAINE, says to GAUTIER:*] Love her, my lord. I will be her slave. If I had hearkened to her this

would not have happened. . . . Oh! all these pale faces, all this blood, all these tears! . . . Love her, my lord.

GAUTIER. [*To GERMAINE.*] Rise, madame, and come near to me!

GERMAINE. [*Obeying.*] My lord, will you save me from the horror of my heart?

GAUTIER. If you love me, madame, you will be saved.

FLORAINE. [*To the people, pointing to GAUTIER.*] Here is your King!

GAUTIER. [*To the people, pointing to GERMAINE.*] Here is your Queen!

FLORAINE. Long live the King!

ALL. Long live the King!

[*The crowd slowly leaves the hall.*]

FLORAINE. O Yoland, I am now your prisoner forever, prisoner without hope, prisoner with bleeding hands and with pierced heart! My God! I will live so as to be very unhappy, to suffer greatly, to weep greatly, to be a slave whose only joy is the pity she inspires.

GAUTIER. You are our sister, Floraine.

GERMAINE. Love is your excuse, Floraine.

GAUTIER. Today there has been a great tragedy, in the kingdom and in my heart.

May, 1897.

THE ITALIAN STAGE TODAY.



VIVACIOUS, gesticulating groups of dark-eyed lads, black in a flood of bright, Italian sunshine, gathered before the huge old college building: how often, in my student days at Florence, I have passed among them on my way to some murky little restaurant after the morning classes; and how often—half a foreigner, although one of them—I have smiled to myself at the unvarying topics of the conversations that came to me in lively snatches as I went.

“How delicious she is! I’d give anything——”

“Salvini! Salvini! Did you ever see him act, you? I tell you that Novelli——”

“She’s got a mouth as red as fire. *Dio mio!* It makes me——”

“Nothing of the sort! *Semiramide* goes like this: la—la——”

“Hey, Nello! Last night I went to *Come Le Foglie*—gallery, of course—and——”

“He acts like—No, you are a madman not to see that it’s his art to——”

Lovely woman, the opera, the theater; always these. And think of it—boys from fifteen to twenty! It was no affectation, either; those terrible eyes and lips are a fierce obsession even at that early age, and play and opera are to these lads what baseball is to lads here.

Think of it as an indication of what the drama must be and mean in Italy. The penchants of these

college boys are not a matter of acquired taste; they are in the blood. How should it be otherwise where the warm, languorous nights make every garden Juliet's; where for centuries the most picturesque church on earth has fostered the dramatic sense of a people whose every utterance is spontaneously dramatic? Italy's passion-hot drama is the great national pastime. In its many forms it follows all the racial and social complexities of the national life. Besides the large companies which incessantly traverse the country, others reside in various districts, whose native dialects they speak on the stage; and still others, heirs to the broad wit of the Improvised Comedy (that bizarre creation of the masses, in which the prototypes of Harlequin and Pierrot filled with extemporized comic dialogue the fantastic outlines given them), continue to draw roars of laughter from the good-natured, humble audiences among whom they dwell; while in the still mediæval south, Mysteries even now preserve the link between church and stage, and so well that Judas is often obliged to fly for his life before the performance is over. No smallest town is without a theater; and men and women, young and old, noblemen and laborers think of it with almost equal zest as the ideal place of amusement. Indeed it is obviously so, to them, because it is practically without competitors. The Italian does not like physical exertion, and though violent in anger and prone to admire such violence, finds barbarous a game like football; though he lives almost as much in his intellect as in his passions, he is not studious like the German—books are rather scarce than otherwise in the Italian house; his attitude towards art, too, is more a subconscious basking in esthetic sunshine to which he was born (and which he pines for the moment he is deprived of it)

than an inclination to make art a pursuit; business is work, strictly, and commonplace work. The delights of struggle for achievement are no delights to him: he sees the pain and the profit separately, and the one greatly detracts from the other. He loves what comes to him ready and unalloyed; and, consciously quick with subtle gifts and sensibilities, loves the readiness with which he makes much come to him. In his drama, musical and otherwise, all comes at once to his mobile, gifted mind, to his delicately sensitive emotions, and to those hungry passions of his that are yet so strangely glamorous with intellectual and emotional radiances and colors in which he sees them arrayed. Here no kill-joy preparation is required, no dullnesses intervene, no responsibilities irritate; here life, condensed to its most dramatic aspects, unfolds itself before him as a thrilling spectacle—a thing of burning passion, and yet a beautiful thing of the mind.

Passion, beauty, mind: these are surely the chief characteristics of the modern Italian stage—especially passion, and in its most violent and tragic forms. What must strike the American first and most is the lava-flood of incontinence that overwhelms these plays. Even to the untraveled observer the thing must be only too palpable; of the forty typical plays described in Jean Dornis' *Le Théâtre Italien Contemporain*, thirty are based on illicit love.

Adultery is the subject of nineteen. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is but one of the four like it by the same author, nor is Verga in any way exceptional. In Bracco's* *The Masqueraders*, a husband returns

* As may be expected, playwrights are legion in Italy; the following are the best known of those now living: Robert Bracco, perhaps the most popular, is a kindly and keen observer of the bourgeoisie; among his most successful plays are *Don Pier Caruso*, *The Mas-*

home from a long voyage to find that his wife has committed suicide. Soon he discovers the cause; not even shame at her guilt but grief at being abandoned by her lover, his own business partner. "You have betrayed my honor," he says to the seducer, "but the crowd shall never suspect it and trample on my name; beware how you relax an instant in your hypocrite's part. On with your mask, forward with the comedy; you are mine to shield myself with as I see fit; you have forged your own chains."

In Rovetta's *The Dishonest*, it is the death of the lover that reveals all to the husband, who, appointed administrator by the heirs, discovers that the luxuries which he fondly imagined to be the fruit of his wife's skillful economy were the price of her betrayal. Dreading that others will read the truth in any sudden retrenchment, he has recourse to theft; he is detected, and cursing the cause of his downfall, yet weakly embracing her at the last, he takes to flight, while she rolls to the floor in abject agony. In Praga's *An Ideal Wife*, we see the husband basking in the affectionate solicitude of his wife

queraders, *The Unfaithful One*. Camillo Antona Traversi and his brother Giannino have portrayed with fine irony the high society to which they belong; the former's *The Rosenos* and the latter's *The Bracelet* probably hold the first place with the public. Giovanni Verga is the author of violently dramatic Sicilian plays, such as *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *The Fox Hunt*. Marco Praga is an objective writer like Flaubert; *The Ideal Wife*, *Hallelujah*, and *The Virgins* may be mentioned among his most successful works. Girolamo Rovetta is a skillful dramatic impressionist, whose vivid settings, it is contended, create his psychologically imperfect characters and make up for his disconnected plots. *Dorina*, *The Dishonest*, and *Reality* are three of his best plays. Enrico Butti, whose chief plays are discussed in these pages, is the dramatic analogue of Fogazzaro (who also has written a few plays). Gabriele D'Annunzio's *Gioconda*, *Citta Morta*, etc., are highly esteemed, though it is recognized that they are more the work of a novelist than that of a playwright. Sem Benelli sprang suddenly from obscure frame-maker to noted artist with his *Supper of Pranks*; his subsequent plays have not been equally successful. Ugo Ojetti, author of *All for Love*, is one of the lesser but distinguished artists.

and his old friend. With a gay farewell he leaves the room, and the wife flings herself passionately into her lover's arms. Without, all point and snicker behind the victim's back, but he never suspects. Even when he finds his serene-faced spouse in the other's apartment, her candor disarms him; she is there on the same errand as himself—to warn the family friend of danger that threatens his brother. The lovers prudently part, at last, under his very nose; but he remains blissfully unconscious of any change. As the enterprising familiar coolly remarks to a friend, "the dame is an ideal wife—and an ideal mistress." In the same author's *Hallelujah*, the sinful daughter of a sinful mother utterly crushes her old father's pride, already bowed with hidden shame; in his *Undine* the husband's dread of betrayal—he has married an actress—turns him into a hysterical tyrant who finally drives his wife back to the stage.

To the American this must seem more sordid than tragical. Not so to the Italian; to him it means the ever brooding tragedy with which the burning south menaces the peculiar and tormenting sense of dignity of the southerner. In Italy the betrayed husband's cry of anguish is not one of shocked morality nor of broken-hearted affection; it bursts from his intolerable humiliation at having been defied and outwitted; at having been robbed to his face; at having been made a helpless object of ridicule to his fellows. When he slays the culprit, he is almost invariably acquitted, for he has washed his stained honor clean. In Italy the unfaithful wife is almost as great an incubus as the negro in the South here, and anyone familiar with conditions there must easily see why. D'Annunzio's women, half devil and half child, may be cruelly drawn; yet an irresponsible child the Italian woman certainly is, in a meas-

ure; and this because she is given little chance to be anything else. Camillo Antona Traversi's *The Happiest Days* shows us her betrothal: arranged for her, squabbled over, artificial: more her parent's affair than hers. From the start, too, she is made to feel that she is too weak to guard her own integrity; how often I have watched elder sister or puffing mother trailing along in the wake of some betrothed couple. Finally marriage puts an end to the trepidations of her parents, and thenceforth the husband watchfully guards in her *his* uneasy honor. Small wonder that she comes to believe in her irresponsibility; small wonder that, cast thus into the arms of her ardent temperament, she comes to see in herself the preordained victim of the flaming, beautiful god, Passion, and willingly abandons herself to him when she is beset. And beset she is, without scruple, for it is not her childish honor that is considered, but that of her husband; if he is a dolt unable to protect it, laughter is all he deserves. Is it strange that he dreads the disgrace of that taunting laughter; that he feels the menace of it envelop him with almost superhuman power; that in his struggle against it he assumes, in his own eyes, the tragic dignity of a Laocoon?

Yes, terribly tragic, to an Italian audience, is the struggle between the overwhelmed mortal and the irresistible god. Terribly tragical, yet intensely seductive, even to the men, with the intoxication of sacrifice upon his altars; for their blood also loves in him all the romance of love aflame with all the splendid fury of youth; and if woman is often likened to a serpent by them, she is always the divinely beautiful serpent that her victim must embrace even while she slays him. As for their attitude towards plays in which their own many lapses

from virtue are portrayed, add to this glamour the familiarity of habit and you will understand what it must be. The American would hardly regard these "dramas of passion" in the same light. The heroine of Rovetta's *Dora* is wooed by the young marquis in whose mother's house she is a governess. Thereupon she is dismissed and falls into the hands of a beldame who urges upon her a vile means of paying her rent. When the enamoured youth seeks her out, the girl flings herself into his arms in a transport of joy. But alas, he has not come as a rescuer; convinced that he cannot marry her, unwilling to seduce her, yet unable to conquer his passion, he sides with her evil councillor. She drives him from her: then despair added to necessity compasses her ruin. The marquis now seeks her out once more. "Marry me if you want me," she scornfully replies, and, utterly infatuated, he marries her. C'est la grande passion; there's no resisting it. So finds Luke, the hero of Bracco's *Triumph*. A man of theories and books, his idyl with the young artist, Nora, is purely Platonic. "My lips have never deflowered hers," he declares. This amuses his friend, John, but horrifies a good old country priest of their acquaintance, who considers such love without consummation unnatural and unholy, and, in hopes of bringing the two nearer to good old mother earth, invites them and their friend to his rural parish. The miracle is accomplished but not quite as he expected, for it is the friend who profits by it, and without benefit of clergy. Not that the ascetic scholar remains untransformed: abandoned by the happy doves to vegetate as best he may, he earns an indignant rebuff from a rustic damsel who, she would have him know, is about to be married. Add to John's amusement, the priest's uncomprehending

disapproval, and you will understand why the play based on sweet, soft nonsense is as rare in Italy as it is common over here. *Dora*, too, is instructive in more ways than one. Chiefly it is the story of a man's surrender to passion; but incidentally—nonchalantly, almost—it is a study in prostitution, and as such again typical of many others. Where unrestrained passion is an indispensable concomitant of life, it is not surprising that its attendant evil should be equally familiar and as readily accepted; and the Italian stage is too faithfully representative to ignore the unfortunates who, in every narrower street, after dark, jingle keys at the passer-by or hurry whispering after him. Praga's *A Woman* is based upon a fact familiar to students of this unhappy class: their wretched calling does not banish love from their hearts; each poor Nancy has a hulking, villainous Bill Sikes of her own choice. Praga's Nancy is less ignobly the victim of her devotion than Dickens's. For the sake of her idol's child she struggles away from the slough, and when she finds that only separation can save it from taint, returns alone to the slums from her benefactress' house; then she kills herself.

The passion in *A Woman* is not ignoble, and much other passion that flames to its tragic extinction on the Italian stage is nobler far than glorified lust. The fury of clashing knives in *Cavalleria* is brutal; yet it is the fury of fearless men who, if they scorn the discretion which is virtue, also scorn that which is the better part of valor. The heart-broken invectives of poor old Hallelujah are almost Shakesperian; and there is something akin to religious contrition in the agony of remorseful filial love with which the hero of Butti's *Race After Pleasure* confesses to his dying old mother that he has seduced his ward, and

betrayed his wife, and wrecked his home. Both these plays tell us that if Italy is the land of passions, one of these, at least—that which unites children and parents—is sacredly beautiful in its intensity, even though it may seem weakly submissive in the ones and patriarchally tyrannical in the others. “Why do I hate the gendarmes?” answered a burly sailor to my query; “I hate them because they are lost souls; they swear that they will arrest even their fathers and mothers if necessary!” For such men as these Gallina wrote that touching story of a divided family’s reunion in the name of loving remembrance—his dialect play *The Mother Never Dies*. Even for such as these, too, Rovetta might have written his *Romanticism*, with its finely romantic hero, the patriot conspirator, Count Lamberti, whose arrest by the Austrians is the climax of his devoted struggle for his country and his faithful wife’s for his honor and her own: even for such as these, who responding in thundering thousands to D’Annunzio’s appeal, not many months ago at Rome, proved that among their passions is the noble one of country love.

Passion conceived in flaming images of beauty: this is the hashish-dream which the Italian audience dreams. The play is the suggestion that conjures it up for these tropically colorful minds. There is something Elizabethan in this, and not in this alone. To the American, the Italian stage must often appear as bare as Marlowe’s. The Italian sees actually upon it all that it would convey; and as he looks and listens, it fills with a spectacle in whose beauty the rich abundance of spoken imagery and the melodious grace of perfect lines blend and become visible. For the play, to be successful, must be not only a dramatic but a literary work of art, whose merits as

such will be enthusiastically praised in the newspapers the next day. D'Annunzio's very stage directions are little masterpieces of description, and no one who has seen Benelli's *Supper of Pranks* can forget the limpid charm of its verse. But how leave D'Annunzio with a word? The visions of sylvan fairyland which arise from the pages of his *Spring Morning's Dream* are surpassed only by those which make the great Elizabethan's dream a thing of magic. To him who reads, Botticelli's picture appears again with all its fascination of tender greens and all its charm of gentle graciousness; with the shadows that haunt it pathetically darkened, however; for the nymph, surrounded by her companions, yet beyond reach of all their fond solicitude, wanders among the flowers and shrubs, a poor Ophelia, her mind forever darkened by the black night when she was bathed in her lover's blood and left with his icy body in her arms. Only in the words of her immortal sister is there greater power of evocation or sweeter, sadder music than in hers. And if we hear this music, how should we be deaf to the stirring din of labor that comes resounding from the shipyards of Venice in *The Ship*? There is the birth of a great sailor people in the sound, and the whole of this epic play heaves with the vast breathing of the sea. In the last act, as we stand amid those sturdy builders who crowd the pier, intent upon the wide horizon, how vividly, in their cries, we see it coming, the long, swift ship homing on its broad, outstretched wings, like a hawk.

These pictures and many more besides have appeared to my fancy in the written page, but I have drunk as deep of visible beauty at the theater. The Italian stage is often bare, but often, too, it frames tableaux than which no picture could be more strik-

ingly beautiful. I shall not soon forget the rich fifteenth century coloring, and above all the perfect compositions in *The Supper of Pranks*. Almost at the rising of the curtain the first occurs. The indistinct sumptuousness of the dining-hall proclaims the patrician in the host. It is one of Lorenzo il Magnifico's great followers who graciously advances to meet the entering guest. We hear of two more who are expected; of a feud between them and the other, to be ended at the Magnifico's behest. Yet a few words, and we are watching the guest. He laughs and jokes right merrily as he tells how those two tied him in a bag and before all Florence ducked him in the Arno, then dragged him out, and then, while the crowd jeered, jabbed him in the buttocks with a knife. He has a hungry, seared-looking mouth, this gaunt young man; and his long fingers keep moving, as he laughs, like the twitching legs of a hurt spider. The old soldier before him, too, is watching him, but he has not understood; his words prove it: "And you—can laugh? But—but what are you then!" "What am I?"—the lean, sensitive face twists into sudden whipcords of pain—"I am a coward. My knees shake and my teeth chatter when I meet them. They bullied and beat me when we were boys together; they taunted and cowed me afterwards; when they found I loved a woman tenderly, they took her from me, and when I tried to be brave (oh, just for once, you know!) they were upon me in a moment and—well, that little joke, by the Arno. And I laughed—I tell you I laughed, I tell you! Yes, there by the Arno, as they did it to me. You'll never guess why. Imagine how nice: I have got another sweetheart. Oh she is so lovely, so lovely—Do you know her name? Revenge is her name; and she says: "If you want me; if you want me all,

all—then laugh! Laugh again! Laugh yet again! Laugh once more! Laugh! Laugh! La— Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha!” He has flung himself backwards into a great chair, his legs stuck out stiff, his clutching hands turned to claws, his face branded across by the frightful laughter of his mouth. And at his elbow stands the princely host, in courteous distress—helpless; and behind them the hospitably laden board, untouched. As I gazed, I forgot where I was, that evening; but somewhere behind me the straining silence cracked in a sudden rattle that rose and crashed thundering in one stupendous roar.

The curtain has risen more than once when the second picture forms itself on the stage. We have seen the two swash-bucklers—brothers, they are—arrive, and with coarse taunts and insults greet their victim. We have watched him, a cowering figure at one end of the table, still joke and laugh—still joke and laugh, until one of his jests betrays the younger bully into revealing his love for the elder’s mistress; still joke and laugh till the elder (in an ugly mood, now, for his brother, who is evidently dear to him, has flung out of the palace in anger) furiously accepts the playful wager that he dare not appear in armor to terrify a certain fashionable resort that night; still joke and laugh while the armor is provided: then, as the savage, half-drunken daredevil rushes clanging out, change from laughter to a white flame of deadly earnestness, and hiss into his servant’s ear: “Go warn them that he is raving mad. But go! But run!” This and much more we have seen, and with a growing sense of what is coming, inevitable as fate; a few exultant words have told us that the haggard youth hunts not for himself alone, tonight: the two reckless scoffers have aroused one whose displeasure means sure death, in Florence.

Now the curtain is up once more. Dark, and damp, and gloomy, a dungeon vault: a group of sinister attendants; a woman who tearfully pleads with them; and in the midst, roped to his chair, a gigantic man, his face bloated and distorted with fury, his muscles bulging against the cords. By will of the *Magnifico*, a doctor has been busy with him, exorcising the evil spirit. A tall lean youth enters and stands before him, hands on hips, ineffable derision and hatred in the smile that shrivels his lips from his teeth. The woman (not the stolen mistress, but another, betrayed yet enamored) renews her pleading: "He is harmless, now. Let him go! I will take charge of him! Let him go!" The smile on the youth's face deepens with a strange ambiguity, as of hidden thoughts; his eyes are keen and bold with power. "Loose him," he orders shortly; the attendants step forward at his command. As the ropes are unknotted the prisoner's great chest heaves in a savage relief; his huge body swells, becomes visibly bigger; forgetful that a dozen watchful eyes are upon him, he leans eagerly forward, fixing a terrible look upon his captor. The youth still stands erect before him. He is more than erect; he is rigid. So is his face; and his eyes—Slowly he shrinks back, shrinks up against the wall, shrinks twitching and crooked with fear into himself. Then it comes, horrid and quaking from between his teeth: "Oh God, they are untying him!" Can you see him there? If a more terribly effective picture of fear has been painted, I have yet to behold it.

The play moves swiftly on to the last tableau. The youth has freed his enemy only that he may plunge to his destruction: "I shall spend this night with the woman who is no longer yours, poor lunatic," he has told him; and he knows that, those

words spoken, he has only to watch the trap which he has set. The raging bully promptly abandons his deliverer and rushes off to his mistress, in whose sitting-room a stormy scene occurs. He has come to wait for the upstart, and presently follows the woman into her chamber, knife in hand. Then comes the last picture; the most striking I have ever seen on any stage. The moonlight streams peacefully into the deserted sitting room; through the open window comes the sound of guitars and of a sweet voice singing. Suddenly the door opens, and a scarlet spectre—a silent figure wrapped in a bright red cloak—makes rapidly for the still, dark curtain behind which waits the knife. The scream of agony which bursts from the chamber a moment later is more relief than climax, for that apparition crossing the moonlit room was like tragedy itself made visible. When presently the murderer parts the curtain and strides in, it is to stagger back in amazement; before him he sees his supposed victim, triumphant beyond fear. "Go," says the coward slowly, "Go and look better at the rival you have slain."

Quick as his fancy is the Italian's reason. A plot which proceeds by suggestions, leaving what to less ready minds would be unsatisfactory gaps, is characteristic of several of the Italian playwrights. The psychological steps by which the hero of *Dora* descends from suitor to seducer are left to be inferred from his lack of plebeian sturdiness; the moral crumbling of the husband in *The Dishonest* is a contradiction to such as have not heard the cracked pot in his preceding disquisitions on honesty; the arrest with which *Romanticism* ends leaves us to remember what we have read about the Spielberg, and on the other hand to decide for ourselves whether the would-be seducer has gained anything by his

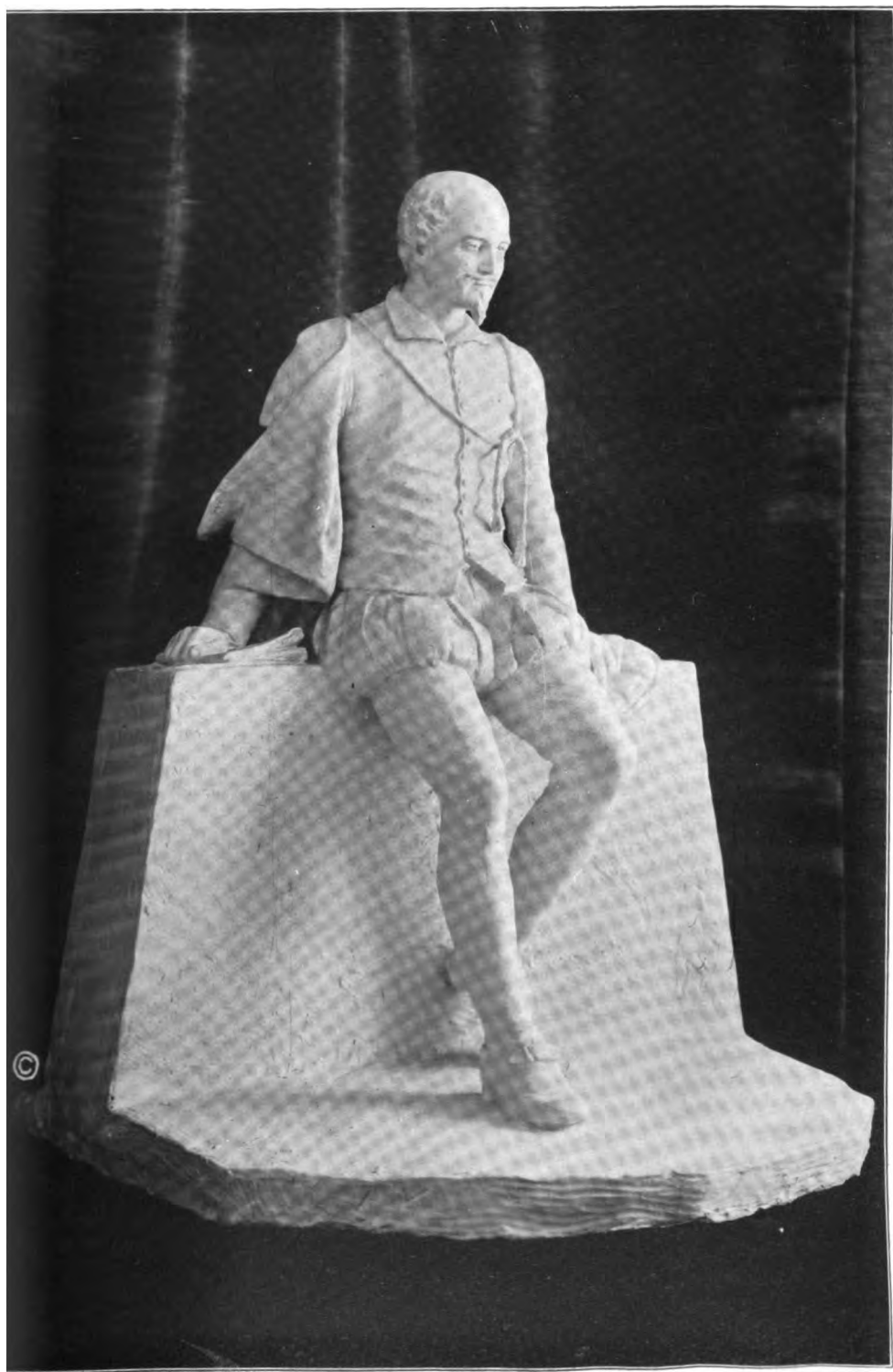
infamy. The problem-play, too, though not elderly-pedagogic like Ibsen's, is frequent. *Hallelujah* contends that the sinfulness of the parent shall be visited in sinfulness on the child; *An Ideal Wife* constructs for us a wife who shall be faithful and unfaithful at once; the Boccaccian philosophy of *The Triumph* is too apparent to require comment. But most notable of all are the plays of Enrico Butti, himself a scientist and philosopher. *The Utopia* proves *ad absurdum* that scientific doctrine moves too swiftly in theory not to be as a devastating bullet when aimed full at slow-going humanity. Dr. Serchi, like many of his profession in Italy, is a positivist philosopher as well as a physician. True to his contempt for marriage forms, he has taken to himself a "companion"; and enthusiastic in his advocacy of Lyncurgan methods against the deformed, he delivers a lecture on the subject in the little town where he is sanitary officer. The result is dismissal and ostracism, for the lecture has revolted even his easy-going compatriots. Leaving his companion to wait for him, he sets off in search of more enlightened hearers. He returns discouraged to find that a deformed child has been born to him, and that the broken-hearted mother, whom love had made his disciple, now demands in the name of a still deeper love that the little unfortunate be not only cherished but given a name. *The Race After Pleasure*, *Lucifer*, and *The Tempest* form a veritable treatise against atheism. They further resemble Fogazzaro's novels in the method they adopt; no avenging Jehovah actually appears, but the atheist is hurled down by supreme misfortune and left to ask himself of what comfort his disbelief now is. In the first it is mere youthful flippancy that comes sobbing to its knees beside the death-bed of a beloved mother; in

the second it is the deliberate conclusions of old "Lucifer," the skeptical professor, that—shaken at last by the agonized prayer of a widowed son for strength and belief—leave the old man staring out of the window and muttering, "Who knows? Who knows?" In the third it is the coarse, pseudo-reasoning of a syndicalist that, after the usual verbosity and blasphemy, results in delivering the peasantry of an old-fashioned but upright uncle into the hands of a dissolute and spendthrift nephew. "Jean Dornis" sees in these plays the deeply religious spirit of the Italians—which seems to me like inferring the patient's love of physic from the physician's prescriptions. It is precisely to a skeptical majority that the plays are addressed, and it is the philosopher in the skeptic who improvises spirited debates on them around the café table after the performance. Indeed, the Italian's marked philosophical tendencies explain much in his attitude towards the stage: to a certain extent, his indulgent unconcern before the "shocking" spectacle; largely, his appreciation of the witty irony which almost completely supplants less intellectual mirth, and his enjoyment of the otherwise unrelieved sadness of his drama.

Such is the Italian stage today; or rather that of the regular companies, which, however, are far more representative and far more widely represented than the others. It must seem strangely exotic to the English-speaking world, and yet there is something very similar to it in English literature; I mean the work of Byron, who, incidentally, is one of the few English poets read and admired in Italy. Indeed I might put it, roughly, that the Italian play is Byron's metrical tale with more of intellect and much more of hot detail added. Here we find his

romantic passion, his colorfulness, melody, irony, sadness—even his careless technique, for not infrequently the Pindaric flights I have spoken of are undoubtedly the result of impatient carelessness. Here, too, we find—perhaps more than all else, when we come to think of it—the promise with which his work is rich. May it this time survive the hour of noble sacrifice and struggle, and through these be wholly realized in the Italian stage of tomorrow.

CHARLES LEMMI.



*From a statue by Anne Whitney, sculptor
Copyrighted Sec. page 16'*

THE STORY OF THE HULL-HOUSE PLAYERS.



O have an organization devoted exclusively to dramatic work was a cherished plan of Miss Addams from the earliest days of Hull-House. Nearly all the social clubs included the production of plays among their activities, and frequently a boy or girl would be noted who seemed to possess exceptional ability as an actor. These young people were later brought together in a group which was called "The Hull-House Dramatic Association," and several plays were given by them, but interest in the movement soon waned, partly, perhaps, because of the difficulty of securing a permanent director, and the project was finally abandoned.

We had no theatre in those days and the rough stage of the gymnasium was used for all dramatic affairs, the clubs for the most part getting up their own scenery, which was of the simplest description. Years after, Hull-House was presented with a beautiful little theatre the equipment of which has been a labor of love for all the clubs doing "dramatics" at the Settlement.

Sporadic theatricals given by different groups continued, however, and many young people were discovered who cared little or nothing for the social features of their clubs, but to whom the plays were a powerful appeal. It seemed then that the time had arrived for the formation of a permanent dramatic group, and with this purpose in mind, in October, 1901, Miss Addams called together twelve young

people, all of whom had achieved distinction either in Hull-House Clubs or in the Dramatic Association which had passed out of existence. At this meeting a company was formed which adopted the same name as its predecessor, "The Hull-House Dramatic Association," and I found myself chosen "director," a position I accepted then with many misgivings, but which after fourteen years of service I have come to regard as a source of happiness and pride.

Later Mr. Joseph Jefferson was Miss Addams' guest at Hull-House and the members of the new association were invited to meet him. His advice and encouragement were a great inspiration to us and the work of our first years was largely based on the plan he outlined, which emphasized, not so much what we should do, as how we should set about doing it. Soon after this we were given the opportunity of listening to Mr. Yeats, the Irish Poet. His talk mystified us greatly, and it was many years before we came to understand his point of view, which now seems very clear.

Our opening production was a melodrama which we chose for several obvious reasons; the company was most familiar with that type of play; my own stage experience had been largely along such lines of work; and the neighborhood from which we expected to draw our audiences still loved the old-fashioned drama with virtue triumphing and vice suitably downed in the last act. So we began rehearsals of *A Mountain Pink* with unbounded confidence and zeal. In ten weeks we gave our first performances. I am sure the acting was bad. I know our "villain," who based his interpretation upon that of the "heavy lead" at the "By Joe" (Bijou), a nearby theatre in Halsted Street, fairly "ate up the scenery" in the great third act, winning loud

hisses from an appreciative gallery. But many people patronized us, the neighborhood was delighted, and at the close of the three night's "run" we had two hundred dollars in our treasury and so vivid a sense of achievement that to do Gilbert's *Engaged*, which we chose for our second play, seemed a minor undertaking.

An incident of the production of this comedy is worth noting. We needed a wedding gown for "Minnie Symperson" in the second act. A resident of Hull-House who had been active in promoting the company, playing a part or painting scenery as occasion required, offered to borrow one from a friend, a fashionable "Mrs. Newly-Wed," living on the North Side. The young lady was startled, but was both obliging and game, and the mimic bride from the nineteenth ward wore the white satin "creation" for the three nights of the play. The real bride and her friends came to see us, and that was the beginning of a large and faithful following from the North Shore, which has never failed us, and to whose friendly interest is due a large measure of success.

This was the end of our first year. The next season began early and we managed to do three plays, chosen mainly as studies in technic, in which our company was sadly deficient. Up to the end of the second year, the personnel of the group had remained about the same, but with the improvement in our methods an automatic process of elimination began. Some who could not keep up with the strenuous pace dropped out, and more studious young people, or those with more leisure, came in. A change in the neighborhood, which began about this time, also left its mark on the company. Our Irish and French neighbors were being crowded out by

Italians, who did not care for performances in English, and we were compelled to look elsewhere for our audiences. This meant plays of a different type, and at the end of the third year we gave for the first time in America, Ben Jonson's *The Sad Shepherd*, with the songs and Morris dances as in the original production by the London Stage Society. This play was our first mile-stone. We were "noticed" by the press, and people from various parts of the city came to see us; but this recognition meant hard work, for our standards must again be raised, and better plays produced in smoother fashion for our new clientele.

The fourth and fifth years were filled with uninterrupted hard work, with one or two especially successful presentations, notably Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*, and Ibsen's *Pillars of Society*, which moved our gauge a few notches higher, and brought us new friends and patrons. We were earning a good deal of money with our plays, most of which we used in improving the stage of our little theatre. Sometimes we went together to see a good performance. *She Stoops to Conquer* with Mr. William Crane and an excellent company was one, and the meeting with Mr. Crane, who received us on the stage between the acts, is an abiding memory.

In 1906-7 we gave two Shaw plays and three Pinero comedies. The company had ruled after the Ibsen performance that the membership should be limited to fourteen, and that no one should be admitted until he had played at least two parts acceptably and had proved himself to be socially agreeable to the members. This sounded rather selfish at first hearing, but the harmony which prevailed in our company, which was made up of most diverse elements, was a sufficient justification of the measure.

Rather uneventful were 1908 and 1909. We rehearsed steadily and managed to do three plays. A visit from Mr. Laurence Irving, for whom we played *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Kerry*, encouraged us very much. As he remained through the performance he must have believed we were worth seeing.

In 1910 we gave Galsworthy's *The Silver Box* with such favorable press comments and such large patronage that it was freely predicted that our heads would be turned. But nothing of the sort happened. The company remained earnest and unspoiled, and did not seem to realize at all that in a small way it was becoming famous. By this time most of the group had moved out of the neighborhood, which had become entirely foreign, and all of our new recruits lived far away from Hull-House. We decided to put on Galsworthy's *Justice*. It was very difficult to stage, and required long and frequent rehearsals, but no one complained. It was a source of pride to us all, when we finally produced the play—which ran for ten nights—that after the first performance, every seat for every night was sold. Shortly after this Mr. Galsworthy paid a visit to America, and was entertained at Hull-House by Miss Addams. He was apparently deeply interested in our work and gratified with our success in his play, and we were very proud and pleased with his approval. A few months later we invited Holbrook Blinn, whose rugged, manly style of acting we greatly admired, to be our guest, and we were glad to receive and follow the suggestions he most generously gave.

It was about this time that we decided to change our name to "The Hull-House Players." The old title seemed rather cumbersome, and with our new ambitions we felt ourselves a little more than an association. We had long desired to give an original

play which would deal with local conditions, and quite unexpectedly in the spring of 1911 the opportunity came. A young Jewish girl of the neighborhood, who was making rather ineffective attempts at play-writing, at my request dramatized Leroy Scott's stirring labor story, *The Walking Delegate*. We presented this, after many alterations and much hard work, with great success. Naturally the play lacked the symmetry and finish an older dramatist might have given it, but it was a "thriller" after all, and we who live in the stir and stress of the labor movement found it, as one critic said, "uncanny in its realism." The final performance was marked with a touch of romance, for the young author was married in the morning and came to see her play at night with all her bridal party. Miss Addams gave a reception to celebrate the event, to which players, bridal party, and residents were all bidden, and so the season closed in happiness and triumph.

I do not wish it to be supposed that the career of the Players had all this time been altogether untroubled. Stage life, even for amateurs, is not all "beer and skittles," and many "downs" as well as "ups" had been experienced. The local dramatic critics, who were in the main friendly to us, occasionally gave us what is known as a "roast." Probably we deserved it, or possibly they thought we needed chastening, but such experiences really did us good, for after the first "heart-break" the company pulled itself together and for the next two or three plays, I was careful to choose something that would help us to correct the weakness that had been so ruthlessly pointed out. One thing that operated greatly to our disadvantage was that, after we played *The Pillars of Society*, many people and some newspapers which should have known better, persisted in regarding us

as being on a professional basis, quite ignoring the fact that every member of the company, as well as I myself, was a wage earner, and that only two evenings at most could be given to rehearsals. It is needless to say that, try as we might, we could not live up to any such standard as that, but the effort we made was valuable, and being compared to companies "down town" and praised or blamed accordingly, an incentive to study and to strive for professional accuracy and skill.

In 1912, by permission of Mr. Galsworthy and the courtesy of Mr. Winthrop Ames, we were able to present *The Pigeon*. This play was a success, quite as much, we felt sure, because it was well done as because it was new. Following six performances of this, we put on a number of short Irish plays, which had just begun to appear in print. I know we did these well. Six of the company were of Irish parentage. They found it easy to acquire a delicious brogue, and they seemed to catch instinctively the spirit of the author. Many who "came to scoff, remained to pray" when we gave these charming little plays, and while we were still in the spell they had cast about us, something came which, in a way, changed the whole current of our experience. This was the advent of the Irish Players. Of course we knew all about them. We had produced some of their plays, and the fact that they, too, had been simple, private folk who acted for pure love of acting, regardless of any personal sacrifice, was in itself a powerful appeal. We were present at their first night in Chicago. We met Lady Gregory, who said she had "heard of us" and who promised to come to see us in some of her own plays. This she did soon after, not only once but twice; the second time bringing with her several members of her company

and generously offering us the use of all her plays whenever we wished to give them—a privilege we availed ourselves of gratefully. During the four weeks' stay of these gifted actors, a very warm friendship sprang up between the Irish Players and the Hull-House Players. We saw them in their entire repertory, and a study of their methods was a liberal education. We entertained them in various ways and they seemed as interested and as pleased with us as we were with them. Their parting words, "Why don't you come to Ireland?" sank deep, and, when my company came together in the September following, it seemed not at all an impossible project to make a holiday trip to Europe. After the decision was made, we "buckled to." No professional group ever worked harder. We gave six entirely new plays in our own theatre, among them the difficult *The Tragedy of Nan* and *Kindling*, the latter produced by the courtesy of Miss Margaret Illington. We were very successful in this; the types were familiar to us and the "problem" such an every day one that the characters almost played themselves. In addition to these productions at Hull-House, we played ten engagements in nearby suburbs, and five quite out of town for colleges and the Drama League, all of us, meanwhile, working the usual long hours in various ways every day. The public took an interest in our unique plan and warmly supported us. The Lake Forest Players, who were our staunch friends, generously came in town and gave us a rousing "benefit" in our own theatre. And we played six nights in repertory in a small down-town playhouse, more or less devoted to "uplift drama," and this added a substantial sum. Mr. Percy MacKaye paid us a visit at this time; he carefully watched a long rehearsal and gave us valuable advice and such

words of encouragement that, if there had been any doubt in our minds as to our ability to carry through our plan, it was dispelled. I look back on his visit with grateful remembrance. He "builted better than he knew." In June we gave a full week of plays at Hull-House, which were well patronized, and as a result of all this, by the time we were ready to go, we had earned three thousand dollars. This was not quite enough, but a generous friend loaned us six hundred dollars to make up the difference and on June 28th, 1912, we sailed away for a holiday which was to be "Forty-two days from Chicago." Our passage had been secured and paid for early in the year, and the direction of the tour was in my hands, as all the dramatic work had been from the beginning.

It was a wonderful voyage, crowded with all the charm that invests a "first trip to Europe." One incident especially I remember. Miss Addams was on her way home from the great suffrage meeting in Buda Pesth, and was on the ocean coming west while we were going east. We decided to send her a wireless when we were sufficiently near. "The Hull-House Players on board the Celtic send you loving greeting." It was a wretchedly dark and stormy day, with a rough sea, and it seemed uncanny to receive a reply in four hours. "Love and good wishes. Communicate with Lady Aberdeen when you reach Ireland." This was exciting, but nothing to compare with the wonderful events that were to follow. I have crossed the ocean many times, but never on any trip have I experienced the thrill that came when I saw the coast of Ireland that lovely July day, with my little group of Players close by. It was like a dream come true, and we were all secretly wondering, I am sure, whether we would

not suddenly awake and find ourselves back in Chicago.

It was at the end of an enchanting day at Killarney that a cordial message came from Her Excellency, Lady Aberdeen, who had been with Miss Addams in Paris and there heard of our visit. She welcomed us to Ireland and asked us to give a performance for her in Dublin. This was great news indeed. We had not planned to play anywhere. We had no costumes and no parts or prompt-books; but after a visit to the Vice Regal Lodge in Dublin, where we were invited to tea, we decided to do what we could, and we gave Joseph Medill Patterson's *By-Products* to an audience of some two hundred invited guests. A stage was built for us in historic old St. Patrick's Hall, and I am sure we never played better. A brief program of songs and recitations by the company preceded the play, and after the felicitations and responses that followed it there was dancing in a wonderful ball-room till hours much later than most of us were accustomed to.

We were greatly disappointed to find that our friends, the Irish Players, were still in London, but Mr. Lennox Robinson wired a welcome and directed that the Abbey Theatre should be opened for us, and the visit we paid to their professional home was most interesting.

A long time after, on an "occasion" one of my girls, whose "Irish Eyes of Blue" had been suspiciously moist more than once on this wonderful journey, "dropped into poetry" to add to the general festivity. Her verses were never intended to be seen outside the members of our own dramatic family, and I am quoting from them at the risk of her displeasure. She is still a player.

I want to hear the Shannon Bells, see Dublin on the Liffy,
Visit "Mrs. Aberdeen" and dance in marble halls.
I can shut my eyes and dream, and I'm back there in a
jiffy,
Glengarriff, dear old Bantry Bay, the roads with vine-
clad walls.

The next day we crossed the Channel. All good Americans who make the stage a profession go to Stratford, and we wished to be no exception. The Countess of Warwick had asked us, before we left America, to be her guests at Warwick Castle, but before we reached there, I received a letter telling of the serious illness of her husband, and of her inability to meet us, but adding that the Castle would be opened and that we should be shown everything we desired to see. We were very sorry to miss the pleasure of meeting Lady Warwick, but we had a long lovely day on the grounds and in the Castle, unhurried and undisturbed, exploring far beyond the limits of the regular tourists, who, fortunately for us, were not present to annoy, for this was Sunday when the general public is not admitted.

Five wonderful crowded days in London followed. Surely no one ever saw so much before in so short a time. We "dashed about in cabs," we visited churches and parks, and night found us enjoying the delightful plays that were on in London theatres. One especially interesting incident of our stay was an interview with Granville Barker, who received us in his own theatre. He was very cordial and told us we might produce "The Voysey Inheritance" in our theatre if we chose, although he added he could "see no reason on earth why we should wish to do so."

The London engagement of the Irish Players closed while we were there and we were greatly

pleased to have Miss Eithne Magee, the ingenue of their company (since their leading lady) join us for the remainder of our tour. She fitted admirably into our scheme and we parted from her at Dover ten days later with regret, after voting her a lifelong member of our dramatic family.

And then came five exciting days in Paris, with no one ever weary and the interest never flagging. Two days at Amsterdam, one at The Hague, then Antwerp and then—it was all over. On the last night I sat very late with my young people around a table in a little cafe near the Cathedral. They sang all the songs they knew and we wished with all our hearts that we might come again and see it all once more. But war is cruel and very long—and alas. Antwerp can never be the same again.

We worked very diligently in the autumn of 1913, for we had a debt of six hundred dollars to pay, but January saw us clear of this, and the six months after that were uneventful. In October, 1914, we re-organized, a step made necessary by natural changes which time had brought about. Two members of the group left us for the professional stage, and one found employment in another city. It then seemed best to set aside the old rule limiting the company to fourteen and to bring in a number of young people who had long been on our waiting list. With the new blood thus added we found fresh inspiration, and it is said the best year's record we have ever made is that of the last one just closed. We were so fortunate as to secure four short plays by Chicago authors for our final production in June, three of which were entirely new. The four performances, which we gave of these plays, were notably successful and we hope other opportunities to present works by American authors will be afforded

us. Visits from Cyril Maude, Miss Elsie Ferguson and other professional players brightened up the year, and their words of encouragement helped us over the inevitable hard places.

The season of 1915-16 began in November with four performances of *Rutherford and Son* by Githa Sowerby, which Mr. Winthrop Ames generously released to us for production in our own theatre. This play we enjoyed immensely. The rugged strength of the characters appealed to us and the interpretation we gave was warmly commended. Early in February we revived *The Pillars of Society*, first produced in 1905. It was encouraging to note the changed standards of the company since those early days. The improved "study"; the facility with "business" and the reading, which won the approval of a severe Norwegian critic, brought joy to the heart of the director, who sometimes, in discouraged moments, confesses to wondering "if it really is worth while."

In April of the present year we presented an evening of comedy, and we hope to secure for our final production in June four short plays by American authors. One has already been chosen and many others we hope will be submitted before we really begin work.

I have tried to tell the story of our fourteen years of existence as simply as possible. We have fallen short in many things, but we have succeeded in more, and we have loved our work all the time. Failures have been but a temporary drawback, and we have used adverse criticism as an incentive to better things. We have gained our chief following by presenting plays which the commercial theatre is apt to overlook, but which a certain group in every community really desires to see. What we have accom-

plished, I am convinced any amateur company can do with equal zeal and patience, and there is to be found, both for teacher and pupils, infinite pleasure in the doing. It means hard work, but nothing is ever gained by dilettante methods, and the lessons of united effort, the added culture, and the interest in the best dramatic literature that such an organization can arouse in any community makes the struggle a valuable social contribution. More amateurs doing better work might help to bring back what we love to call the "palmy days of the theatre" when the "play" really was the thing, and the omnipresent "movie" had not won so much affection from the American public.

LAURA DAINTY PELHAM.

COMMON SENSE AND PLAY-WRITING.

The Technique of Play Writing, by Charlton Andrews: Introduction by J. Berg Esenwein (The Writer's Library). The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., 1915.

To the writing of plays there is no royal road. He who would traverse the way of Shakspeare and of Ibsen must be prepared, however well endowed he may be, not alone for intensive effort, but for recurring faintness of heart and even for failure. Perhaps it was this that saved Smollett for the novel and Stevenson for the romance. The one question is, How may the venturer attain to his maximum of expertness with the minimum of waste? For Shakspeare and Ibsen and Pinero practice, sometimes in acting, sometimes in writing, aided in attaining the goal. For our would-be playwrights Mr. Andrews has attempted to provide a more comfortable way. But no way can be aught but arduous. This is the protection of the public.

Mr. Andrews's *Technique of Playwriting* embodies some twenty lessons in the handling of dramatic material. After an author's foreword, an introduction on the modern play by Dr. Esenwein, and a glossary, Mr. Andrews begins his book proper with some words upon the play and its writer, and then in his second chapter proceeds to the theme. Chapter III deals with the elements, Chapter IV with the plot and some of its fundamentals, Chapter XI with devices and conventions, and so on. In the appendices are included a specimen scenario, specimen pages of the manuscripts of plays, which are repro-

duced in two colors, and certain lists of plays and helpful books. In short, the effort is made to cover both theory and practice, but always with that emphasis upon the writing of the drama which is its due.

In all this the spirit is admirable. About no form of writing can one less afford to dogmatize than about the drama. The chief fault which a student or a teacher with a particle of historical perspective will find with the rigid and impeccable Freytag, Mr. Price, and even the somewhat timid Miss Woodbridge is the *ex-cathedra* attitude. Nor is Mr. William Archer, ever urbane, wholly free from a suspicion of it. Here, during what Mr. Andrews calls our "'open season' for radicals fond of gunning for dramatic technique" he wings his first bird. The art of the drama is not a matter of rule and line. It stands fixed upon principles which, however firm and (*perhaps*) eternal, suffer in succeeding generations endless permutations and combinations. Yet grasped, mastered, bent to the will of the dramatist these principles must be, if the play is to "march." After all is said, that is the only test of any drama. As Sir Arthur Pinero put it, a play must tell a story in dialogue "in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect, the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." Those "high brows"—I quote the phrase from the *New York Times*—whom Professor Matthews justly attacks and those persons who persist in seeing in Hauptmann's *Weavers* not only a great thesis but a great play, would do well to take to heart the wisdom and the insight of Sir Arthur. That Mr. Andrews stands, as it were, baffled when

he turns to the problem of the genesis of a play is a sign not of weakness but of strength and perspicacity. No one knows how this or that dramatist first conceived his material. Indeed, it is unlikely that the dramatist himself could trace with any helpful accuracy the growth of the idea within his brain. More than one have tried; far more than one have failed. If any could, his experience would be of small value to the next learner, except to demonstrate the futility of formulae in play-writing. Perhaps this proof, this candid introspective admission, would give the would-be dramatist the courage to attempt the working out of his own salvation, if that salvation were to be his ultimate portion.

It is in a way unfortunate that Mr. Andrews finds it necessary to illustrate the growth of a dramatic idea by beginning with a theme and, relatively, to slight starting with an incident. The futility of beginning with a theme is amply demonstrated by the readiness with which Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us" becomes unrecognizable as Mr. Andrews's own ideas for a play grows complex. The truth is that good ideas for plays are born and not made; it is only in training that the machined product may be of value.

It is not unlikely that the genesis of a play runs something like this. In the mind of the true dramatist there exists a continual dramatic ferment. From time to time a particle nucleates, and to it attach other particles, then still others which for the moment may seem unrelated. This constitutes the first, the unconscious stage. The second is conscious. The dramatist, his mind controlled by the art he has learned, proceeds, like a sculptor at work upon a sketch, to shape and mould, to add and take away, till before he or, less still, any one else, is aware, his

play has grown to the point at which he is ready to write, and the theme has emerged not wholly because of the dramatist, but a little in spite of him.

When the playwright has passed this second stage, he should be helped by Mr. Andrews's book. It is nothing if it is not practical—a hateful word for a paramount quality. The chapter on the making of scenarios and other mechanical processes, accompanied by a specimen scenario of Rostand's *Cyrano*—a skilful bit of work as regards “action words”—and the chapter on self-criticism are in possibility of actual use second only to that on placing the play. What of the book Mr. Andrews has written seems sound. One may quarrel at times with sentences left unformed, but the style has ease if not grace. On the other hand, one wishes one might say as much for Dr. Esenwein's questions and exercises. These are often too glib to be inviting and on the whole they leave one the impression of being hard and fast, machine-made. Yet considering Dr. Esenwein's success in teaching the short story, one hardly dares doubt that with a certain type of student they will succeed.

If more of our playwrights had studied Mr. Andrews's book, his prayer for the dramatic future of this country might seem nearer an answer.

HOWARD J. SAVAGE.

THE CINEMATOGRAPH AS ART



HE thoughtful exposition of the "movies" in their social relation to the culture of the masses, which was recently published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, is essentially sound, provided that the reader assumes the impossibility of development in the art of the cinematograph. Judging the cinematograph by what it is today, the outlook is discouraging. But a little acquaintance with the ideals of the cinematograph as it might be, and as certain Continental régisseurs dream of transforming it, will reveal the wildest possibilities of artistic expression in its future development, and a democratic extension of noble imaginative influence which it is most difficult to measure.

The wonderful popularity enjoyed by the cinematograph during the last decade has been for a long time a subject of eager discussion in those circles which have the interests of the theatre at heart. The various groups of art-workers connected with the theatre—the dramatists, the actors, and the artists—are directly involved in the problem, and it is interesting to note how different has been the attitude revealed toward it by each of these sections. The artists, perhaps the most cultured of these three groups from the standpoint of art, have simply ignored the cinematograph, regarding it as something so crude and inartistic as to be unworthy of serious notice. It is true that a few genuine experiments have been made in this direction, but for several reasons, chiefly because the artists failed to

comprehend the real nature of their medium, they have all proved a complete failure.

The attitude of most actors has been much more condescending. Those actors who have generally concerned themselves very little with matters of art, accepted the cinematograph with the docile humility accorded to all things in the natural order. They transferred to the new invention whatever knowledge of drama they had gained on the legitimate stage, and supplied only one new feature: extreme exaggeration in mimicry and action, which they held to be the chief peculiarity of moving pictures. On the other hand, the more advanced members of the theatrical profession, who have been really anxious to establish on the stage the principles of vital art, however much they may have differed in their interpretation of them, at once realized the danger which threatened the drama from the encroachment of the modern cinematograph theatres, and did not hesitate to proclaim a most resolute opposition in an endeavor to protect their art from being contaminated by this vulgar "mechanical" device. Thus we see large sections of the community, for whom art is an object of vital faith, rejecting the cinematograph as a medium devoid of any artistic qualities. But it would be wrong to infer that it has always lacked faithful champions. Strange as it may seem, these have come from the group which is furthest removed from the actual problems of the theatre—the dramatists. As might be expected, the only fault that the litterateurs were able to detect in moving pictures was in the plot, and so they set themselves the task of remedying it. With enviable ease, they began to pour out elaborate philosophical dramas, mystery plays, tragedies, "literary" melodramas, and what not, in order to dem-

onstrate what artistic possibilities have been lying dormant in the neglected and abused cinematograph. Once they found that the theatre was no longer held in popular esteem, they had no compunction in erecting their rostrum on the picture-screen, the more so as they perceived in it the fulfilment of two objects: the popularization of the drama and the elevation of moving pictures to a higher artistic level. We need only mention such names as Gabriele D'Annunzio and Leonid Andrejev to show what resolute and self-confident arch-priests of literature have undertaken the task of reforming the moving picture play. But though their attempts have raised a host of arguments and controversies among all who are interested in the theatre, there can be little doubt that failure must be the inevitable result of their efforts. Their defence of the pictures is as inherently fallacious as the opposition of artists and actors, since both are the outcome of a complete failure to understand the peculiar nature of the cinematograph as a medium of art. If the dramatists' defence leaves us entirely unmoved, since it comes from virtual outsiders, we cannot but deplore the opposition of those who should be the first and foremost exponents of the new art. For there is an artistic future for the cinematograph, a future as great as any form of artistic drama can hope to attain. We may ignore the criticisms of those who condemn as utterly vulgar all moving pictures, photographs, and gramophones, as well as most other products of our resourceful mechanical genius. These well-intentioned dilettantes are only victims of prevailing artistic conventions, and have no standard of their own by which they may discriminate between what is art and what is not. The future of the cinematograph does not rest with them. It de-

pend upon those enlightened and liberal lovers of art who can see beyond the conventions of the moment, who possess a range of sympathies which is already wide enough to embrace such divergent revelations as we find in the static art of Egypt, the decorativeness of Eastern art, and the rudimentary work of Cézanne and Matisse, or to refer strictly to the domain of drama, the mediæval booth, the puppet show, and the productions of Mr. E. Gordon Craig. Theirs is the task of creating the canons and standards, of shaping the conventions of cinematographic art, and of building up a tradition which will pass, in due course, through the period when it is merely fashionable, and attain finally the position of an acknowledged medium for artistic expression.

It is with the object of securing a more sympathetic attitude for this discredited medium that I venture, however conscious of the heresy, to advance a plea for the cinematograph as a vehicle of genuine art-expression.

II

Much has been said in the press about the issues involved in the problem of moving pictures: their special appeal to the masses; their competition with the theatre; whether they are to supersede the latter, or whether they are doomed to be merely a transient fashion and eventually disappear; their artistic crudity; that is to say, whether they are a reversal to the methods of the booth, and whether they indicate the birth of a new democratic art; and many other similar questions. With these issues we shall not concern ourselves at present. Without under-rating their interest and importance, we hold that they overlook the most essential factor of the problem: the peculiar nature of the medium which alone

should form the basis of its possible artistic application. Before we are able to enter upon a discussion of this problem, a number of deep-rooted popular misconceptions must be cleared away. I almost despair of my task, for in the sphere of ideas, as in that of biology, the lowest forms are the most tenacious of life.

One of the critic's first duties is discrimination. Yet the criticisms hurled so liberally from all sides at the cinematograph have been little distinguished by this character. Two things which are entirely distinct have been persistently confused by all critics: the cinematograph as a medium, and the cinematograph theatre as we know it at the present time. That the second is below criticism—indeed, something coarse, crude, and altogether ugly—can be easily and unreservedly admitted. But to deduce from this fact the impossibility of an artistic cinematograph betrays a lack of logic and imagination. It is evident, in the first place, that many drawbacks of the modern moving-picture play are in no way connected with the cinematograph as a peculiar medium of dramatic expression. For example, take the vulgar realism of moving pictures about which we hear so many complaints. Is it a peculiar feature of the cinematograph? The students of the theatre will agree that naturalism as vulgar as this ruled the legitimate stage long before the cinematograph became a competitor. The pictures simply followed along the beaten track, bringing to logical absurdity what the legitimate drama, not endowed with the infinite resourcefulness of its competitor, could only pursue half way. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the many similar drawbacks of the cinematograph. We are not so much concerned with what it actually is as with what it might be. The problem that really

matters may be stated in the following words: Is the cinematograph a medium capable of artistic achievement in the two fields that make up the art of the stage—the dramatic field and the pictorial field? The answer to this question necessarily involves discussing the vexed question of mechanical art. However reluctant I may be to touch upon this controversy, I am unable to avoid it altogether. So I bow before the inevitable, and shall try to dispose of it in the briefest possible manner.

It is often contended that automatic mechanism can never attain to anything like artistic perfection, and that consequently there is no artistic future for the cinematograph.

It is obvious that the whole argument stands or falls with the definition of "mechanism." But this definition is never stated in anything like exact terms. That there are no absolutely automatic mechanisms hardly needs to be pointed out. All mechanisms must be controlled by human power at one moment or another, and, what is still more important, they are all products of human intelligence. Whatever forces may be involved in their operation are brought together by the action of human thought compressed and wound up like a spring, and constituting their actual prime mover throughout the whole process of their operation. Thus the problem is reduced to defining the degree of independence from immediate human control and power which mechanism can possess. This is so indeterminate that we see similar kinds of action styled mechanical in one case, and highly individual in another. Who will doubt, for instance, that the action of an organ played at a concert is individual, and that of a locomotive engine mechanical? Yet it cannot be disputed that the second requires as much skill and personal

control as the first. The point is not whether these operations are art or are not art, but whether they are mechanical or non-mechanical. I maintain that there is no real distinction between the one and the other, and that both may serve artistic ends if properly utilized.

One more example of the prevailing confusion of thought on this subject: the gramophone is admittedly a mechanical contrivance and so is the telephone; yet no one listening to the opera through the telephone ever says that the music he hears is a mechanical production. The sole difference, however, that exists between this music and its record on the gramophone, is that the gramophone fixes only one stage of the process—the vibrations of the telephone membrane—and allows one to “switch on” the flow of sound at will, while the telephone receives and transmits the sound in one continuous process.

These two illustrations not only show the vague popular use of the term “mechanical,” but also the elements that go to make up the significance of this term. They are three: complexity of mechanism, the number of intermediate stages, and the extent of time between the application of human power and the appearance of the effect. It is only necessary to rid the mind of the prejudice for a moment to be able to see that not a single one of these elements is in any way incompatible with artistic work and achievement. And if at the present time mechanical methods of production under the capitalistic system have served to destroy whatever artistic feeling the producer may have had, this does not militate against the mechanical methods as such, but rather against the way they are used in our time.

III

Now let us examine the problem itself. First of all, let us endeavor to realize the peculiar nature of the cinema drama, and then we shall be able to see how far this "mechanical" medium lends itself to artistic expression.

One of the most startling facts about cinematograph productions is that the actors who play for these pictures are all members of the legitimate dramatic profession. Their attainments on the theatre stage need not be discussed in this instance, but it seems quite apparent that of cinema acting they understand very little indeed. The cinema drama raises some of the most fundamental problems of art. But what do they know about them? Are they aware that the cinematograph play is the most abstract form of the pantomime? Do they realize that if there is any stage on which the laws of movement should reign supreme, it is the cinematograph stage? If they did, they would not have monopolized the cinematograph play, but would have left it to dancers, clowns, and acrobats who do know something about the laws of movement. By no means do I presume to say that dancers and clowns are necessarily artists. But movement is their natural element, and it is also movement that constitutes the real nature of the cinematograph. The patrons and devotees of present-day pictures may boast of their "wonderful realistic effects," but this popular conception only betrays a complete failure to grasp one salient fact: viewed from the standpoint of the drama, just as from many other standpoints of which more will be said later on, the cinematograph is essentially and preëminently dynamic. It is necessary at this point to realize the effect of picture plays

if this principle of pure movement were recognized throughout. Rolling eyes and wild gesticulation would be abolished. Sham "natural" talking would give place to mimicry and gesture, free and eloquent. The movements of the actors would no longer imitate actual life, but would synthetically express it in the peculiar laws of rhythmic motion. Pantomimes, harlequinades, ballets would take the place of the present melodramas and comical pictures, thus giving adequate expression to the wordless nature of the medium. Would it be possible, then, to argue that there is no art in the cinematograph? So far as the dramatic aspect is concerned, this at any rate would constitute a most decisive step in the direction of art. And other advances would immediately follow, once the fundamental principle was firmly established.

It is often contended that the presence in bodily form of the actor in the play is the *sine qua non* of artistic drama. This view is held alike by those who believe in realism on the stage and by those who do not. The attitude of the latter is particularly droll. After disposing of all the realistic mummary, they cling to the last citadel of the "true-to-nature" gospel of art, the bodily shell of the actor. Why, is it not his personality that really matters? And is that expressed only in the frail physical body of the actor? To the spectator of some artistic culture it is in a sense irrelevant whether the acting on the stage is performed by living persons, by dolls, or by cinematograph shadows. The effect in each case must necessarily be different, but only in so far as the artistic properties of each of these media of drama differ from one another. Their absolute artistic value remains unaffected by their being animate or inanimate. In fact, it is open to argument, whether

man is at all suitable as a medium of dramatic art, as readers of Mr. E. Gordon Craig already know. But we need not go so far. In the case of cinema drama, we do not dispense with the actor. We dispense only with his body. Perhaps those who cannot reconcile themselves to this fact will find comfort in reflecting upon the time when poets were gradually led to recognize that singing a poem in person is not the only way of rendering the artistic beauties of the composition. In our age of reduplication, to the list of arts which already resort to this process (poetry, music, lithography, etching), we now add the sacred art of the theatre. It is a process of natural development, and it would be sheer stupidity on our part if we continued to ignore it or to notice only its outward features. Just as it did not degrade the profession of the painter when he realized the artistic possibilities of lithography, so it will not degrade the modern actor if he makes full use of the new medium which human ingenuity has placed at his command. The real and the only problem for him is to find out what actually constituted the peculiar properties of the medium and how these properties should be managed to achieve the highest artistic effect. The fact that the problem can be solved only by practice and experiment and that present-day cinematograph practice has produced in the artistic sense some appalling results, must not be taken as proof of the inartistic nature of the medium itself. The truth of this statement has been shown above as applied to the playing of actors. It will be seen that it is equally true applied to the pictorial element of stage production.

IV

The peculiar optical effects of the cinematograph are a resultant of two processes: the photographic process of making the film, and the process of projecting the film on the screen.

What artistic possibilities do these processes possess?

There is no need to enter in this instance upon a discussion of photography as art. Its shortcomings as a medium and the triteness of the average photographic work can hardly be disputed. But only narrow prejudice can deny it any artistic quality whatever. The magnificent work so often found at various photographic exhibitions proves most conclusively that photography and art are not so incompatible as some of our purists would like us to believe.

The same is the case with cinema photography. So long as it remains in the hands of mere operators and chemists, so long will its pictorial value be on a par with the artistic conceptions held by these craftsmen. And this can hardly be wondered at, seeing that the nature of the new medium, to be properly understood, requires such a culture of mind as is seldom met with even amongst professional exponents of art.

The greatest question it raises is that of the psychological significance pertaining to its various dramatic and pictorial forms.

One important fact must be stated at the outset. The cinematograph has at its command two distinct ways of producing plays: the two-dimensional production on the ordinary screen, and the three-dimensional production by means of different stereoscopic devices and of the kineplastikon. Too much stress

cannot be laid upon this distinction. Its importance is enormous, since in the two forms of space—of two, and of three dimensions—we obtain two aspects of the world which are opposed to each other in their very elements. Without going deeply into the philosophical and psychological nature of these forms of space, it may be said that the first symbolizes and incarnates the principles of continuity, cosmic unity, spontaneity, pure sentiment and kindred psychic experiences, whilst the second stands for differentiation, individuality, clear-consciousness, and the like, thus forming two distinct worlds: one monistic, fused into one integral whole, and the other atomistic, broken into numberless mutually opposed units. The same two principles obtain in the theatre. The staging in one plane produces an effect of dissolving the world, when reproduced in the mind of the audience. It destroys the barrier between the stage and the spectator, turning the play from a mere spectacle into an actual incident in the life of the audience, an incident which, though experienced passively, enters into the soul of the spectator as an integral element of his being. Such, for instance, is the effect of some of Maurice Maeterlinck's religious plays when staged in one plane. This method may be called subjective-monistic. Its counterpart is the objective-monistic method, which again destroys the barrier between the stage and the audience, but this time by transporting the spectator on to the stage and making him actively participate in the play. The early forms of the Greek drama and the mediæval mystery plays may be quoted here as examples of this method, though the first also contains considerable elements of subjectivity.

The other way of apprehending the universe is based on the consciousness of all its component parts

or atoms—on the opposition of self and non-self. The world acquires an atomistic aspect. The self-affirming personality always feels its aloofness from the ambience. By a process of active contemplation it may embrace and absorb this encompassing world, but it never fuses into it. In the theatre this sovereignty of self-affirming personality finds its expression, on the one hand, in the abstractly sculpturesque stagings of Mr. E. Gordon Craig, which we may rightly call subjective-atomistic. These definitions may appear somewhat obscure, but they show the problems of staging which obtrude in the cinematograph, determining the pictorial representation. The cinematograph possesses a greater command of space than the legitimate stage, or than painting on flat surfaces. It is able, and therefore is obliged, to discriminate between the different methods of pictorial presentment. Unlike the others, it can afford to be logical. But it would only gain in effect and would reveal the inner monistic nature of the two-dimensional space if it were more consistent and eliminated every atom of natural relief. Play of lines and colors is all that is required on the flat screen, and if properties of the medium have, as everybody believes nowadays, any importance in the achievement of artistic effect, then it is obvious that the cinematograph can only gain by consistent application of the principle of two-dimensional space to pictures on the ordinary screen.

On the other hand, to represent the atomistic world as distinct from the self-conscious personality, the method of three-dimensional staging affords both the actor and the pictorial artist unlimited scope for new and altogether artistic achievements.

The stagings of Mr. E. Gordon Craig, for instance, unfetter and expand the stage. They are not the-

atrical in the narrow sense of the word. They purport to create on the boards a world of their own, one entirely distinct from the stage world, however far it may be removed from the realistic world. But the stage is only a stage, and the space on it has its well-known limitations. The case with the stereoscopic cinematograph is different. Its command of space is practically boundless. It can create another world and place it before the eyes of the audience to watch it with admiration, sympathy, or disdain. The stereoscopic cinematograph in the hands of real artists could raise even realistic drama (in its wordless form, of course) to its proper position, representing the world stated objectively and watched from outside.

As to the pictorial artist, both the plane and the stereoscopic moving picture open before him a new field for artistic development. It would be impossible at the present stage of the cinematograph's development to discuss in detail the multifarious problems arising out of the application of this new process. Only practical experience could give satisfactory answers to many of these questions. But there are some general features of the cinematopictorial process, which already allow of analysis and discussion.

The most important of them is the dynamic character of the cinematograph. In addition to the third dimension which the cinematograph provides by stereoscopic projection, it possesses yet another co-ordinate—time. How does this element enter into the pictorial and plastic arts? We know the Egyptians answered this question by discarding the notion itself. Instead of transient time they imparted to their immovable, frigid productions a spirit of eternity. The Greeks, the artists of the Renaissance,

and most modern artists try to give the impression of movement by arranging the elements of a picture or a statue in such a way that the eye must travel over the production.

Now the cinematograph is the first medium by which one can deal with time fairly and squarely without recourse to the tricks of the cubist or futurist. Is that not in itself a sufficient reason why artists should seize this unique opportunity?

Following the distinction stated above, we shall have two branches of this mobile art: the flat screen cinematograph (the realm of the flat-surface artist), and the stereoscopic cinematograph (the realm of the sculptor who thinks in form and color). At present, the only indications of this future mobile art are found in the best theatrical productions. I may point out as examples the exquisite stagings of Russian ballets by Bakst, Anisfeld, and Golovin, and their designs for costumes in particular, since in the varying combinations of lines and colors on the background of the scenery the basis of the mobile art is present implicitly.

V

It is necessary at this point, in the light of the foregoing theories, to consider what position the artist will occupy in future cinematograph productions. In the stereoscopic cinematograph he has already at his command nearly all that he can desire. It is true that the colors of life are yet wanting, but an artist can obtain a real color-tone from black and white. Moreover he can tone the film just as he pleases, so that after all he is not entirely deprived of color. Otherwise the stereoscopic cinema photography leaves hardly anything to be desired. It gives a facsimile reproduction, color excepted, of

the actual scene. If the legitimate stage affords scope for the application of artistic talents, the stereoscopic cinematograph has the additional advantage of a much greater command of space than the stage.

The problems of photography in the one-plane cinematograph are somewhat different. They are akin to those met with in other arts dealing with the flat surface; on the other hand, they are naturally distinguished from them in so far as they all depend on the mobile conditions of the cinematograph. The influence of these conditions on other artistic effects can be judged from the fact that in moving pictures, we are seldom able to fix our attention on one given position for any considerable length of time. This being so, the criteria of art applied to moving pictures must be obviously different from those applied to paintings or lithographs. The laws of composition cannot possibly be the same. What they are I shall not here attempt to define, but an artist who took up the cinematograph would find that such laws do exist and, gradually, by experiment and practice, he would subject them to his control. At present, our ideas on mobile composition are so undeveloped and so crude that posterity will hardly be able to believe that they were ever held. It is only necessary to remind ourselves of the revolution started in this field by Jacques-Dalcroze with his rhythmic gymnastics. It is still open to an artist to give it a worthy counterpart in fixing it on the film. In this connection the attempts made by Mr. A. Wallace Rimington in England, and by A. Scriabin, the well-known composer, in Russia, to create a new art of color-music are of interest. Mr. Rimington has already given us a detailed exposition of his theory and a description of the color-organ, the in-

strument he specially invented for this purpose. There can be little doubt that this new form of art will have a great future, and that in one way or another it will become one of the most essential components of the artistic cinematograph.

The second cinema photographic problem is akin to the question of ordinary photographic prints. Line drawing being excluded by the nature of photography as we at present know it, the problem is how to achieve the best results with a medium similar in character to the wash. The problem lies not so much with the lighting of models as with the production of the film and projection on the screen. Greater artistic effect would probably be achieved on screens of more solid consistency than those now in vogue, on screens of a grained surface, such as a white plastered wall would provide. Then the lights and shades on the film should give more concentrated, solid, and flat masses, thus obviating unnecessary details, which are often annoyingly conspicuous. The silhouette picture film, which is practically unknown, possesses wonderful possibilities. For fairy-tales or grotesque and sentimental stories, hardly any medium could be more fitting.

VI

In conclusion, let me recapitulate the principal points. The artistic failure of the modern cinematograph is due solely to lack of understanding of this medium's peculiar properties. It is dynamic throughout. Expression of the rhythmically moving body must be the only law of the actor, expression of rhythmically moving form and color the only law of the pictorial artist.

The actor must cease ignoring the dumb nature of the cinematograph in performing "realistic"

plays. Pantomime and ballet are the only forms open to him. He can achieve greatly varying psychological effects by staging his plays in two or three dimensions. The silhouette is the form of acting where the one-plane principle of staging finds its most complete expression.

The pictorial artist must discriminate between the flat-screen and the stereoscopic cinematograph projection. With the first, he must try to eliminate all relief, to evolve the color value of light and shade, and to make the screen as good an artistic medium as paper is. With the second, he must solve the complicated problems of planes and volumes which this stereoscopic form of projection places before him. In application to both methods he must evolve the formulæ of mobile composition and mobile color.

So much for the actor and for the artist.

Above all, however, the cinematograph needs men of genius, of deep insight, and of great spiritual culture. More than the theatre it is a synthetic form of art, as both the dramatic and the pictorial arts constitute the basic elements of its nature. To be raised from its present state of degradation it requires men who combine a genius for dramatic and pictorial presentation with the deep wisdom of sages. It requires that clear-consciousness without which there is no real personality and no individual feeling of the world.

Art is the revelation of the human spirit in everything capable of expressing it, conditioned only by the nature of the medium used. So the cinematograph will rise to the level of art when men of great intelligence and insight express themselves in forms determined by the natural properties of this new medium. Everything seems to indicate that we shall not have long to wait for this fulfillment.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY.

THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN.

The Unchastened Woman. A play by Louis K. Anspacher. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.



AY not the tradition of the difficulty of acting Shakespeare resolve itself largely into a question of having some standard to measure up to? The average Shakespearean audience, even of today, has read the play before coming to the theatre, or has seen some other performance, or at least has heard of other players, and how they interpreted such and such characters. One goes to the modern play, on the other hand, unprepared to make demands. There is nothing for us but to accept, with as good a grace as possible, the crumbs (by way of interpretation) which are thrown to us. Sometimes more is given, sometimes less; but with no idea of the play as it came from the brain of the author, how is one to judge? For acting is not a matter of beauty of form or face, not even of gesture and voice, although these things enter into it, but of adequate interpretation. Now one critic today may be certain that Miss Blue-eyes does not know how to act, and that Miss Brown-eyes does; one may favor the shrill and acid, another the low-voiced and sweet; one may deem that much puckering of the brow and placing of the finger upon the supraorbital nerve denotes great cerebration, another may hold indistinct enunciation in no way a

handicap to fame—but this is not criticism. I remember hearing Mr. William Henderson some years ago give a lecture on Musical Criticism as a Profession before the students of the Columbia School of Journalism. It was illuminating to note the preparation he underwent in order to review in his paper the first performance of a new opera by Richard Strauss. First, he borrowed the score and studied that religiously, then he attended several rehearsals, and finally went with pencil well sharpened, I should imagine, to attend the opening night. He knew his text, he was ready not alone to write of the opera as opera in relation to other works of the composer, but he was prepared by his knowledge of the art of singing and operatic acting to judge of the individual merit of each member of the cast. It was suggestive of the times perhaps quite as much as of the man, that Mr. Clayton Hamilton, who followed Mr. Henderson in the same series of lectures, when it came to the Profession of the Dramatic Critic, should have pointed out what made a good play or a bad play, but never once with a single reference to the art of the actor. That acting is an art in itself to be judged separately, whether the play has merit or not, apparently seemed of no consequence. What an interesting shuffle we should have in our stage reputations today if our theatrical critics and audiences were as well prepared to value virtuosity as the critics and audiences of the opera! An opera audience—such as we have in New York—is highly sophisticated, weighing, testing one performance with another; the voice and acting of the soloists, the work of the chorus, the nuances of the orchestra, the magnetism of the leader, the wealth of scenery and costume, all stand in the searching light of comparison, in short, making a conscious demand upon

every performer, a stimulating incentive to do good work.

These remarks are suggested by the publication, while it is still on the boards, of Mr. Anspacher's play, *The Unchastened Woman*. It is all too seldom that we are given the opportunity to oppose the actor's performance with the authority of the author. Possibly the managers have done their best to rob the playwright of all semblance of authority, but the increasing publication of plays is an augury that it is coming back. I remember in reading Mr. Percy MacKaye's *A Thousand Years Ago*, published by the Drama League, how cheap and tawdry by comparison it made the stage production seem. And in the same way, one cannot read the daring, original and thoroughly modern play of Mr. Anspacher's without being forced to realize after all, how inadequate a production it has received. One may be permitted to wonder if, with the test of the printed play at hand, the Playgoing Committee of the New York Drama League would still have said:

"The production is intelligent and excellent throughout. The play is especially well cast and the acting of a high order."

Would that more playwrights were brave enough and idealistic enough to waive the larger monetary return of that intolerable hybrid the novelized drama, and give us their work in the only possible, self-respecting form, the published play! so many interesting, indeed fascinating qualities are revealed in the reading which are not even to be suspected from witnessing it as acted. Not that I mean for a minute to imply that Mr. Anspacher has written a play that "reads better than it acts"—not at all—but that only by reading the play as it comes undistorted from his hand, can we see all that has been

deliberately left out on the stage. A chorus of praise has greeted the acting, but here and there a voice has arisen against the play: one complains of "a lack of clear intention" and calls it "an unveracious, almost fantastically improbable tale." The Drama League Bulletin, quoted above, so full of praise for the acting, rebukes the author for the unconvincing reconciliation of the Sanburys. Of course the play is unconvincing *as it is played*. To any thinking person it is simply inconceivable that so delightful and distinguished a man as Hubert Knollys (acted with rare deftness and charm by Mr. Reeves-Smith) would have endured so long the shrill, ill-bred and hopelessly over-dressed creature of the stage impersonation. Furthermore, if the leading lady were correct in her reading of the part, then the whole play was largely much ado about nothing. If the Caroline Knollys of the printed play were the crude Bohemian whom Miss Stevens visualized for us, if she were nothing more than the mere voluptuous married flirt, she would never have shrunk from scandal and divorce, never have worshiped appearances (having so flagrantly ignored them in her own person), she would never have objected so strenuously to the society of her husband's mistress—in short, there would have been no play. The very *clou* of the play is the heroine's careful conventionality, her adoration of good form, her creed which puts the surface above everything, which objects not to immorality but to the appearance of it. The heroine that Miss Stevens gives us, on the other hand, is a kind of leading lady of the Winter Garden, much betinselled and bedecked, wearing wriggly trains of last year's vintage, serpentine scarves and huge picture hats at the most inopportune moments, of restless manners, impossible gestures, questionable

behaviour and an utter, hopeless lack of distinction. Certainly it is all as far as possible from the proud and dignified leader of New York and Newport, the Mrs. Hubert Knollys of the published play. Utterly heartless, vain, and cattish that lady may have been, but just the same you may be quite certain, a woman more ready to forgive an enemy than commit a social gaucherie, and quite as incapable of wearing last year's gown as of being generous to a rival.

"What do we know about the unchastened woman?" asks a writer in the *New York Evening Journal*, and immediately answers herself by adding "Nothing!" But for this she puts the blame on the wrong person. There are a few pages of the book that have been cut out of the acted play, which would have proved highly illuminating. For instance, the inquiring lady would have learned that Mrs. Knollys was a woman of forty, married over twenty-five years before the opening of the play, and having a married daughter. Furthermore the integrity of the entire play, and particularly the last curtain, suffers from the distortion which follows in making Lawrence Sanbury, the young architect, everything that the author did not intend him to be; instead of being overpowered merely by the vision of success which a wealthy patron holds out to him, he seems to be a victim rather of her *beau yeux*. His perfectly natural and sincere cry, "Why, she's old enough to be my mother!" is thrown out to spare the lady's feelings, and instead of a manly, broad-shouldered, vital young man in love with his wife and wanting success as much for her as for himself, the management saw fit in its infinite wisdom to make him the usual stage picture of the lap dog of a fashionable woman. The author describes him as a handsome, vital looking man of twenty-five, but

we see him as an empty-headed boy of no possible promise, little, narrow-chested, weak-kneed physically and morally, a born adulterer if there ever was one, not at all the kind of man to whom the woman of the "dangerous age" married to the elderly husband turns for emotional excitement. Now beside all this, if the wife of the architect, an efficient, clear-sighted, generous social worker and writer, is turned into a mild, coyly sweet, blue-eyed little girl, hopelessly tongue-tied before the unflinching attacks of her dangerous rival, if Emily Madden, Hubert's mistress, could never be mistaken for a highly executive newspaper woman, if indeed furthermore we find ourselves sharing his wife's wonder at his taste, is it any wonder that some of the characters seem somewhat blurred? Indeed the wonder to me is that in spite of all this, so much of the author's intention did succeed in filtering through!

For this play of Mr. Anspacher's is distinctly a play of character. More than that it is an attempt to show the different reactions of varying characters to the Truth—to break up the white light of Truth into its spectrum. Caroline uses the Truth unscrupulously as a weapon of offence; the Truth makes of her husband a gentle, varnished cynic; it blights Emily, makes of Krellin the anarchist a cosmic humorist, the old charwoman a kindly philosopher, and leaves Hildegarde, the architect's wife, the only one who can stand facing the Truth without being overwhelmed. It is a play of skillful unwinding of the strands of good and evil, a play wherein the intricate threads of action are separated with deft fingers, a play of delicate tones and half lights, and subtle gradations. And yet it is given a production in sharpest blacks and whites. Just as no longer we dub our stage characters "Venture-

well," "Winwife," "Dame Purecraft," "Sneerwell," "Puff," "Surface," and the like, so the realistic drama of today can not tolerate the simple characters that such names would fit. Caroline Knollys has been compared by several reviewers to Hedda Gabler. One calls her "a Hedda without a background," but it is surely not the author who is at fault. Background and atmosphere are of delicate fabric, and in a production such as I have intimated they simply disappear. Caroline is quite as typical a creature of our complex life of today as Hedda was of hers. In the less cramped and restricted life of America, with a fortune in her own right, Caroline acts with far freer rein; she plays her game more skillfully, more openly than Hedda. But both women are fighting with all the weapons at their command the inexorableness of Nature—the one against maternity, the other quite as vainly against old age.

Very likely the management has given the public what it wants. Apparently it dotes on sirens, loves to watch an utterly heartless wife steal another woman's husband from under her nose, believes in the lapdog lover as a necessary accessory of the woman of fashion, more important than well-bred manners or clothes!—it revels in bright colors and tinsel and satins, even if they do not belong in the picture, in sinuous lines, and in what one newspaper writer has chastely called "bodices which invite explorers." But the sad thing in all this is that if there is any one temptation to be resisted by the young author it is the temptation to do what has been done before. It is the one ideal of the manager, the one pitfall of the author. The thing that has been done, alas! is also the thing most easily done! The late Henry James used to insist that

the dramatic form of literature was not open to the subtleties which could be expressed in other forms of fiction. Was he right? Is it really the literary form that is at fault, or the desire of producers and actors to seek the easiest way?

Now all this sheds an interesting light upon the condition of our stage at the moment. It reveals something of what the conscientious playwright must endure if he is to have a production. One of them confessed to me a few days ago that he is fortunate who is able to get sixty per cent of his original intention "across." If we are to be content with playwrights who never go below the surface, whose themes are taken from the latest extras on the street, and as little digested, not much harm is done. But if we are to hope for a generation of playwrights who wish to save their souls by setting down "The very age and body of the time" in all honesty as they see it, writers who have given thought to Life before they have begun to think of royalties, then it is very serious indeed. As Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton very truly has said (but I cannot forgive him for saying that Emily Stevens rose superbly to her opportunity), "We shall never have first-rate drama until we have first-rate minds writing for the stage."

Will first-rate minds be encouraged to write for the stage if actresses not only are to be permitted to distort and twist the author's meaning at will, but are to be applauded for so doing? If no leading lady is to be over twenty-five, if the subtle skeins of action, the delicate shades of character, the conflicting motives which make the joy of great fiction, are to be sacrificed to those less subtle and more understandable ones, if the contradictory impulses of the sophisticated gentlewoman are to be cheapened into the exaggerated lure of a siren, if the emotions of

a Caroline Knollys are to be changed into the simpler ones of the insolent rake, if the delicate machinations of a female Machiavelli are to be translated into the crude husband-stealing of a Cleopatra, then the writer of serious drama would do well, like Ibsen, to depend upon the printed page for his vindication.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

ON THE HIGHWAY

A Dramatic Sketch by Anton Chekhov

Translated from the Russian Original by David A.
Modell, A. M.

THE CHARACTERS

TIKHON YEVSIGNEEV, *keeper of a tavern on the highway.*

SEMION SERGEEVITCH BORTSOV, *a ruined landowner.*

MARIA YEGOROVNA, *his wife.*

SAVVA, *a wandering old penitent.*

NAZAROVNA } *pilgrim women.*
YEFIMOVNA }

FEDIA, *a transient workman.*

YEGOR MERIK, *a tramp.*

KUZMA, *a passer-by.*

A postman.

MARIA YEGOROVNA'S *driver.*

Pilgrims, merchants, travellers, and others.

The action takes place in a province of South Russia. The stage represents Tikhon's tavern. To the right is the bar, with shelves holding bottles. Beyond is a door leading outside. Over the doorway, on the outside, hangs a red, greasy little lantern. The floor and the benches lining the walls are entirely taken up by pilgrims and other travellers. Many, for lack of room, sleep in a sitting posture. It is late at night. As the curtain goes up, thunder is heard and lightning is seen through the doorway.

TIKHON is behind the bar. On one of the benches lounges FEDIA playing a harmonica. Near him sits BORTSOV dressed in threadbare summer clothes. On the floor, by the benches, lie SAVVA, NAZAROVNA, and YEFIMOVNA.

YEFIMOVNA. [*To NAZAROVNA.*] Shake the old man there, *Mátushka*.* He seems to want to give up his soul to God.

NAZAROVNA. [*Lifting from the wanderer's face one end of his great-coat.*] Hey, you man of God, are you still alive or are you dead already?

SAVVA. Why dead? Alive, *Mátushka*. [*He raises himself on his elbows.*] Please cover my feet, my poor woman. So! The right one a little better. That's it, *Mátushka*. God bless you!

NAZAROVNA. [*Covering SAVVA's feet.*] Sleep, *Cátyushka*.

SAVVA. How can one sleep? Would I had the patience to bear this suffering; as for sleep—that doesn't bother me. Sinners don't deserve rest, anyway. What's that noise, pilgrim-mother?

NAZAROVNA. The Lord sends thunder. The wind blows and the rain keeps on beating on the roof and the windows like fine peas. Do you hear? The floodgates of heaven are ajar. [*Thunder is heard.*] Mercy, mercy, mercy!

FEDIA. It thunders, rattles and howls, and there's no end to it! Oo-oo-oo . . . as if the forest murmured. Oo-oo-oo . . . the wind howls like a dog. [*He huddles himself together.*] It's cold! My

* A Russian diminutive derived from the word for mother, but used indiscriminately as a term of address among friends or acquaintances or even strangers. For this and the corresponding masculine term—*Cátyushka* (from the Russian for father)—which I am here introducing, English has no equivalents. The general sense is vaguely expressed by "My dear lady" and "My dear sir," respectively—Translator.

clothes are wringing wet, and the door is wide open. [*He plays quietly.*] My harmonica has swelled up from the rain, boys, or I would give you such a concert as would lift you off your feet. Something grand! A quadrille, say, or a polka maybe, or some Russian couplet. We can do all that. In the city, where I served as hallman in the Grand Hotel, I saved no money, but in the harmonica's estimation I outdid myself at every note. And I play the guitar, too.

A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. A fool and foolish talk!

FEDIA. From a fool I hear that. [*A pause ensues.*]

NAZAROVNA. [*To SAVVA.*] You, old man, had better lie in the heat awhile and warm your foot a bit. [*A pause ensues.*] Sir! Man of God! [*She shakes SAVVA.*] Not going to die, are you?

FEDIA. You, grandfather, had better take a sip of vodka. It'll scorch your insides a bit as you drink, but it'll brace you up afterwards. Take a drink.

NAZAROVNA. Stop your jabbering, lad. The old man is perhaps giving up his soul to God and repenting of his sins, and you keep on like that—and with a harmonica. Stop that music, you impudent fellow!

FEDIA. And why don't you leave him in peace? He's not feeling well, and here are you keeping up an old woman's prattle. He's too good to say a rough word to you, and you, fool that you are, are only too glad that he listens to you. . . . Sleep, grandpa; pay no heed to her. Let her chatter—don't you care. An old woman's tongue is like the devil's broom; it'll sweep the wisest man out of the house. Don't you care! [*He clasps his hands.*] But you are skinny, brother! Awful! Just like a

dead skeleton—no vitality at all. Not dying, are you?

SAVVA. Why die? God forbid—just simply to die! I'll bear it a bit and then, with God's help, I'll be up again. The Holy Virgin won't let me expire in a strange land. I'll die at home.

FEDIA. Are you from far?

SAVVA. From the district of Vológda. From Vológda itself—I'm a citizen there.

FEDIA. And where is Vológda?

TIKHON. Beyond Moscow. It's a government.

FEDIA. Whew! How far you have wandered, greybeard! And all on foot?

SAVVA. On foot, my boy. I was at Tikhon beyond the Don and am now bound for the Holy Mountains. From there, by God's leave, I'll make for Odessa. Thence, they say, one can get to Jerusalem very cheaply—for some twenty-one rubles even.

FEDIA. And were you ever in Moscow?

SAVVA. I should say so! About five times.

FEDIA. A fine city? [*He lights his pipe.*] Worth seeing?

SAVVA. Many holy places, lad. It's always nice where holy things abound.

BORTSOV. [*He approaches the bar and* TIKHON.] Once more, I beg of you, serve a drink, for Christ's sake.

FEDIA. The main thing about a city is that it should be clean; to be sprinkled when dusty and cleaned when dirty; to have high buildings, a theatre, police, cabs that— I've lived in cities myself; I understand.

BORTSOV. Just a wine-glass—here this small one. It's only on trust. I'll pay you.

TIKHON. Yes, yes!

BORTSOV. I beg of you! Do a favor!

TIKHON. Go on.

BORTSOV. You don't comprehend me. Understand, you scamp, if your peasant blockhead contains any brains, that it isn't I that ask, but, putting it in your peasant language, my inside asks. My sickness craves! Understand!

TIKHON. There's nothing for us to understand. Get out!

BORTSOV. But if I don't have a drink right now—if I don't satisfy my craving, mind you—I'm likely to commit a crime. God knows what I may do! You have seen, fool, many drinking folk in your saloon life—don't you know yet what such people are? They are sick folk. Chain them, beat them, cut them up, if you will, but don't deny them vodka. Well, I humbly beg of you! Do a favor! I humiliate myself. My God, how I humiliate myself!

TIKHON. Up with the money; then there'll be vodka.

BORTSOV. But where am I to get money? Everything is gone for drink! Everything, to a thread! Then what can I give you? Only this overcoat is left; but I cannot give you that. . . . It's over a bare body. . . . Want the cap? [*He takes off his cap and hands it to TIKHON.*]

TIKHON. [*Examining the cap.*] Hm! . . . There are caps and caps. It's as full of holes as a sieve.

FEDIA. [*Laughing.*] A noble's! To wear in the street and to tip to ladies. "Hello! Good-bye! How do you do?"

TIKHON. [*Returning BORTSOV's cap.*] I wouldn't take it as a gift. It's a dunghill!

BORTSOV. You don't like it? Then trust me. I'll be passing here on my way back from town and bring you your five kopéks. May you choke with it.

Yes, choke! Let it stick right in your throat. [*He coughs.*] I hate you!

TIKHON. [*Pounding his fist on the counter.*] What do you want of me? Who are you, anyway? What kind of crook? What brought you here?

BORTSOV. I want a drink. Not I—exactly I, either; my sickness wants it. Understand!

TIKHON. Don't try my patience, or you'll be out on the steppe in a jiffy.

BORTSOV. What shall I do? [*Walking away from the bar.*] What shall I do? [*He meditates.*]

YEFIMOVNA. It's the evil one that's torturing you. Just snap your fingers at it, sir. The cursed thing whispers to you: "Drink! Drink!" But you answer: "I won't! I won't!" and it'll leave you alone.

FEDIA. Must have wheels in his head—hi-hi-hi! It's enough to turn one's stomach. [*Giggling.*] You're queer, sir. Go to sleep! It's no use hanging around like a scarecrow in the middle of the saloon. This is not an orchard.

BORTSOV. [*Viciously.*] Shut up! Nobody is asking you, you jackass!

FEDIA. You may talk and talk, but don't go too far. I have met your kind before. There are many such as you sauntering up and down the highway. And as for "jackass," I'll give you such a box on the ear that you will howl louder than the wind. You're a jackass yourself, you good-for-nothing! [*A pause ensues.*] Rascal!

NAZAROVNA. The old man is praying perhaps and giving up his soul to his Maker, and they, the blasphemers, keep on picking quarrels with each other—and what language! Shame on them!

FEDIA. And you, cabbage-stalk, should not grumble once you are in a saloon. In saloons there's saloon manners.

BORTSOV. But how can I? What shall I do? How make him understand? Is eloquence necessary? [*To TIKHON.*] The blood clots my heart. Uncle Tikhon! [*Weeping.*] *Uncle Tikhon!*

SAVVA. [*Groaning.*] I have a shooting in the leg as from a bullet of fire. . . . Pilgrim mother, *Mátushka!*

YEFIMOVNA. Well, *Cátyushka?*

SAVVA. Who is weeping?

YEFIMOVNA. The nobleman.

SAVVA. Ask the nobleman to shed a tear for me, that I may live to die at Vológda. A tearful prayer is more acceptable.

BORTSOV. I am not praying, sir. Nor are these tears; it's sap. The heart contracts and makes the sap run. [*He sits down at SAVVA's feet.*] Sap, this is! But how could you understand? It isn't for your dark mind, sir, to understand. You people are sitting in the darkness.

SAVVA. But are there any who have the light?

BORTSOV. There are such, grandpa. *They* would understand.

SAVVA. Indeed, there are, my friend. The saints had that light. They understood all suffering—understood it without your ever telling them anything, either. They just looked into one's eyes, and they had it. And what comfort their understanding brought one! It was as if you never had any woe—'twas gone as by a touch of the hand.

FEDIA. And have you ever seen saints?

SAVVA. Occasionally, my boy. There are many people of all kinds on earth. There are the sinners, and there are the servants of God.

BORTSOV. I don't understand this at all. Talk is addressed to the understanding, but have I any reason now? I have only feeling—thirst! [*He sud-*

denly walks up to the bar.] Tikhon, take the overcoat. Understand? [*About to take it off.*] The overcoat.

TIKHON. And underneath is what? [*He peeps under BORTSOV's overcoat.*] The bare body? No, don't remove it; I won't take it. I won't take sin upon my soul.

[MERIK enters.]

BORTSOV. Well, I take the sin on myself. All right?

MERIK. [*He quietly takes off his great-coat, remaining in a sheepskin jacket. In his belt is an axe.*] Some feel cold, while bears and those who forget their kin always feel hot. I'm perspiring! [*He puts the axe on the floor and removes his jacket.*] Before one drags a foot out of the mud he's in a pool of perspiration. You drag one foot out, and in goes the other.

YEFIMOVNA. That's so. . . . The rain hasn't slackened, has it, friend.

MERIK. [*Glancing at YEFIMOVNA.*] I don't talk with old women. [*A pause ensues.*]

BORTSOV. [*To TIKHON.*] I take the sin on myself. Do you hear or not?

TIKHON. I don't want to hear, either. Leave me alone!

MERIK. It's pitch-dark, as if someone had smeared the sky with tar. Not a soul is to be seen. And the rain keeps beating in one's face like a snow-storm. [*He takes his clothes and axe under his arm.*]

FEDIA. For such as you—thieves—that's just the thing. Beasts of prey lie in hiding, and for you, merry Andrews, it's a holiday.

MERIK. And from whom do I hear this?

FEDIA. Look and see. Not blind, are you?

MERIK. I'll make note of this. [*He walks up to* TIKHON.] Hello, big mug! Or don't you recognize me?

TIKHON. If one should remember all you drunkards who pass on the highway, it would add ten furrows to his forehead.

MERIK. Then, take a look. [*A pause ensues.*]

TIKHON. I have you already, what do you think of that! I recognized you by your optics. [*He holds out a hand.*] Andrei Polikarpov?

MERIK. I was Andrei Polikarpov, but now call me Yegor Merik.

TIKHON. Why so?

MERIK. Whatever passport it pleases the Lord to give me, by that name am I known. I've been Merik for about two months. [*Thunder roars.*] Te, te, te! Fire away! Who's afraid? [*He surveys the room.*] Any police spies here?

TIKHON. What spies? Mostly gnats and mosquitoes. A tame lot this is. The police must now be sound asleep in their featherbeds. [*Aloud.*] Say, *právoslávnyé*,* watch your pockets and clothes if you wouldn't be sorry. A crook! Might steal!

MERIK. Let 'em watch their cash, if they have any; but as for their clothes, I won't touch 'em. Nowhere to take 'em.

TIKHON. Where the deuce are you going?

MERIK. To Kuban.

TIKHON. Oho!

FEDIA. To Kuban? Upon your word? [*He rises.*] Fine places! It's such a region, friends, that you can't even dream of it though you should

* Another untranslatable term. It means, literally, "true believers," but is used by Russian peasants to express more the idea of comradeship—something like "countrymen"—than any religious connotation. The word, which is a pronominal adjective, is here used in the plural.—Translator.

sleep three years. Such profusion! They say the birds there, the game, the animals of all kinds, and—my God! Why, the grass grows there all year round, the people live like brothers, and they have more land than they know what to do with. The government, they say—a soldier told me the other day—grants one hundred *dessiatins** per head. That's happiness, by golly!

MERIK. Happiness. . . . Happiness follows behind one's back. It can't be seen. You'll not be happy sooner than you can bite you own elbow. It's all nonsense. [*He surveys the benches and the people.*] Looks like a prisoners' halting-place. What poverty!

YEFIMOVNA. [*To MERIK.*] Such fierce eyes! There's enmity in you, lad. Don't stare at us!

MERIK. Such poverty!

YEFIMOVNA. Turn away! [*She pushes SAVVA.*] Savva, dear, a wicked man is staring at us. It bodes no good, my dear. [*To MERIK.*] Turn away, I say, you serpent!

SAVVA. He won't touch you, *Matushka*, he won't. God won't permit it.

MERIK. What true believers! [*He shrugs his shoulders.*] So quiet! Why, you are not asleep, you bow-legged ones. Why do you keep quiet?

YEFIMOVNA. Turn away your eyes—turn away your devil's look!

MERIK. Shut up, you crooked old thing! It was not with the devil's look, but with kindness and good cheer, that I noticed your sad lot. You huddle up from the cold like flies; so I took pity on you and wanted to say a kind word—wanted to comfort you—and there you turn away your faces. Well? All

*A *dessiatina* is equal to a little more than 2½ acres.

right! [*He walks up to FEDIA.*] Where do you hail from?

FEDIA. From hereabouts; Khamonovsky Zavód—from the brick yards.

MERIK. Get up, sir.

FEDIA. [*Rising.*] Well?

MERIK. Up, up altogether. I'll lie down here.

FEDIA. Not your place, is it?

MERIK. It is. Go spread on the floor.

FEDIA. Pass on, wayfarer. I am not afraid of you.

MERIK. Saucy? Well, go and don't argue, or you'll cry, fool.

TIKHON. [*To FEDIA.*] Don't cross him, lad. Do as he says.

FEDIA. What right have you? You bulge out your pike eyes and think I'm afraid of you. [*He gathers up his belongings under his arm and proceeds to make his bed on the floor.*] Devil! [*He lies down and covers his head and all.*]

MERIK. [*Making his bed on the bench.*] Then you haven't seen the devil, if you call me one. Devils aren't like that. [*He lies down and places his axe beside him.*] Lie down, dear axe, comrade mine. Let me cover you, axie.

TIKHON. Where did you get that axe?

MERIK. Why, I stole it; stole it, and now must carry it about as a fool would some gaudy-colored bag: I hate to leave it behind and yet have nowhere to keep it—it's like a loathsome wife. . . . No, friend [*He covers himself*], devils aren't like that.

FEDIA. [*Poking his head out from under his great-coat.*] How, then?

MERIK. They are like vapor, spirit, like a puff of air [*Blowing*]*—that's how they are. One can't see them.*

A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. If he should sit under hedges, he might.

MERIK. I tried and didn't see. They lie, the old women and silly peasants. Neither the devil, nor the wood-nymph, nor the dead can be seen. The eye isn't made to see everything. When I was a lad I used to go to the woods at night in order to see the wood-nymph. I would yell and shout with all my might, calling the goddess of the forest and never winking an eye. Well, I imagined all sorts of queer things, but I saw no nymph. I would go to cemeteries at night to see ghosts, but the old women lie. I saw all kinds of beings, but as for that Awful One—I couldn't see him to save my life. We haven't the eye for it.

A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. Don't be so sure about that; sometimes one can see. A peasant in our village once killed a pig. He ripped his belly open when out leaped the—

SAVVA. [*Rising.*] Boys, don't be mentioning the Evil One. It's a sin, my friends.

MERIK. Ah, you greybeard! You skeleton! [*He laughs.*] We needn't visit cemeteries; our own dead creep out here from underground to read us sermons. A sin! It's not for those with your foolish ideas to read people lectures. You are a gloomy lot, steeped in ignorance. [*He lights his pipe.*] My father was a peasant and also liked to read us sermons. One night he stole a bag of apples from the parson. He brought it to us and said: "Boys, don't munch any apples before the great fast—it's a sin." You act the same way. The devil must not be mentioned, but it's all right to cuss. Take this hag here, for instance. [*He points to YEFIMOVNA.*] In me she saw a wicked man, and yet she herself, from

woman's folly, has yielded her soul to the devil some five times, no doubt.

YEFIMOVNA. Fie, fie, fie! Christ protect us! [*She covers her face with her hands.*] Savva, dear!

TIKHON. Why do you scare them? And glad! [*The wind slams the door.*] Jesus Christ, what a wind!

MERIK. [*Stretching.*] O, if one could but show his strength! [*The door slams again in the wind.*] Pit it against this wind here! It can't tear the door off its hinges, while I could, if it came to that, pull this tavern up by the roots. [*He rises and lies down.*] What a bore!

NAZABOVNA. Say your prayers, you heathen! Why are you restless?

YEFIMOVNA. Leave him alone, the plague take him! He is again staring at us. [*To MERIK.*] Don't stare, wicked man. What eyes! What eyes! Like the demon's before early mass.

SAVVA. Let him stare, pilgrim-mothers. Offer up a prayer and his eye will bring you no harm.

BOETSOV. No, I cannot—it's beyond my endurance! [*He walks over to the bar.*] Listen, Tikhon, I ask you the last time: half a glass!

TIKHON. [*He shakes his head.*] Money!

BOETSOV. My God, but haven't I told you already? Everything is gone for drink. Where shall I get you money? And will it ruin you to give me a drop of vodka on trust? A glass of vodka stands you but two kopéks, but for me it means deliverance from suffering. How I suffer! It's not caprice, but suffering! Understand?

TIKHON. Try it on somebody else. Go ask those *právoslávnyé* there—let them treat you for the sake of Christ, if they will—but I give only bread for Christ's sake.

BORTSOV. You can skin those paupers yourself, but I would rather be excused. It's not in me to rob them. Not in me! Understand? [*He pounds his fist on the bar.*] Not in me! [*A pause ensues.*] Hm . . . but wait. [*He turns to the pilgrims.*] And that's not a bad idea, either—*právoslávnyé*, won't you sacrifice five kopéks? It's the inside that begs. I'm sick!

FEDIA. Oh, you! "Sacrifice." Cheat! Isn't water good enough for you?

BORTSOV. But how I lower myself! My, how I humiliate myself! Never mind! I don't want anything—I was only joking.

MERIK. You won't move him, Boss. He's a noted miser. Wait, I must have a five-kopék piece somewhere. We'll have a glass together, half and half. [*He fumbles in his pockets.*] Got stuck somewhere, damn it! I thought I heard something jingling in the pocket recently. No, it's gone. Gone, friend. Such is your luck! [*A pause ensues.*]

BORTSOV. I can't go without a drink. I'll commit some crime—or else decide on suicide. What shall I do? My God! [*He looks to the door.*] Go away, perhaps? Go forth into this darkness, lead wherever chance may!

MERIK. Why don't you, dear pilgrims, read him sermons? And you, Tikhon, why don't you put him out? He hasn't paid for his night's lodging, you know. Kick him out; take him by the collar! Oh, how brutal people are nowadays! They have no sentiment or kindness. Fierce folk! A man is drowning, and they shout to him: "Drown faster. We haven't time to watch; this is our busy day." As for throwing him a rope, that's out of the question. Rope costs money!

SAVVA. Don't censure, kind man.

MERIK. Shut up, you old wolf! You are a cruel lot. Monsters! Soul-mongers! [*To TIKHON.*] Come over here and pull off my boots. Quick!

TIKHON. Ho, ho, what airs! [*He laughs.*] It's awful!

MERIK. Come on, I say. Quick! [*A pause ensues.*] Do you hear or not? What am I talking to? [*He rises.*]

TIKHON. Say, say, that'll do.

MERIK. I want you, bloodsucker, to pull the boots off me—me, a poor tramp.

TIKHON. Well, well, don't rage. Have a drink. Come have a glass.

MERIK. Folks, what am I asking? That he treat me to drinks or remove my boots? Have I expressed myself inaccurately? [*To TIKHON.*] You didn't hear me right, it seems. I'll wait a minute—perhaps you'll get me. [*There is considerable commotion among the pilgrims and others. They get up and stare at TIKHON and MERIK in silent suspense.*]

TIKHON. The evil one brought you! [*He comes out from behind the bar.*] What a lord we have here! Well, come on, then. [*He pulls off MERIK's boots.*] What a rogue!

MERIK. That's right. Place them alongside each other. That's it. Now go!

TIKHON. [*He returns behind the bar after removing the boots.*] But my, how you like to joke! Another one of your jokes here and out you go in a jiffy! Sure enough! [*To BORTSOV, who is approaching.*] You again?

BORTSOV. You see, I could give you some gold trinket. It's yours, if you want it.

TIKHON. Why do you stutter? Talk like a man.

BORTSOV. Though it is very mean on my part, what else can I do? Being dead broke, I bring my-

self over to this meanness. Even a court would acquit me. Take it but on condition that you return it to me later when I come back from town. I hand it to you before witnesses. Ladies and gentlemen, you be the witnesses! [*He takes from his bosom a golden locket.*] Here it is. I ought to remove the picture, but I've no place to keep it; I'm all wet. Well, grab it—picture and all. Only remember: your fingers must not touch this face! I beg of you. I was rude to you, dear sir, and foolish, but you will pardon me and not touch it with your fingers. Don't let your eyes rest on this face. [*He hands* **TIKHON** *the locket.*]

TIKHON. [*Examining the locket.*] A stolen little watch. . . . Well, all right, drink. [*He pours out a glass.*] Drink till you burst!

BOETSOV. But don't let your fingers touch it. [*He drinks slowly and spasmodically.*]

TIKHON. [*Opening the locket.*] Hm, a lady! Where did you get such a one?

MERIK. Let's see it. [*He gets up and walks over to the bar.*] Let's have a look.

TIKHON. [*Pushing MERIK's hand away.*] Stand back! See it in my hand.

FEDIA. [*He gets up and goes to TIKHON.*] Let me see it, too.

[*From all sides pilgrims and others approach the bar, forming a crowd.*]

MERIK. [*With both his hands he tightly holds TIKHON's hand with the locket and silently eyes the picture. A pause ensues.*] A handsome little devil. From the nobility.

FEDIA. Yes, from the nobility. What cheeks! What eyes! Get your hand out of the way; I can't see. Hair down to the waist. Just as if alive! Was about to speak. [*There is silence.*]

MERIK. For a weak man this is the greatest curse. Once such a woman gets astride a fellow, he [*Waving his hand in despair*]*—he's done for.*

[*The voice of KUZMA is heard.* "*Ho! Ho, you fowl!*"']

KUZMA. [*Entering.*] The tavern standing on the way tempts the traveller by night and day. One may pass his own father in broad daylight without noticing him, but a tavern can be seen in the dark a hundred versts away. To one side, all ye who believe in God! Well. [*He knocks a five kopék piece on the bar.*] A glass of real Mадiera! Quick!

FEDIA. O, you reckless devil!

TIKHON. Don't swing your arms; you'll knock this out of my hand.

KUZMA. That's what God intended them for, to be swung. She's all melted, the sweetmeat,—your aunt, the chicken. Scared by the rain, the tender-foot! [*He drinks.*]

YEFIMOVNA. Who wouldn't be afraid, my good man, to be out on the road in such a night as this? Now, thank God, there are plenty of villages and farms along the way where one may find shelter from the elements, but formerly it was something terrible. You could go a hundred versts and not only come upon no farms or villages, but not see a chip of wood. You had to sleep on the ground.

KUZMA. And how long, old woman, have you been knocking about in the world?

YEFIMOVNA. Going on eighty, *Cátyushká*.

KUZMA. Going on eighty! Why, you'll soon be as old as a crow. [*He looks at BORTSOV.*] And what sort of bird is this? [*He eyes BORTSOV closely.*] A nobleman!

[*BORTSOV recognizes KUZMA and, blushing, goes off to the corner and sits down on the bench.*]

KUZMA. Semion Sergeévitch! Is that you or not? Hey! How come you to be in this tavern? Is this the place for you?

BORTSOV. Hush!

MERIK. [*To KUZMA.*] Who is that?

KUZMA. An unfortunate sufferer. [*He nervously walks about by the bar.*] Ah! In a saloon! What do you think of that? In rags! Drunk! I am shocked, friends, shocked! [*He talks in a half-whisper to MERIK.*] This is our master—our landlord, Semion Sergeévitch Bortsov. Did you notice his condition? Doesn't look much like a man, does he? Thus does drinking—Another glass! [*He drinks.*] I come from his village, from Bortsóvka—maybe you've heard of it—two hundred versts from here, in the district of Yegórov. We were his father's serfs—'Tis a pity!

MERIK. Was he rich?

KUZMA. Very.

MERIK. Squandered his father's wealth?

KUZMA. No; ill luck, my friend. He was a fine gentleman—rich and temperate. [*To TIKHON.*] You may have seen him pass this tavern on his way to town. Fine, spirited horses and a carriage on springs—first class! He kept fifteen horses, my friend. About five years ago he was crossing the Mikishkin Ferry here, I remember, and instead of five kopéks he tossed a ruble. "No time," says he, "to wait for change." What do you think of that?

MERIK. He must have been out of his mind.

KUZMA. He acted like one in his senses. It all came from being chicken-hearted—from too much riches. To begin with, boys, there was a woman in the case. He fell in love, that good man, with a city-bred girl and imagined her the most beautiful woman in the whole world. The crow fell in love worse than

a falcon. Comes from a respectable family, she does; not a loose woman or anything like that, but simply a flirt. Just went about twisting and twirling and making eyes all the time. Always laughing and smiling—no brains at all. The nobility like that; they think her clever. Our peasant way would be simply to chase her out of the house. Well, she returned his love, and the nobleman's fate was sealed. He commenced to take her out and all that—treat her to teas and sweetmeats, all-night rowing and piano-playing.

BORTSOV. Don't tell, Kuzma. Why should you? What have they to do with my life?

KUZMA. Beg pardon, your honor. I just told the least bit—a mere trifle—and that'll do for them. Just a bit, because I was shocked—very much shocked, I was. Another glass, there! [*He drinks.*]

MERIK. [*In a half-whisper.*] And did she love him?

KUZMA. [*In a half-whisper which gradually rises to regular speech.*] How could she fail to love him? He's no insignificant nobleman. Who wouldn't fall in love when there are a thousand *dessiatins* and money to burn? He himself was a man of parts, dignified and temperate, hobnobbing with every government official, like you and me here, shaking their hands [*He takes MERIK by the hand*]—"hello" and "good-bye" and "by your leave." Well, one night I was passing through the noble's park, a park, friend, five versts long. I was walking quietly. I looked around and there were they sitting on a bench [*He imitates a kiss*] kissing each other—he her once and she, the serpent, him twice. He takes her snow-white hand in his, and she's all aglow, hugging him and hugging him, the devil take her. "I love you, Senia," says she. And Senia, like one

dazed, from sheer good nature, goes about from place to place bragging about his happiness. He gives one a ruble, another two; gives me money to buy a horse. Exempts all his debtors for joy!

BORTSOV. But, why be telling about it? These people have no sympathy. It's torture!

KUZMA. Only a trifle, sir. They're inquiring, and why not tell a bit? But if it makes you angry, then I won't, that's all. I don't give a hang for them.

[The postman's bells are heard.]

FEDIA. Don't holler; talk low.

KUZMA. I'm talking low as it is. He won't have it, and that's all there is to it. And there's nothing more to tell, anyhow. They got married—that's all. Nothing more to it. Fill another glass, there, for Kuzma, the temperate. *[He drinks.]* I don't like drunkenness! After the wedding, just as people were about to have supper, what should she do but run away in a cab! *[In a whisper.]* To the city to a lawyer, her lover! How's that? What do you think of her? At that very moment, mind you. Killing her wouldn't be enough!

MERIK. *[Thinking.]* Yes; and then what?

KUZMA. Lost his reason. As you see, he started out to kill a fly and now, I hear, he's up against the bumble-bee.* Those were flies, but now it's bumble-bees! And he still loves her; you can see that he does. He must now be going to the city on foot to glance at her. He'll have a look and return.

[The mail-coach arrives at the tavern. The postman enters and drinks.]

TIKHON. The mail is late today.

*A Russian proverb whose meaning must be gathered from the context.

[*The postman silently pays and goes out. The mail-coach, with bells tinkling, leaves.*]

A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. In such weather to rob the mail would be a cinch!

MERIK. I have lived thirty-five years in the world and never once robbed the mail. [*A pause ensues.*] Now it's gone—too late! Too late!

KUZMA. Want a taste of Siberia?

MERIK. Some rob and don't taste it. And even if Siberia! [*Bluntly.*] What next?

KUZMA. You refer to the unfortunate one?

MERIK. Whom else could I mean?

KUZMA. The next question, friends, how came his ruin? A brother-in-law, his sister's husband. He took a notion to guarantee a loan of some thirty thousand rubles made by this man from a banking house. That brother-in-law is a grafter; he knows his business, the rascal—no flies on him, I tell you. He took the money, and as for paying it back—why, what's the use? And so our man just had to come across with that thirty thousand! [*He sighs.*] Foolish fellow, and it's his own foolishness that he is paying for. His wife had children by that lawyer, and his brother-in-law bought an estate near Poltava, while this here fellow goes about the saloons and, like a fool, complains to us, peasants: "I've lost all faith, my friends. I have no one, that is, to pin my faith to." Chicken-heartedness! Everyone has his troubles. The serpent gnaws at the heart, hence men take to drink. Take, for instance, the head of our *vólost*.* His wife brings a man teacher to the house in broad daylight, spending on drink the money of her husband, while he just walks about and smiles. Grub a bit thinner, that's all.

TIKHON. [*Sighing.*] It's all according to the strength God's given one.

*A rural district.

KUZMA. That does vary, it is true. . . . Well, what's coming to you? [*He pays.*] Take the bloody money! Good-bye, boys. Good night, sleep tight! I must run; I'm late. I'm bringing a midwife from the hospital to a lady. She must have grown tired waiting, the good-natured thing, and wet to the skin. [*He hurries out.*]

TIKHON. [*After a pause.*] Hey, there! What's your name? Unhappy man, come have a drink. [*He fills a glass.*]

BORSTOV. [*He approaches the bar hesitatingly and drinks.*] It means I now owe you for two drinks?

TIKHON. O, never mind. Drink, that's all. Drown your woes in sorrow.

FEDIA. Have one on me, boss. Alas! [*He throws a five-kopék piece on the bar.*] One dies if he drinks, and dies if he doesn't. It's all right without drink, but with it, by Jove, is pleasanter. Even sorrows grow lighter with drink. Drink away!

BORSTOV. Whew! It's hot!

MERIK. Let's have it. [*He takes the locket from TIKHON and studies the picture.*] Hm! Ran off after the wedding, eh? Is that the kind you are?

A VOICE FROM THE CORNER. Fill another glass, Tisha. Let him have one on me, too.

MERIK. [*Dashing the locket to the floor.*] Damn you! [*He walks quickly to his place and lies down with his face to the wall. A commotion follows.*]

BORSTOV. What's this? What do you call that? [*He picks up the locket.*] How dare you, brute! What right have you! [*Wailing.*] D'you want me to kill you, do you? Peasant! Ruffian!

TIKHON. It's enough to rage, boss. It's not made of glass; it didn't break. Have another drink and go to bed. [*He fills a glass.*] I lingered too long to

listen to you fellows; it was time to close up long ago. [*He goes and locks the outside door.*]

BORSTOV. [*Drinks.*] How dared he? And such a fool, too! [*To MERIK.*] Understand? You are a fool—an ass!

SAVVA. Friends! Honorable gentlemen! Give your tongues a rest. What's the good of noise? Let people sleep.

TIKHON. Lie down, lie down. Enough of that! [*He goes behind the bar and locks the drawer containing the day's receipts.*] It's time to sleep.

FEDIA. I should say it is! [*He lies down.*] Good night, folks.

MERIK. [*He get up and spreads his sheepskin coat on the bench.*] Here, boss, lie down.

TIKHON. And where will you sleep?

MERIK. Anywhere; even on the floor. [*He spreads his great-coat on the floor.*] It's all the same to me. [*He places his axe beside him.*] For him it's a hardship to sleep on the floor. He's used to fine linen and cotton mattresses.

TIKHON. [*To BORTSOV.*] Lie down, sir. It's enough to stare at the picture. [*He blows out the candle.*] Be done with her!

BORTSOV. [*Tottering.*] Where am I to lie down?

TIKHON. On the tramp's place. Didn't you hear him give it to you?

BORTSOV. [*He approaches the above-mentioned place.*] I'm—rather drunk. Is this it? Here am I to sleep, eh?

TIKHON. Here, here; lie down, don't fear. [*He stretches himself on the bar.*]

BORTSOV. [*Lying down.*] I—am—drunk. All about is. [*He opens the locket.*] Got a light? [*A pause ensues.*] You, Masha, are a queer little woman. You look at me from the frame there and

smile. [*He laughs.*] Drunk! But is it fair to laugh at a fellow who's drunk? You overlook this, as *Stchastlivtoev** would say, and fall in love with a drunkard.

FEDIA. How the wind howls! It's terrible!

BORTSOV. [*He laughs.*] You're funny! How can you spin like that? No one can catch up with you.

MERIK. He's raving—bewitched by the picture. [*He laughs.*] Here's a curious situation! Learned men have invented all kinds of machines and medicines, but no wise man has yet found an antidote for the female sex. They study how to cure every disease, but it never even occurs to them that more people perish through women than from disease. Sly, mercenary, ungracious creatures, with no brains at all! Mothers-in-law intriguing against their daughters-in-law, the latter trying to blacken their husbands, and so on without end.

TIKHON. The women have pulled his ears and now his hair's on end.

MERIK. I am not the only one. From the beginning of time, ever since the world was created, people have been complaining. It's not for nothing that in stories and songs woman and the devil are linked together. Not for nothing! It's true, even if only half true. [*A pause follows.*] That noble there is making a fool of himself. It wasn't from too big a head, either, that I left my parents and went tramping.

FEDIA. Women?

MERIK. Like that nobleman, I, too, walked about like one under a spell, boasting of my happiness, day and night like a man in a fever. But the time came

*An obscure reference inexplicable by anything in the play. The word itself is a proper masculine noun derived from the Russian for "happiness."—Translator.

and I opened my eyes. It wasn't love—just deceit!

FEDIA. What did you do to her?

MERIK. None of your business. [*A pause ensues.*] Killed her, you think? I didn't have the courage. I not only spared her, but pitied her besides.—Live and be happy! Only keep out of my sight, and may I forget you, you venomous snake?

[*A knock is heard at the door.*]

TIKHON. Who the devil's this? Who's there? [*The knocking continues.*] Who's knocking? [*He gets up and goes to the door.*] Who's knocking? Pass on your way; we're locked up!

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. Let me in, Tikhon; do a favor! A spring's broken in the carriage. Help a fellow out; be a friend in need. If we could only fasten it with some rope, we might get there somehow.

TIKHON. Who are you driving?

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. A lady going from the city to Varsónsfievo. Only five versts farther. Help one out!

TIKHON. Go tell the lady that if she'll pay ten rubles we'll get a rope and fix up that spring.

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. What! Are you crazy? Ten rubles! You mad dog! Exulting in people's misfortunes?

TIKHON. Just as you like. If you don't want to, very well.

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE DOOR. Well, all right; wait a while. [*A pause follows.*] The lady says it's all right.

TIKHON. Come in! [*He opens the door and admits the driver.*]

THE DRIVER. Hello, *právoslávnyé!* Well, fetch the rope! Quick! Boys, who'll lend a hand? There'll be tips.

TIKHON. Oh, what's the use tipping? Let them sleep. We two can manage it ourselves.

THE DRIVER. Whew, how tired I am! The cold and the mud—not a dry spot anywhere! Another thing, friend: Haven't you a room here for the lady to get warm? The carriage has tilted so that there is no sitting up in it.

TIKHON. A room! What ever put that into her head? Let her thaw out here if she is frozen; we'll find a place. [*He goes to BORTSOV and dusts off a place near him.*] Get up, get up! Lie on the floor an hour or so while a lady gets warm. [*To BORTSOV.*] Rise, sir! Sit up awhile. [*BORTSOV rises.*] Here's a place for you.

[*The driver goes out.*]

FEDIA. Here's a fine guest for you; the devil sent her! Now there'll be no sleeping again before day-break.

TIKHON. Sorry I didn't ask fifteen! She'd pay. [*He stops before the door in an expectant attitude.*] You people don't be so rough. Don't use such language.

[*MARIA YEGOROVNA enters, followed by the driver.*]

TIKHON. [*Bowing.*] Welcome, your highness! Ours is but a peasant's hut—a rat-hole. Don't scorn it.

MARIA YEGOROVNA. I can't see a thing here. Where am I to go?

TIKHON. This way, your highness. [*He leads her to the place by BORTSOV.*] Here, please. [*He blows away the dust.*] I have no private room; I'm sorry. But, Madam, have no fear; these are good, quiet people.

MARIA YEGOROVNA. [*Sitting down beside BORTSOV.*] My, how terribly close it is here! Open the door at least!

TIKHON. All right, madam. [*He runs over and opens the door.*]

MERIK. People are freezing here and they throw the door wide open! [*He gets up and slams the door shut.*] What a boss you are! [*He lies down.*]

TIKHON. I beg your pardon, your highness. That's our jester; he's a little off. But don't fear, he won't touch you. Only—excuse me, madam—I can't take ten rubles. Fifteen, if you please.

MARIA YEGOROVNA. All right, only be quick about it.

TIKHON. This minute. We'll have it fixed in a twinkling. [*He pulls a rope from under the bar.*] This very minute.

[*A pause follows.*]

BORTSOV. [*Gazing at MARIA YEGOROVNA.*] Mary! Masha!

MARIA YEGOROVNA. [*Looking at BORTSOV.*] What now, I wonder?

BORTSOV. Mary, is this you? Where do you come from?

[*MARIA YEGOROVNA, having recognized BORTSOV, shrieks and bounds off to the centre of the tavern.*]

BORTSOV. [*Following her.*] Maria, it's I! [*He giggles.*] My wife! Maria! And where am I? A light, folks!

MARIA YEGOROVNA. Go away! You lie—it isn't you. It's impossible! [*She covers her face with her hands.*] It's a lie—a joke!

BORTSOV. The voice, the gait! Maria, it's I! I'll soon—get sober. My head swims. My God! Wait, wait—I don't understand anything. [*He shouts.*] My wife! [*He drops by her feet weeping.*]

[*A group gathers around the couple.*]

MARIA YEGOROVNA. Stand back. [*To the driver.*] Dennis, let's start. I can't stay here any longer.

MERIK. [*He jumps up and stares at her face.*] The picture! [*He grabs her by the hand.*] That's her! Hey, folks, it's the noble's wife!

MARIA YEGOROVNA. Get away, fool! [*She tries to free her arm.*] Dennis, why do you look on? [*DENNIS and TIKHON run up to her and take MERIK by the arms.*] This is a murderer's den! Let go my hand! I'm not afraid. Be off with you!

MERIK. Wait, I'll let go soon. Let me say just a word to you, one word, that you may understand—wait. [*He turns to TIKHON and DENNIS.*] Away with you, blockheads; don't hold me! I won't let go before I have said that word. Wait—just a second. [*He strikes his forehead with his fist.*] No! God has denied me the wisdom; I can't hit upon a word for you!

MARIA YEGOROVNA. [*Freeing her hand.*] Get away with you! Drunkards! Dennis, we are off! [*She starts for the door.*]

MERIK. [*Blocking her way.*] Well, just glance at him with but one eye! Caress him with but a single word of love! I beg of you, in the name of God.

MARIA YEGOROVNA. Take this madman away from me!

MERIK. Then perish, you damned thing! [*He swings his axe. A terrible commotion ensues. Everyone jumps up with noise and shrieks of horror. SAVVA gets between MERIK and MARIA YEGOROVNA. DENNIS forcibly pushes MERIK aside and carries the lady out of the tavern. Then everyone stands as though stunned. A long pause follows.*]

BORTSOV. [*Beating the air with his hands.*] Maria! Where are you, Maria?

NAZAROVNA. My God, my God! You have broken my heart, you murderers! Oh, what a cursed night!

MERIK. [*Dropping his arm that holds the axe.*]
Have I finished her or not?

TIKHON. Thank God, your head is safe.

MERIK. Then I didn't kill her! [*He walks unsteadily to his bed.*] It's not my fate to meet death through a stolen axe. [*He drops on his bed and weeps.*] How sad! How terribly sad! Pity me, *právoslávnyye!*

[CURTAIN]

NOTE.—The history of this play is this: *On the Highway* was written as early as 1884, but was forbidden by Russian censorship and almost lost. When Chekhov's literary executors were gathering material for a posthumous volume published in 1914, the censor's copy of the play was discovered by mere chance, its existence not having been suspected even by the author's intimate literary friends. The manuscript still bore the official disapprobation—"Found unfit for presentation. September 20, 1885." This translation has been made from the posthumous volume aforementioned (edited by Chekhov's wife and published at Moscow).—D. A. M.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA.

PUBLISHED PLAYS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES:

- My Remembrances** (serial), by E. H. Sothern; Scribner's, January.
- A Note on Paul Hervieu**, by Brander Matthews; Bookman, January.
- Editorial note on Clyde Fitch**; Bookman, January.
- The Life of Charles Frohman** (serial), by Daniel Frohman and Isaac F. Marcossou; Cosmopolitan, January.
- Serge Diaghileff**; Current Opinion, January.
- The Synthesis of Movement and Music in a Possible New Art of the Theatre**; Current Opinion, January.
- Children of the Sunrise**, a drama in two scenes, by Julia P. Dabney; Poet Lore, Midwinter Number.
- Strindberg, Reality and the Dream Play**, by Mabel Holmes Parsons; Poet Lore, Midwinter Number.
- Shakspeare—the Man of Wisdom: Our National Celebration in His Honor**, by Mary Fanton Roberts; The Craftsman, January.
- What Is to Become of the Theatre?** by Robert Anderson; Illustrated World, January.
- Why Wheels Turn Backwards in the Movies**; Illustrated World, January.
- A Democratic Imperial Ballet**, by Cornelia S. Penfield; Harper's Weekly, January 1st.
- Internationalism in the German Theatre of Today—New Stage Perils**; Literary Digest, January 15th.
- Aims of the Russian Ballet**; Literary Digest, January 29th.
- Hamlet à la mode**; Literary Digest, January 29th.
- Prince Igor**, by H. K. Moderwell; The New Republic, January 15th.
- The Word "Untented" in *King Lear***, by S. A. Tannenbaum, M. D.; The Dial, January 20th.
- Ada Rehan**; Outlook, January 9th.
- Stephen Phillips**, by Edith Wyatt; North American Review, February.

- The Long Run in the Theatre, by Clayton Hamilton; Bookman, February.
- How Yvette Guilbert Converts Old Songs into Poignant Dramas; Current Opinion, February.
- The Russian Ballet, by James Huneker; Everybody's, February.
- The Life of Charles Frohman (serial), by Daniel Frohman and Isaac F. Marcossan; Cosmopolitan, February.
- Movies Anywhere, by Albert Murchison; Illustrated World, February.
- Movies and Efficiency, by L. A. Nelson; Illustrated World, February.
- Great Acting, by Walter Pritchard Eaton; American, February.
- The First Careless Rapture over Shakespeare (editorial); The Dial, February 2nd.
- Mr. Masfield in America; The Dial, February 2nd.
- Baconian Antics.—Coriolanus' Slip of Memory, by S. A. Tannenbaum, M.D.; The Dial, February 17th.
- The Russian Ballet, by James Huneker; Puck, February 5th.
- The Russian Ballet and the Police Force; Harper's Weekly, February 12th.
- Cohan and *Macbeth*: A Study in Methods; Harper's Weekly, February 26th.
- The Neighborhood Playhouse; The Nation, February 10th.
- Ballet According to Bakst; The New Republic, February 5th.
- Plato, Dante and Bernard Shaw, by Harold Goddard; The New Republic, February 12th.
- Masfield Again in America; Literary Digest, February 5th.
- One Whom "Shakespeare Foresaw"; Literary Digest, February 5th.
- Yvette Guilbert; Literary Digest, February 12th.
- Shaw on the Munition Maker; Literary Digest, February 19th.
- Too Much New York in Our Drama; Literary Digest, February 26th.
- The Shakespeare Tercentenary (editorial); Bookman, March.

- Scenic Settings in America, by Clayton Hamilton; Bookman, March.
- George Bernard Shaw: Musician, by Florence Boylston Pelo; Bookman, March.
- In Retrospect of the Ballet Russe; Current Opinion, March.
- Conflict of Opinion on the Greatness of Hauptmann; Current Opinion, March.
- The Life of Charles Frohman (serial), by Daniel Frohman and Isaac F. Marcossan; Cosmopolitan, March.
- The Black Magic of the Movie Screen (silhouetting), by Charles W. Person; Illustrated World, March.
- Wanted—Moving Picture Authors, by Walter Pritchard Eaton; American, March.
- Puppet Plays for Children, by Inis Weed; Century, March.
- A Testimonial to Mr. William Winter, by E. F. C.; The Theatre, March.
- New York Sees the Russian Ballet; The Theatre, March.
- Memories of Salvini, by Robert Underwood Johnson; The Theatre, March.
- American versus English Actors, by Alan Dale; The Theatre, March.
- The One-Act Play, by Clayton E. Gibbs; The Theatre, March.
- Is Stage Emotion Real? by Jane Cowl; The Theatre, March.
- The Russian Ballet, by Charles Zwaska; Little Review, March.
- Mr. Masefield as a Dramatist, by H. G. Montillon; The Dial, March 2nd.
- The Case Against "Shakspeare," by S. A. Tannenbaum; The Dial, March 2nd.
- Editorial on William Winter; The Dial, March 30th.
- The Shakespearean Tercentenaries of 1916 and 1864, by Emily F. Brown; The Dial, March 30th.
- Movie-proof: The Drama Speaks; Harper's Weekly, March 11th.
- The Coming Revolution in Scenic Art, by Wilfred Buckland; Harper's Weekly, March 25th.
- How Not to Read Shakespeare (editorial); Outlook, March 29th.

Our Humble Dramatic Origins; *Literary Digest*, March 11th.

A Theatre's Right to Bar a Critic; *Literary Digest*, March 18th.

REVIEWS OF PRODUCTIONS:

Seen on the Stage (reviews of current productions in New York City), by Clayton Hamilton; *Vogue*, January 1st.

Seen on the Stage; *Vogue*, January 15th.

Major Barbara, by Lawrence Gilman; *North American Review*, January.

Stevenson on the Stage (*Treasure Island*), by Clayton Hamilton; *Bookman*, January.

Hobson's Choice; *Current Opinion*, January.

The Weavers; *Harper's Weekly*, January 1st.

Peter Pan, and brief mention of others; *Harper's Weekly*, January 8th.

Notes on Current Productions in New York City; *Harper's Weekly*, January 15th.

Bunny; *Harper's Weekly*, January 22nd.

Erstwhile Susan, and the Bandbox Bill; *Harper's Weekly*, January 29th.

The Great Lover, by James Huneker; *Puck*, January 1st.

Major Barbara, by James Huneker; *Puck*, January 15th.

Current Productions, by Metcalfe; *Life*, January 6th.

Current Productions; *Life*, January 20th.

Current Productions; *Life*, January 27th.

Stevenson's Plotters Lit Up by Footlights (*Treasure Island*); *Literary Digest*, January 1st.

The Bandbox Bill, by Francis Hackett; *The New Republic*, January 22nd.

Just a Woman, by F. H.; *The New Republic*, January 29th.

Current Productions; *The Nation*, January 6th.

Bunny; *The Nation*, January 13th.

The Stage in London (current productions), by William Archer; *The Nation*, January 20th.

Current Productions; *The Nation*, January 27th.

New Productions in London; *The Athenaeum*, January.

Children's Plays and Pantomimes; *The Athenaeum*, January.

Grotesques, and *Overtones*; *Poetry*, January.

- The Weavers*, and *Major Barbara*; Judge, January 8th.
- The Ballet Russe, *The Weavers*; North American Review, February.
- The Great Lover*, and *Treasure Island*; Current Opinion, February.
- Cock o' the Walk*, by James Huneker; Puck, February 29th.
- The Cinderella Man*, and *Erstwhile Susan*; Life, February 3rd.
- The Fear Market*; Life, February 10th.
- The Cinderella Man*, and *Just a Woman*; Harper's Weekly, February 5th.
- The Fear Market*; The Nation, February 3rd.
- Margaret Schiller*, and *Moonlight Mary*; The Nation, February 10th.
- John Ferguson*, and *Macbeth*; The Nation, February 17th.
- The Earth*, *Any House*, *The Melody of Youth*, and *The Winter Garden*; The Nation, February 24th.
- Current Productions in London; Athenaeum, February.
- In and About the Theatre; Vanity Fair, February.
- Seen on the Stage, by Clayton Hamilton; Vogue, February 1st.
- Seen on the stage, by Clayton Hamilton; Vogue, February 15th.
- The Heart of Wetona*, and *Pay Day*; Life, March 16th.
- Henry VIII*; Life, March 30th.
- The Earth*, and *The Melody of Youth*; Harper's Weekly, March 4th.
- Wetona*, and *Pay Day*; Harper's Weekly, March 11th.
- The Greatest Nation*, *Pay Day*, *The Heart of Wetona*, and *Pom-Pom*; The Nation, March 9th.
- In and About the Theatres; Vanity Fair, March.
- Seen on the Stage, by Clayton Hamilton; Vogue, March 1st.
- Seen on the Stage, by Clayton Hamilton; Vogue, March 15th.
- Margaret Schiller*; North American Review, March.
- Major Barbara*, and *Grotesques*; Current Opinion, March.
- The New Plays; The Theatre, March.

REVIEWS OF THE PRINTED PLAY AND BOOKS
ON THE THEATRE:

- Is There a Shakespearean Problem? (G. G. Greenwood);
North American Review, January.
- Life of Shakespeare (Sidney Lee); Contemporary Review,
January.
- Life of Shakespeare (Sidney Lee), and The Real Oscar
Wilde (Sherard); The Dial, January 6th.
- The Wagnerian Drama (Houston Chamberlain); The Dial,
January 20th.
- Tales from Old Dramas (A. Miyamori); The Nation, Jan-
uary 13th.
- Contemporary French Dramatists (Barrett Clark), and
Four Plays by Augier (Barrett Clark); The Nation,
January 27th.
- Old Boston Museum Days (Kate Ryan); The Nation, Jan-
uary 6th.
- You Can't Have It Both Ways (Anonymous), by Q. K.;
The New Republic, February 26th.
- Another Book on the Theatre (George Jean Nathan); The
Dial, February 17th.
- The Case of American Drama (Thomas H. Dickinson);
The Nation, February 3rd.
- The Pathos of Proximity, by Alexander S. Kaun (rev. of
the Ravenna Edition of Oscar Wilde's Works); The
Little Review, January-February.
- John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections (John
Masefield); The Dial, March 6th.



NOTEWORTHY DRAMA BOOKS

Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt's PUNISHMENT.
A Play of American Life Today in four acts. \$1 net.

A vivid, human and exciting play, which leaves a pleasant and hopeful impression. The second act, in three episodes, passes entirely in the punishment cells of the Riverside Prison, and the other three acts in two rooms of The Warden, who is the central character. His name, Calvin, has a dramatic significance. There is abundant plot and counterplot and the gentler influences of a woman and of a child (the latter does not appear), are vital factors. There is also no little humor.

Thomas Mott Osborne, late warden of Sing Sing, says in his introductory note: "Punishment rings true; just as in a different field and dealing with quite another branch of the problem Galsworthy's *Justice* rings true. This play is not unworthy of a place beside that bitter masterpiece."

Fercival Wilde's CONFESSIOINAL, with *The Villian in the Piece* (burlesque); *According to Darwin* (ironical tragedy in 2 scenes); *A Question of Morality* (farical comedy), and *The Beautiful Story* (Christmas episode). \$1.20 net.

The Independent: "Well worth reading. . . . The subjects are those of most interest today, the treatment is fresh and sincere, and the author shows a keen sense of dramatic values."

***Mr. Wilde's **DAWN** and other plays (\$1.20 net) is already in a second edition.

Geo. Middleton's POSSESSION, with *The Groove*, *The Black Tie*, *A Good Woman Circles*, and *The Unborn*. \$1.35 net.

New York Times' Book Review: "The whole is easily visualized; the plays set themselves. . . . People in the world as we know it . . . in their supreme dramatic crisis . . . curiously able to hold the attention."

Constance D'Arcy Mackay's COSTUMES AND SCENERY for Amateurs. By the author of *How to Produce Children's Plays*, etc. Practical, helpful, authoritative; contains much not available elsewhere, and makes a handsome gift. Over 70 plates and 250 pages. Large 12mo. \$1.75 net.

New York Evening Post: "Valuable, not to say indispensable."

New York Sun: "Ingenious and practical."

For Early Fall Publication

Miss Mackay's **THE FOREST PRINCESS**, and Other Masques.
Arthur Edward Krow's **PLAY PRODUCTION IN AMERICA**, Illustrated.

Richard Burton's **BERNARD SHAW**, The Man and the Mask.

*.New (April) Circular of Drama Books free on application

Henry Holt and Company

34 W. 33rd St., NEW YORK



MR. ALFRED FOWLER begs to announce that he will, in the near future, present the initial number of a quarterly publication to be called *The Quarterly Notebook*.

The initial number will present a paper by Mr. Blaikie-Murdoch entitled *Homage to Watteau*; a Noh play, *Awoi No Uye*, arranged, and with an introduction by Mr. Ezra Pound, an interesting bit of Stevensoniana entitled, *The Man Who Saved Stevenson*, and other features.

Mr. John Masefield will be the subject of a brilliant critical essay in the second number, supplemented by a paper on *Ivories* and an essay entitled, *Synge and Borrow: A Contrast in Method*.

Subscription: \$1.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents.

THE QUARTERLY NOTEBOOK

17 Board of Trade Building, Kansas City, Missouri, U. S. A.

The Teaching of English

Everybody is concerned with the improvement of instruction in the vernacular. Everybody will see at a glance, therefore, the importance of

THE ENGLISH JOURNAL

This is a magazine published each month, except in July and August, under the editorial management of James Fleming Hodge and a group of associates in the National Council of Teachers of English. Besides leading articles, the following departments are maintained: The Round Table, Editorial, News and Notes, Digest of Periodicals, Book Reviews, Book Notices. Nothing of importance relating to English in schools and colleges fails to appear or be referred to.

The timeliness of the magazine is indicated by the following titles of contributions to current numbers: The Shakespeare Tercentenary and the Schools, by Percival Chubb. Shakespeare in the Schools, by Franklin T. Baker. The Production of Plays in the High School, by O. B. Sperlin. A May Day Masque, by Lynn H. Harris. A Merry Meeting at the Mermald, a play, by Hermine Foelske. Student Newspaper Work, by Harriet A. Lee. The Efficient High School Library, by Emma J. Breck. Vocal Training in the Secondary Schools, by William H. Davis. Poetry and the Filipinos, by Philip Stevens.

The teachers who read the English Journal are said to be enterprising, hopeful, and efficient. There ought not to be any other kind. Send \$2.50 for an annual subscription or 30 cents for a single copy.

Address: THE ENGLISH JOURNAL

68th St. & Stewart Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

IN THE MAY FORUM

There are some things that the readers
of **THE DRAMA** must read

CHIEF AMONG THEM ARE:

THE MAGICAL CITY, a Play in One Act,
by ZOË AKINS, author of "PAPA: AN AMORALITY
PLAY."

The Magical City is now being presented at the
Bandbox Theatre, New York.

REMY de GOURMONT'S CRITICISM OF MORALITY,
by ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER.

The first interpretation printed in America of
de Gourmont's destructive analysis of conventional
morality.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD, an unusual short story,
by WALTER J. MUILENBURG.

"MORITURI SALUTAMUS,"
by WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT.

A diatribe against modern academic painting.

HENRY JAMES: AN APPRECIATION,
by ANNA LEACH.

A charming tribute to America's great writer.

THE MODERN SOCIAL RELIGION,
by HORACE HOLLEY.

A beautifully written essay.

A group of striking poems,
by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

THE FORUM

published by

MITCHELL KENNERLEY

32 West 58th Street
New York

25 cents per copy

\$2.50 per year

POETRY

A MAGAZINE OF VERSE

543 CASS STREET, CHICAGO

Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet and lecturer, says: "POETRY is the best magazine, by far, in the English language. We have nothing in England or Ireland to compare with it.

William Marion Reedy, Editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, says: "POETRY has been responsible for the Renaissance in that art. You have done a great service to the children of light in this country."

CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO WITHOUT SO IMPORTANT A MAGAZINE?

POETRY publishes the best verse now being written in English, and its prose section contains brief articles on subjects connected with the art, also reviews of the new verse.

POETRY has introduced more new poets of importance than all the other American magazines combined, besides publishing the work of poets already distinguished.

THE MAGAZINE THAT RIGHTFULLY STANDS AT THE HEAD OF THE NEW MOVEMENT.—*New York Sun*.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE. A subscription to POETRY is the best way of paying interest on your huge debt to the great poets of the past. It encourages living poets to do for the future what dead poets have done for modern civilization, for you.

One year—12 numbers—U. S. A., \$1.50; Canada, \$1.65; foreign, \$1.75 (7 shillings).

POETRY,

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) beginning

..... to

Name

Address

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the Individual rather than in Incomplete people, in an age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine that believes in Ideas even if they are not Ultimate Conclusions, and values its Ideals so greatly as to live them; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent people who can Feel; whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendor of Life, and whose function is—to express itself.

834 FINE ARTS BUILDING : CHICAGO

15 CENTS A COPY

\$1.50 A YEAR

**We will pay
for copies of back numbers
14, 15, 17 and 18
The Drama League of America
1145-46 Marquette Bldg.
Chicago**

PLAYS

THE following plays are to be found in back numbers of *The Drama*, on sale at seventy-five cents per copy at the office, 1146 MARQUETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

ANDREYEV—The Pretty Sabine Women.

FREYTAG—The Journalists.

GIACOSA—The Stronger.

DONNAY—The Other Danger.

GILLETTE—Electricity.

ARTZYBASHEV—War.

AUGIER—The Marriage of Olympe.

CAPUS—The Adventurer.

(An excellent play for amateurs)

BENAVENTE—The Bonds of Interest.

Many numbers of *The Drama* are now out of print. Subscribers desiring to sell Numbers 14, 15, 17 and 18 or complete sets of the magazine should communicate with the office.

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This periodical is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.
To renew by phone, call **429-2756**



